FORUM

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HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

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AN INTRODUCTION BY THE EDITOR

AILEEN RIGGIN'S article on swimming for everybody offers one solution of a problem new to our civilization. The demand for proper pastimes in leisure is becoming as acute to-day as the cry yesterday for efficient engineering in work. It seems to be generally admitted that super-efficiency, instead of producing more work for human hands, is thrusting more leisure upon us. With life prolonged six years, the twelve-hour day cut to eight hours, the six-day week to five days, and hundreds of thousands of Americans thrown out of work altogether, we are being left pretty much to our own devices.

COMMERCIAL agencies, it is true, are working overtime to fill with new diversions the void of our idle hours. Hollywood is busy night and day grinding out new movies. The tabloids are trying to make the daily news more diverting. The radios keep our ears occupied with sampling one broadcasting station after another. Cheap automobiles enable the poorest of us to do our bit in keeping down the overproduction of gasoline and running up new records in mileage. But what about personal initiative, and recreations that stimulate the brain and promote more than fleeting happiness?

THE problem of the proper pursuit of leisure concerns women even more than it challenges men. For willy-nilly, the male looks to the female as the arbiter of his leisure hours. The man comes home at evening panting with his tongue between his teeth, and asks, "What are we going to do to-night, darling?" He raises this question no matter how busy the woman has been all day. She may have been at her office longer than he at his. Nowadays he comes home at six o'clock, or ought to. Presently he will be coming home at three o'clock and then he will ask, "What are we going to do this afternoon, darling?" A hundred years from now, if our nerves survive the heroic age of super-efficiency, the American husband will come home from his day's job at noon; and then the question will be, "Where do we fly for lunch to-day, darling?"

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How The Outstanding Books Are Chosen Each Month

The Book-of-the-Month Club has a group of five critics to select the most readable and important new books each month —Henry Seidel Canby, chairman; Heywood Broun, Christopher Morley, Dorothy Canfield, and William Allen White. They also choose the most outstanding book amongst these, and this is sent to all subscribers, *unless they want some other book which they may specify*. Or they need take none at all! Over 85,000 discriminating people now use this sensible and convenient service, to keep themselves from missing the best new books. It has, however, met with this interesting criticism: "I don't want anyone to select what books I shall read. I want to choose my own books." What force is there in this objection?

HAVE you ever given thought to the considerations that *now* move you in deciding o read any book? You hear it raised by a friend. Or you see an dvertisement of it in a newspaper.)r you read a review of it by some ritic whose account of it excites our interest. You decide you *must* ead that book. Note, however, hat has happened: it is always ecommendation, *from some source*, hat determines you to read it. 'rue, your choice is completely ee, but you exercise your choice *mong recommended books*.

Now, what would be the differnce, if you belonged to the Book-f-the-Month Club? Strange to ay, upon analysis, you will find hat in practice *you would be enabled exercise a greater liberty of choice* nd, above all, you would actually et the books—without fail—that ou decided to read. How?

How the "Book-of-the-Month" is Chosen

'he publishers of the country sub-nit what they themselves consider heir important books to the Book-f-the-Month Club, far in advance f publication. Each member of he Committee reads these books ndependently. Once a month they neet, and choose the one they gree upon as being the most outtanding among those submitted —this is called the "book-of-the-month"—and usually they select from fifteen to twenty other books, which they consider worthy of being recommended for one reason or another.

What is the effect of this? You will readily admit that books so chosen are *likely* to be ones you would not care to miss. Certainly, they will have as strong a recommendation behind them as behind the books you are influenced to read through other sources.

Nevertheless, tastes differ. This combined vote of the judges is not considered infallible, and you are not compelled, willy-nilly, to accept it.

Before the "book-of-the-month" comes to you, and a month before it is published, you receive a carefully written report describing the sort of book it is. If you don't want it, you specify that some other book be sent instead. You make your choice from the other important new books, which are recommended by the Committee, *and carefully described in order to guide you in your choice*. If you want no book at all, in any one month, if none of them appeal to you, you specify that none be sent. The only obligation you have as a member is to take as few as four books a year—out of from 150 to 200 that are reported upon by the Selecting Committee of the Book-of-the-Month Club!

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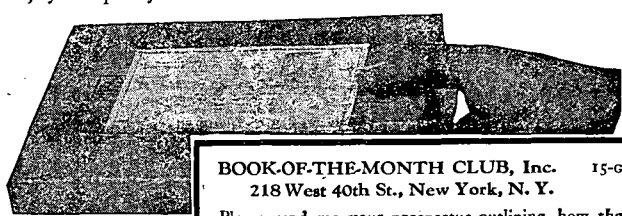

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JULY READING

DONALD F. ROSE

LADIES AND THEIR LETTERS

THE spring lists have brought a surprisingly large number of women's novels, which may be accurately classified as good, bad, and indifferent, but also present an opportunity for the study of genius in the feminine gender. Women in literary labors were once viewed with suspicion; now, by all the signs, they should be viewed principally with apprehension, since their numbers are somewhat terrifying and their products frequently the same. There arises a frightful temptation to generalize the ladies into their proper place — to suggest, for instance, that the writing woman is supreme in the sincere, sympathetic, and penetrating insight into men and women in comprehensible relations, but that the intellectual experiment, whether in matter or manner, comes to grief in her hands. Perhaps it will be better and certainly safer to avoid any such conclusion, and get down to cases.

A MIRROR FOR WITCHES, by Esther Forbes (Houghton, Mifflin, $2.50), achieves distinction but misses magnitude, and its failure is principally in the degree to which it is self-conscious of its own excellence. This is the grim history of a girl caught in the superstitions of old New England, whereby she believes herself fast bound to the devil and the bride of his agent, and dies at last in childbirth on the eve of her execution as a witch. Students of American demonology and witch-baiting will recognize much of this, including the trial at which two undernourished, hysterical children send the woman to death. It is a horrible legend out of an unsavory past; it is clouded throughout by the horror of cruel intolerance, horror of every step toward the final tragedy, horror in particular of a ghastly jest at the expense of a half-witted woman.

This is a new phase of the current cult of realism — new in that it turns from the present scene to spade up unpleasantness out of the past — to which fragrant occupation there can be, of course, no end. Miss Forbes chooses to write it in a fashion authentic to the day of its setting, and has it set up and adorned in a manner reminiscent of the black-letter tomes of those solemn and sanctimonious times. With uncanny skill she achieves an undoubted effect, with the disturbing exception that she remains conscious of the aloofness of the author and permits flashes of bitter ironic humor and commentary outside of the experience of her characters. The book brings no new charge against intolerance, ignorance, and superstition. It rests its case at last on the skill of its workmanship and its abysmal and depressing gloom. These may be enough, but that is a matter of taste.

Blair Niles in her book, CONDEMNED TO DEVIL'S ISLAND (Harcourt, Brace, $3.00), takes another tragic theme, reporting on

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An Indian Journey

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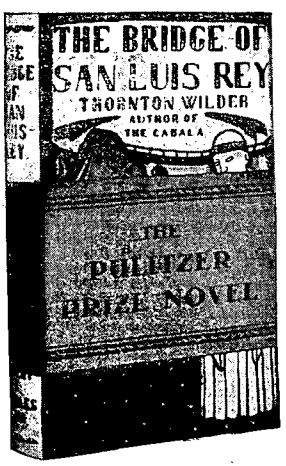

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The style, the scene, the point of view of the Cabala is very much under the Aldous Huxley manner. This is not cited as a fault. To write something like Huxley is a considerable achievement. But to write the "Bridge" is better.

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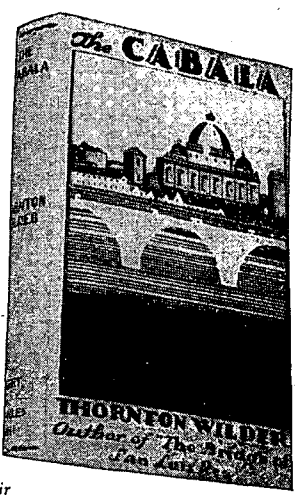
Vanity Fair



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current conditions in the French penal colony in Guiana, and follows its chief figure through experiences sufficient for a novel. Part of her narrative was published in last December's FORUM. As far as the subject permits, it is a fair and temperate picture of conditions which have changed too slowly to meet the temper of the age — conditions whose archaic horror throws a challenge in the face of civilization. It is engrossingly written, and the story of the futile escape through water and jungle is richly descriptive and painfully dramatic.

Except for an afterthought of moralizing by two convicts, the author is content to let her story preach its own moral. Her sympathies are unmistakably with the convicts, and she clearly believes crime to be a species of disease — a doctrine by no means proved, and dangerous enough even if true. But she does not overpreach it. Perhaps in her concern for the hopeless humanity of the convicts Mrs. Niles somewhat overlooks the fact that they are criminals — an important circumstance the reader will bear in mind if he wishes to avoid a merely sentimental sympathy with their sufferings. But these are evil conditions, and whether it be our business or not, it is likely that this book will arouse some echoes across the sea — perhaps, in fact, prove more effective for reform than Katherine Mayo's recent book on India.

In WE ARE INCREDIBLE, by Margery Latimer (Sears, $2.00), the ancient and lately rediscovered conflict of the spirit and the flesh is presented in a new version. The title, like that of so many latter-day books, has more sales punch than good sense, particularly since its characters are with one exception quite familiar. The exception is Hester Linden, a study in modern Puritanism who is credited with a fatal charm whereby plain people are tempted away from mildly pagan pleasures and dedicated to a cold, disciplined love of beauty, which irks them painfully and drives quite a proportion of them to suicide and other emergency exits. Hester Linden — supposing that we despoil her of her mildly mystic vapors — is really a deadly old maid who lives upon the warmth and vigor of more tolerable and human people without much benefit to her own bloodless and unapproachable perfection. For contrast there is a thoroughly ordinary family of objectionable people, busy around their home fires and fleshpots. Between this family and Hester, a man and a woman suffer the agonies of a poor choice, and for their pains are found dead at last in each other's arms on the grass of the elderly virgin's garden. Hester scarcely turns a hair, save for some faint disgust and an ingrowing self-pity. "They had been coming for years, these boys and girls, men and women, to kneel and adore and finally to denounce, and what they had adored were their dreams and what they had denounced were themselves for dreaming." This seems to be a last-minute effort to dress the story in a mantle of symbolism, but it doesn't fit very well across the shoulders.

DEAD LOVERS ARE FAITHFUL LOVERS, by Frances Newman (Boni & Liveright, $2.50), is no story at all but an excursion into literary metaphysics unredeemed by a monotonous, repetitious, and interminable fashioning of sentences loose-coupled with all the careful beauty of a long-distance freight train. Sundry back-scratching critics have said otherwise concerning this style. By this we conclude that they have been so entranced by the author's occasional wit and brilliance that the surrounding environment of the stale, flat, and unprofitable becomes necessary for proper contrast. But for the rest of us, someone might render a service by introducing "Stop" and "Go" signs, whereby the book might be well read in fifteen minutes.

As for the story, you may take it between two fingers like a pinch of snuff. And surely it is not asking too much of a novel, however esoteric its appeal, to expect that it shall have something to say beyond love in terms of lingerie and a chronic case of feminine jealousy, with interminable descriptions of bathrooms and of a beautiful — nay, a *very* beautiful young woman powdering herself all over in an agony of æsthetic appreciation. By actual count of a disinterested party nine baths occur in the book and numerous others by implication, as part of the singular ritual whereby Evelyn Cunningham hopes to preserve intact the devotion of her handsome and quite stupid husband. She fails, of course, for the obvious reason that eleven years of matrimony should teach a wife something, whereas our heroine could not be taught anything

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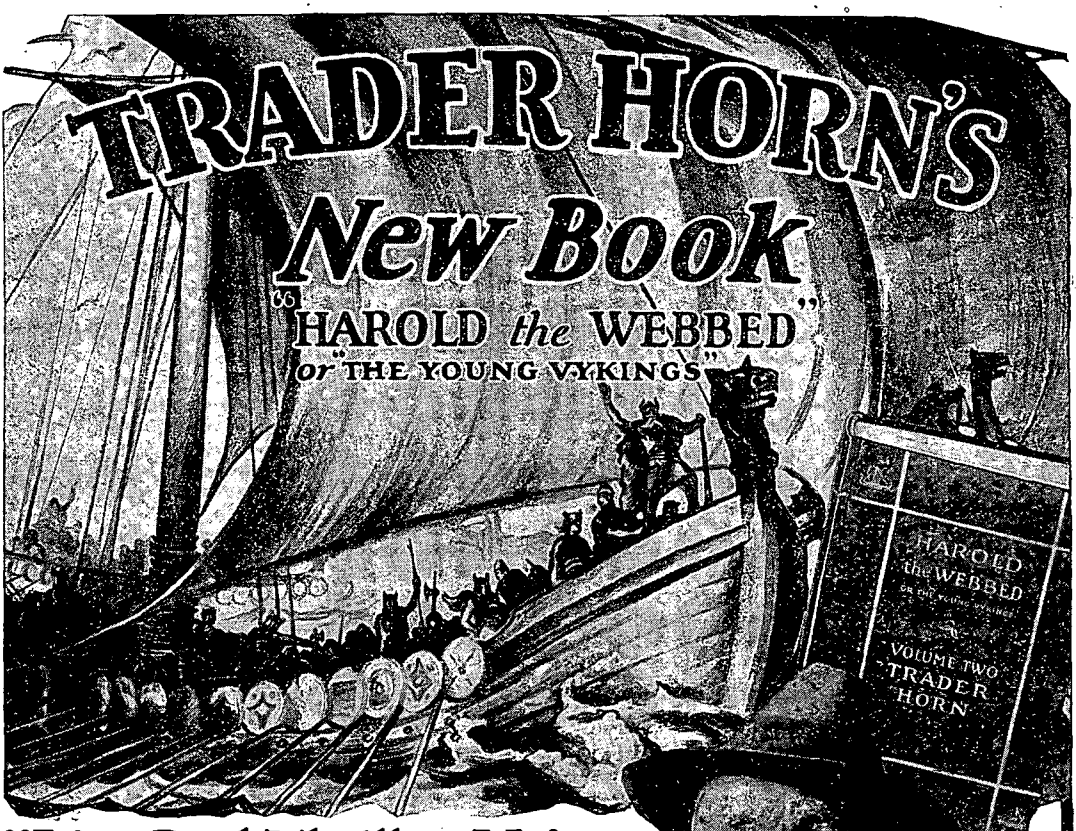

"It's a Real Thriller, Ma'am All About Vykings—and Julius SEAZER!"

ALFRED ALOYSIUS HORN has dipped again into his treasure-chest of remembered romance—and out of its fathomless depths has popped "TRADER HORN, VOLUME TWO," subtitled by Zambesi Jack himself, "Harold the Webbed, or The Young Vykings."

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You see the lusty blond bowmen discharging volleys of arrows from the yards of their Viking ships. You hear the hoarse scream of the Viking seahorns. You see their sulphur arrow flares, signalling across leagues of sea—red for war and green for peace. You live again in the "dawn-light" age of England, when piracy was an honored profession, and women were prized as loot, and carried off with the precious bars of tin and copper.

What would a Trader Horn book be without the author's own explanation of his literary method? Mrs. Lewis, his discoverer and brilliant "Boswell," has preserved with amazing fidelity the conversations she had with the excited author after each chapter was finished. They add "salt and pepper" to the book—and some tabasco.

If you have read the Trader's first volume, you will go straight out for "Harold the Webbed." If you haven't yet been charmed by his inimitable "stingo," make his acquaintance now.

You can get *Trader Horn*—or *"Harold The Webbed or The Young Vykings"* at all bookstores. Volume One is $4.00 and Volume Two, just published, is $3.50.

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of importance even with a surgical operation. The husband gets mixed up with another woman whose technique is less calculated, and thereupon dies to give the book a title. All this is supposed to provide opportunity for a searching study of a woman's heart; it succeeds principally in revealing an author's frustrated emotions indulging in an orgy of bathtubs.

So for relief from this appalling hypothesis as to how little goes on in a woman's head, we turn to THE RIVER, by Tristram Tupper (Lippincott, $2.50), which is simply a good story well told, and concerned with rivers, mountains, men, women and railroads. This yarn has point and plan, and is told crisply and with the admirable restraint scorned so feverishly by the psychological, physiological school of latter-day letters. It will be completely damned in some quarters by the fact that it is ready-made for the motion pictures; but for those who love good entertainment — and for what else, when all's said and done, do we read books? — it deserves recommendation. It tells of a boy at the edge of manhood and a beautiful woman already old in experience. The boy has a bad attack of perfectly natural puppy love, even as you and I under the same dangerous circumstances, which mercifully does him no harm and ultimately makes a man of him. These small destinies are worked out in a construction camp in the high hills, and there are storms and fires and fights and more fights; and if your taste for romance has not been lost in a chronic condition of nervous indigestion from too sophisticated a diet, you will find here the pleasure you deserve.

THE COLOR LINE

TOUCOUTOU, by Edward Larocque Tinker (Dodd, Mead, $2.50), takes us back three-quarters of a century to New Orleans, which was then a sufficiently colorful and warm-blooded city. Toucoutou grows up thinking herself "born white," but discovers after marriage into good society that there is negro in her blood. The taint is so slight as to be imperceptible and must at last be proved at court of law. It is sufficient, however, to arouse such persecution, both black and white, that the family must escape to a kindlier climate. No comment is made on this singular sensitiveness of Southern society, but the reader does not escape his own reflections. The story itself is slight, and Toucoutou and her husband not its most vivid figures; the most dramatic character in the book is the old city of New Orleans, which comes to life in astonishing detail and reality. The nurse of Toucoutou who is finally proven her mother, is a real person, and by a permissible whim may be taken to personify the negro race, both in its aspirations and in the tragedy of their futility.

The color line is frankly the subject of DARK PRINCESS, by W. E. B. Du Bois (Harcourt, Brace, $2.00), a novel of negro ambitions written by one of the race, whose intelligence and literary skill have put him firmly beyond the reach of racial handicaps. It has nothing in common with recent productions of colored writers which are so obviously staged for white consumption, much as Harlem cabarets cater to the curiosity and morbid appetites of downtown visitors. The racial atmosphere is, in fact, singularly lacking; Mr. Du Bois has lived perhaps too long in a white man's world, and writes with a guarded and intellectual earnestness rather than with emotional fervor or racial rancor. Other dark races enter the story and the Princess herself is ruler of an Indian state; but the principal intent of the book is to show that the hope of the American negro lies in wider opportunities for releasing his latent abilities rather than in any fantastic scheme for political emancipation. The bulk and the best of the book is given to negro politics in Chicago — a complex and engrossing yarn which might no less describe a horse of a lighter color. The book runs off at last to a somewhat sentimental close, and is, in fact, strangely compounded throughout of swift narrative and periods of sweet dreams.

DEAD MEN'S BONES

Joseph Theodor Konrad Nateçz Korzeniowski, or, in more friendly and familiar fashion, Joseph Conrad, had one close, candid, and comforting friend, who was also a competent critic and literary adviser. The record of this friendship is found in LETTERS FROM JOSEPH CONRAD (Bobbs, Merrill, $3.50), in which Edward Garnett presents one side of a correspondence covering the period from 1895 to 1924. These letters are so revealing of

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Conrad's literary agonies that they are almost embarrassing. They betray his constant distrust of his own powers and the reactions of disappointment which swept over him with every piece of work finished. Clearly he needed his friend's assurances and welcomed his every kindly word, and these carried him along until the public's enthusiasm caught up with that of the writer's intimate admirers. The letters are also a commentary on the gentle art of authorship for those young writers who cherish hope but have small faith; they testify that art is, indeed, long and wearisome. Experienced journalists will read them with sympathetic understanding; lovers of Conrad will welcome their intimate story of the man and the writer. A passing opinion shows Conrad squarely up against the penalties of pleasing a public. He writes in 1911: "As to faking a sunny ending to my story, I would see all the American Magazines and all the American Editors damned in heaps before lifting my pen for that task." Fortunately his triumphant success at last relieved him of that necessity, and preserved the editors for whatever fate they deserve.

One after another our ancient idols are discovered to have clay feet under their robes of tradition, and now it is Christopher Columbus who gets the starch taken out of his reputation. COLUMBUS, by Marius André (Knopf, $4.00), has been translated out of the French to let us know that our discoverer was little better than a real estate promoter taking a chance on other people's ignorance. This is a little discouraging, particularly after we have erected a statute to him on the island which may or may not have been his first anchorage in the new world. Columbus, we learn, was an adroit and indefatigable liar, a braggart, an incompetent leader, and a rotten sailor, and in the end a fanatic in the grip of a mild religious mania. He discovered America, more or less, but thought it was China and stuck to his story despite all sensible evidence. He spent long whiles at and around Cuba, and would neither believe it to be an island nor take the trouble to prove or disprove it for himself. He misappropriated public and private funds, mismanaged every expedition he undertook, abused his sailors, enslaved the natives, and for a long time made a fool out of Queen Isabella. This biographer has enough evidence to spoil Columbus Day for us, even though there is not a little animus in his case, inspired perhaps by his suspicion that the exaltation of Columbus is no more than a substitute for Catholic canonization. Most of the argument is of a negative sort; it shows that the Columbus legend is largely made to order out of the whole cloth and principally by that gentleman himself, while much unfavorable evidence is dug out of the ancient record. The biographer does a little dramatizing on his own account by introducing passages of imaginary dialogue between his victim and the people around him. He grants him only the virtues of imagination, resource, personal charm, and a gift for writing prospectuses and selling stock. Columbus' life ended in the shadow of tragedy. History has so far preferred to blame this on the base ingratitude of princes and peoples; this book insists that it was no more than the explorer deserved.

The raciest biography of recent reading is that of NICOLO MACHIAVELLI THE FLORENTINE, translated from the Italian of Guiseppe Prezzolini (Brentano's, $3.50). This makes of Machiavelli the first modern in the twilight of the Middle Ages, and calls him "the greatest political thinker the world has known since Aristotle." It gives not only a clear-cut picture of the man but an astonishingly complete story of old Florence and her neighboring city-states. Italian is said to be the slangiest of modern tongues, and the translator — Ralph Roeder — has made his book thoroughly colloquial without merely Americanizing it. Certainly the book straightens out our casual interpretation of a term and introduces us to a man. The Machiavellian philosophy of government is not discussed, it being assumed, reasonably enough, that if we are interested, we may look it up for ourselves. The book shows that Nicolo had a genius for essentials, that he comprehended the needs of Italy when she needed much, that he inherited the genius of the great statesmen of Rome, and that he contributed handsomely to the hard-boiled philosophies of every great dictator of Europe from Napoleon to Mussolini. By all means the book should be read, both for its crystal-clear reincarnation of a man and his times and for the gossipy gusto and spice of its writing.

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VERSE

Louis Untermeyer has done another book, under title of BURNING BUSH (Harcourt, Brace, $2.00). This is a rather notable collection, made more interesting by comparison with earlier work by the same hand. Mr. Untermeyer gets down now to a sheer simplicity of diction and lucidity of theme which are refreshing. At the same time his skill survives the rigid economy of his utterance; his rhythms are entirely natural, and the ingenuity of his rhyme is rarely irritating. Even those lyrics which are clearly experimental are rich in harmony, as in "Mad Proposal," which contains no true rhyme and yet is soundly and sonorously musical. There is considerable inequality, as always in such collections. The best pieces are classed under the heading of "Unreasoning Heart," and are competent to sustain and adorn their author's reputation.

SCIENCE AND PSEUDO-SCIENCE

Once in a while the scientists forget their differences and present a united front to the ignorance or indifference of the public, singing a harmonious chorus and simplifying all disturbing problems to the point of absurdity. The latest symposium of this kind is CREATION BY EVOLUTION (Macmillan, $5.00), in which two dozen of the bigger guns in the scientific world fire a broadside designed to sink without trace all doubt and distrust of the evolutionary hypothesis. The book is edited by Frances Mason, introduced by Henry Fairfield Osborn, and the contributors include such scientists as J. Arthur Thomson, David Starr Jordan, and Julian Huxley. It is an impressive and even monumental performance. The tremendous mass of contributory evidence in every principal field is here boiled down to manageable bulk and presented in intelligible and fascinating fashion. It has been done before, but it has never been done better.

Scientists would shudder at the very thought that they were behaving like an ecumenical church council, laying down to laymen the law, the prophets, and the faith of the fathers. Yet such is the net effect of this volume. It suggests to the careful mind that even the scientist has learned from the dogmatist the trick of proving points at issue by dodging others. For there is one important chapter lacking in this collection of the canonical doctrines of the twentieth century. Nowhere is there a fair confession of the fact that no two among the major scientists agree on the profounder problems involved in evolution. Only briefly is it granted that no one knows how it originated, how it operates, or where it is going. Further, there is scrupulous avoidance of such difficulties as the unsettled problems of heredity, selection, and survival, any one of which can divide evolutionists clear down the middle and send them scurrying to contrary camps. This is, in fact, an *ex parte* presentation, as convincing as the skilled lawyer's address to the jury — before you have heard his opponent. It would be vastly more useful to the cause of wisdom if it were honest, not merely with facts, but with the difficulties in digesting the facts. Science here professes to take us into its confidence; we are properly entitled to the whole of it.

We need an antidote to such plausibility, not because the evidence is untrue, but because it falls so far short of being the whole truth. You will find it in THE MISBEHAVIORISTS, by Harvey Wickham (Dial Press, $3.50). This book is about as entertaining a piece of scholarly debunking as has lately come down the road. It is not particularly concerned with evolution, save in the chapter on "The Family Tree," but it has a keen scalping knife for all sorts of narrow-gauge doctrines and doctrinaires, from behaviorism to eugenics, and from Freud to Will Durant. Principally they are convicted out of their own mouths, not of dishonesty or incompetence, but of straining at gnats and swallowing camels, of becoming entangled beyond rescue in their own mental processes, and of a sort of ratiocination not unlike ancient scholasticism. It is enormously entertaining, and reduces our scientists, theorists, and pseudo-philosophers — now in danger of demi-deification, or at least canonization — to the reasonable stature of men. Having read it we feel more comfortable in a world wherein knowledge is cut in sections like a cheese-cake, and where nobody knows anything because too many people know everything.

Every month Donald F. Rose will make his selection of current books in these pages.

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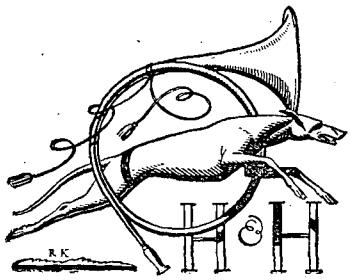

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They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.—*Keats*

TAMMANY THE TERRIBLE

TAMMANY HALL, by M. R. Werner; Doubleday, Doran, $5.00.
Reviewed by STEWART BEACH.

SINCE an elder son of Tammany has cast his eyes toward the White House, the capital of New York's Democracy on Fourteenth Street, so it is said, has suffered a spiritual house-cleaning. Gone are the days when the city poured its largesse into the bulging pockets of Saint Tammany's sons, gone the spectacle of a political brotherhood stepping high, wide, and handsome over the finances of the metropolis. But it is no easy matter to convince a nation to which symbols are deathless that the Tiger has lost his authenticity as the symbol of corruption. "The song," one might quote, "is ended, but the melody lingers on."

M. R. Werner has turned from his conspicuous success as a biographer to chant the saga of America's oldest political organization in terms of its lusty choristers — Fernando Wood, Tweed, Oakey Hall, Croker, and the rest. *Tammany Hall* is a cold, documentary indictment of the Tiger, devoid of animus, devoid, one might almost say, of literary embellishment — a dispassionate record of damning testimony before investigating committees and trial judges, the sum of which is to prove that whatever Tammany may be in 1928, its history for three-quarters of a century was an unrelieved record of graft, corruption, and political brigandage.

Although the Society of St. Tammany was founded within a few weeks of the Constitution's ratification, it was some years before its sachems became aware of their order's potentialities. Its early days were devoted to parading, conviviality, and the celebration of new-found liberty. Early in the nineteenth century, however, Tammany began to concentrate its rather diffuse enthusiasms upon the pursuit of politics. A century and more ago the "sons" began to develop a delight in voting and election-day riots, stimulated thereto by the realization that in political power lies a vast source of certain graft. But it was not until the forties and fifties that the sachems realized that keen efficiency in looting which reached its perfection under Boss Tweed in the sixties and seventies. Tweed's indictment, and his confession of sins upon the promise of freedom, have left a valuable record of his organized brigandage.

One of the most notorious steals perpetrated by the Tweed Ring was in connection with the construction of the county court house which still stands as a monument to Tammany's ingenious methods. Between 1858 and 1870 the State Assembly appropriated $6,200,000 to complete this structure, and an additional $6,000,000 was paid out of the city treasury. Curiously enough, long before the building was finished and occupied, extensive repairs were necessary and these two accounts, for construction and re-

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A LIMITED SUPPLY of the May issue (March and April sold out) remains for those who wish to begin their subscriptions with May. It contains the opening installment of the Sacco-Vanzetti series, and two reviews of "The President's Daughter" (by Isaac Goldberg and E. W. Howe), besides other characteristically *Haldeman-Julius Monthly* contributions. We will supply this issue as long as it lasts to those who use the blank when subscribing.

Contents for JUNE 1928

An Exclusive Interview with Nan Britton and Elizabeth Ann Harding ("The President's Daughter"), by Fred Bair; *Gene Tunney Speaks on Shakespeare at Yale; I Debate With John Roach Straton,* by Maynard Shipley; *Miami's Reign of Violence,* by Gerard Harrington; *Rabbi Not So Wise,* by E. Haldeman-Julius; *War, What For?* by Clay Fulks; *The Trial of Sacco and Vanzetti,* by W. P. Norwin; *Why Writers Hate Hollywood,* by Don Gordon; *A Tabloid Crusades Vice in Philadelphia,* by L. P. Monte; *Our Mad Movie Magnates,* by Geo. Pampel; *John Roach Straton,* by E. W. Hutter; *Is Coffee Drinking Harmful?* by T. S. Harding; *Joe Neil, Victim of a Great State's Bigotry,* by Marcet Haldeman-Julius; etc., etc.

Contents for JULY 1928

How and Why I, Wrote "The President's Daughter" (A Personal Statement), by Nan Britton; *Shall We Go to the Gutter for Our Knowledge of Sex?* by Isaac Goldberg; *The Magic in Those Ultra-Violet Rays!* by T. S. Harding; *Is Republican Government Breaking Down in America?* by Clay Fulks; *The New Sacco-Vanzetti Evidence,* by W. P. Norwin; *The Decline and Fall of Poker,* by Sanford Jarrell; *Some Reasons for Dishonesty in Advertising,* by A Newspaper Publicity Director; *The Crime of Church Liberalism,* by Eric Heath; *Evolution of an Agnostic,* by John Mason; *The Candidates,* by E. Haldeman-Julius; *Dean Inge, An Honest Churchman,* by Louis Adamic; *"You're Pretty Bad, America," Says Canada,* by Ruben Levin; etc., etc.

Contents for August or Later

What Fundamentalists Believe and Preach (As Illustrated by the Preaching of John Roach Straton), by L. M. Birkhead; *Will Hays,* by Louis Adamic; *In the Next War,* by Sanford Jarrell; *The Real Thomas A. Edison,* by A. L. Shands; *Scientific Soul-Saving,* by T. S. Harding; *A Soldier's Return,* by G. V. Morris; *No Tears for Babbitt,* by David Warren Ryder; *A Dinner With Billy Sunday,* by Wm. Beford; *How to Put Punch in Your Personality,* by Ballard Brown; *The Wonderful West,* by P. S. Powell; *One of God's Families,* by Don Lewis; *Immoralities in Public Office,* by W. G. Clugston; *Public Criticism of Sacco and Vanzetti,* by W. P. Norwin; *John Wesley, Father of Methodism,* by E. Haldeman-Julius; *Henry Field, New God in the Middlewest,* by M. E. Stanley; etc., etc.

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pairs, served to keep the pockets of Tweed and his associates well lined with funds. Andrew J. Garvey received $531,594.22 for plastering, but this same work required repairs to the extent of $1,294,684.13 before it was finished. Woodwork was damaged to the tune of $750,071.92; there was a little item of $404,347.22 for safes; carpets, shades, and curtains cost $675,534.44. Even thermometers were high in those days: it cost the city $7,500 to assure its servants correct information upon the state of the weather.

Estimates of the amount stolen from the city by the Tweed Ring vary from $30,000,000 to $75,000,000. The source of a considerable share of this was city contracts. "Every person who received a contract for supplies from the city, or who did work on city buildings and public works," writes Mr. Werner, "was instructed to raise his bills before submitting them to the city, at first by 55 per cent, later by 60 per cent, and finally by 65 per cent. The face amount of each bill was paid to the contractor by the City Auditor, James Watson, who received back at the time of payment from the contractor or merchant 60 or 65 per cent of the bill in cash. Watson then acted as paymaster and distributed the share in the plunder to the various members of the Tweed Ring."

Another lucrative source of income was vice. Houses of ill fame and their inmates all paid toll to the policeman on the beat and the district captain for the privilege of operating unhampered by the law. The duties of professional bondsmen were likewise nicely regulated to furnish Tammany henchmen with income from those unfortunates who found themselves in jail. Not a line of the city which did not lead into the pockets of these industrious politicians, whose power was predicated upon control of the city offices through wholesale corruption at the polls.

Mr. Werner has confined himself strictly to the evidence in his indictment of Tammany. But by far the bulk of his story is concerned with the scandals of a generation past; only occasionally does he embellish with any detail the more recent régime of Charles F. Murphy as Grand Sachem. Judge Olvaney's leadership is not touched upon at all. One cannot escape the feeling that this constitutes unfairness to Tammany, as well as to the reader in forming an estimate of Tammany Hall. Here is a picture of corruption so unbridled as to be loathesome in the eyes of any man who calls himself an upright citizen. Has Tammany reformed? Mr. Werner neither affirms nor denies. The completeness of the earlier picture and the sketchiness of the record over the past twenty-five years is the marked deficiency of the book. Perhaps the author intended to confine his history to the grander days of corruption on the ground that the recent years are common knowledge. But if so, he should have stopped with Croker's retirement. The inclusion of Murphy's régime seems to demand as complete and as unvarnished a picture of the later years as Mr. Werner has given of the earlier ones. His method throughout, wherever possible, has been to let Tammany speak for itself. Surely the more recent rulers of the Wigwam have a right to read more complete testimony into the record.

The Origin of Man

IN SEARCH OF OUR ANCESTORS, by Mary E. Boyle; Little, Brown, $3.50.
CONCERNING MAN'S ORIGIN, by Sir Arthur Keith; Putnam, $2.00.
Reviewed by HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN.

TWO volumes which have appeared recently bear names most distinguished to-day in the subject of the prehistory of man, namely, Sir Arthur Keith, late president of the British Association and preëminent anatomist, and the Abbé Henri Breuil, leading prehistoric archæologist of the world. The latter has written the preface to *In Search of Our Ancestors* by Mary E. Boyle, a most entertaining and readable volume. Miss Boyle is an accomplished archæologist who has worked more or less under the eye of Abbé Breuil, enjoying the inestimable advantage of the inspiration and personal guidance of that great master. Her volume also bears the authority and the free use of the priceless materials in the British Museum and in the Musée de Saint-Germain, Paris, which is under the direction of Salomon Reinach. The treatment is prehistoric and delightfully imaginative throughout and immediately raises the author to high standing among the popularizers and expositors of the more or less mysterious phases of prehistory.

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First presenting the results of most recent investigations among the La Tène and Hallstatt iron workers, the writer carries us back to the rudiments of the Stone Age and even into the little-known realm of man and his relatives in the Tertiary period. In treating the Tertiary age (Chapter XVII) Miss Boyle adopts the prevailing views as to the ape-man of Java in the sentence: "It is difficult to know whether we have here an ape or man; in any case, it is the highest known man-like and the only walking ape, or the lowest ape-like man known — possibly an experiment in the direction of man which failed." This opinion has recently been invalidated by two very important discoveries: first, that the "ape-man" of Java is of more recent age than the Tertiary; second, that it is unquestionably a surviving primitive human type, much more closely related to man than to the apes.

In truth, our knowledge of the prehistory of man progresses by such leaps and bounds that a volume like the present one hardly comes from the press before the data which it records give way not only to new discoveries but to new conceptions and theories. Perhaps the most important archæological anachronism in this work is its failure to recognize the full significance of the discovery of the humanly worked flints found on the coast of East Anglia by J. Reid Moir, one of the great explorers of the present day; these flints, recently described by the present reviewer in his *Man Rises to Parnassus*, are unmistakably of Tertiary age. Neither can there be any question that the "eagles' beaks" or rostro-carinates represent a superior order of the flint-making art, although they occur in a period which all geologists place in Pliocene or Upper Tertiary time. In this hesitation to accept Moir's evidence the author shares the lack of confidence which British archæologists generally have displayed regarding his discoveries.

Sir Arthur Keith's *Concerning Man's Origin* is a collection of addresses written from an altogether different point of view — namely, from the Darwinian and post-Darwinian standpoint of the distinguished anatomist, who stands before us as the most valiant exponent of Darwin's original conception of the year 1871 as to the ape-like form and habits of our ancestors.

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This echo of Darwin's opinion, now nearly sixty years old, is summed up in Professor Keith's diagram (p. 19), wherein the various races of man are seen branching off from the ape family, and also in the following sentences: "All the evidence now at our disposal supports the conclusion that man has arisen . . . from an anthropoid ape not higher in the zoological scale than a chimpanzee, and that the date at which human and anthropoid lines of descent began to diverge lies near the beginning of the Miocene period. . . . The reason for the author's agreement with the prevailing opinion that man has sprung from an anthropoid ape ancestor rests largely on a prolonged investigation into the modifications of man's body which are necessary for his posture and manner of walking. It is impossible to conceive that these modifications of man's body could have been evolved directly from a monkey-like ancestor; to come by them man must have passed through an anthropoid stage." (pp. 23–24).

Thus Sir Arthur nails his colors to the original Darwinian opinion that man arose from a jungle-living type most nearly resembling the existing chimpanzee, although far more generalized than primitive. Against this theory of human origin the present reviewer has been steadily advocating, in a series of addresses during the past year, an entirely different "Dawn Man" conception, as far removed as possible from Darwin's hypothesis of 1871, which represents a state of knowledge and of opinion truly in advance of his own time but far behind the advances made in the fifty-seven years intervening since Darwin. This, however, is not the place to discuss differences of opinion and hypotheses between the reviewer and his distinguished friend. It is more appropriate to advise the reader that this volume contains Sir Arthur Keith's whole philosophy of evolution, which is that of a thorough-going Darwinian; it includes his presidential address to the British Association at Leeds in the summer of 1927. Interspersed with the more or less technical anatomical question of human origin are delightful chapters on the theory of evolution in general, on the influence of glands and hormones, on the question of whether the human race is improving, on capital as a factor in evolution, on structural imperfections in man, on the rate of man's evolution.

An interesting chapter on Darwin's home embodies an appeal to the author's British Association audience and to the British press that historic Down House, where both *The Origin of Species* and *Descent of Man* were laboriously penned, should be purchased for the nation as a memorial to Darwin. As he well says (p. 67), "we cannot know Darwin unless we know Down; living science can never be divorced from its great personalities." A most felicitous response to his appeal came in the form of a telegram from Mr. G. Buckston Browne offering to purchase Down House and present it to the nation, thus consummating several years of effort in which the present reviewer has had the honor of taking part. Down House — the scene of Darwin's daily observations, reflections, and marvelous discoveries that changed the thought of the entire world — will gradually be restored to its original condition, and will become a Mecca to biologists and naturalists from all parts of the world for all future time.

These two volumes are well worth careful reading.

Us Abnormals

THE NEUROTIC PERSONALITY, by R. G. Gordon; Harcourt, Brace, $3.75.
Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW.

GOOD books are of two kinds — good enough and good plus. *The Neurotic Personality* is plus. Dr. Gordon has reduced to readable form what at times is technical but never forbidding, just what many a student and contributor to abnormal psychology has been groping for, or hoping for. These will be grateful for so admirable a statement and will be stimulated by its fresh outlook.

Not so long ago, if you were neurotic enough to be a "case," the psychiatrist would get you if you didn't look out. Now most of us have lost the fear of that bogey, and we look out for him. But in turn he comes not to commit, but to analyze and understand. For most minds in distress are not "cases," but just neurotic personalities; and even "neurotic" is too harsh a term. If you are robust enough to take your pill without sugar coating,

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"neurotic" may stand. It is frank and it fits tightly or loosely in all cases. Moreover, there are desirable neurotic variants, who keep the run of humanity from getting too conventional and humdrum, too absorbed in running the world on schedule, no matter whose withers are wrung, whose nerves upset. Again moreover, if you look at your variant, queer, troubled, or "problem" friends through the psychiatrist's opera glasses that magnify all the features, you get a picture of the abnormal mind in the saddle; reverse the glass and look at the diagnosed and classified cases of mental disorder, and you will see in a reduced picture, the portraits of your neurotic friends. Dr. Gordon sees the problem of the neurotic personality in both perspectives, with constant reflection back and forth from normal to abnormal.

In explaining and exploiting the abnormal, there has been quite too much glare and shouting, too much of the exaggeration of the panaceist, the propagandist, and the cultist — with Freud railing at Jung and Jung at Adler, and each railing back; too much of the "all or none" type of conviction, which these very writers tell us is an infantile kind of response. Everything that is a complex or a neurotic trend (and what isn't?) is either made all sex or all glands, or all infantilism, or all narcissism, or what not. Critical but sympathetic, Dr. Gordon surveys the field with a safe and sane sense of values. He recognizes the pioneering insight of Freud but deplores his vagaries, and is similarly disposed to other leaders.

The neurotic personality, though peculiar, is not singular; it is plural, of many types. When you or your childrem are plotted on a curve, you are just a dot and are given a rating in this kind of intelligence or that kind of emotionality. But when you come to the clinic to be "psyched," you are typed. How do you conform, and where do you diverge from the common run? What are your strongest motives, and what your weakest defenses? Of course you don't quite fit in any frame, but your contours suggest a type.

When scheduled, these types make a classification. Neurasthenia and hysteria are the most significant terms in this connection, and these in turn yield types and varieties. Dr. Gordon has his own version of these neurotic variants, for psychia-

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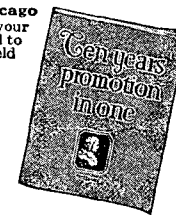

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trists also form types. The psychoanalyst is one type. Dr. Gordon is a catholic as well as an eclectic clinician and has much of value to say of the relation of physician and patient. Those who have to deal with deviating humanity will profit by his advice. Among the good books on abnormal mental life, this is one of the best.

The Gospel of "St. Dick"

THE IMPATIENCE OF A PARSON, by H. R. L. Sheppard; Doubleday, Doran, $2.00. Reviewed by JOSEPH FORT NEWTON.

WHEN the vicar of a famous church is known in a great city by a nickname, it is a sure token that he has a place all his own in the hearts of the people. There are greater preachers in London than "Dick" Sheppard, but none more beloved, alike for his rich humanity and for the burning earnestness of his message. Yet his great personal popularity (men of all classes reckon him as a friend) does not explain the vogue of his book, which has become a best seller on both sides of the Atlantic. Nor is it to be accounted for on the score of learning or style or the novelty of its teaching. The theologians and ecclesiastics pass it by, sniffing at its slipshod style and sneering at its lacking of profundity, as is their habit. Why, then, do the people read this book as they do a popular novel?

Many others — especially in America — have criticized the church, in a style of snippy cleverness salted with cynicism, appealing to the irreverence latent in the popular mind. But here is a man who loves the church as his own mother and writes of her faults, stupidities, inadequacies, and inefficiencies with blinding tears.

No, the power of this book lies in the fact that it gathers up and utters, earnestly and eloquently, the profound discontent, felt everywhere — among the friends of the church more keenly than anywhere else — with religion as it is now organized, and its pitiful failure to meet the needs and issues of the age. While it deals with the Church of England specifically, its indictment is equally valid and vivid against every church of every name and land.

The impetuousness of the book recalls the words of Theodore Parker, when he said: "God is not in a hurry, but I am." The slow and curiously involved processes of the ecclesiastical mind vex a man of simple directness, who wants to see something done before he dies. He demands that men should be "permitted by ordination to be the servants of one universal Church and allowed to encourage and administer the sacraments and to preach the Gospel in the manifold ways in which it might be commended to mankind. How can men desire nowadays to be purveyors of sectional religion?" His vision is of "a Church like some great Cathedral in which there are a multitude of side chapels, where the one God is worshiped in different ways by differently-minded people, yet all are within one Church." But this is impractical and visionary, the ecclesiastics say — as if the present arrangement, one sect set over against another, some of them small enough to be insects, were practical!

For more years than we like to remember some of us have felt and said these things with aching hearts. The church calls us with many voices, and every voice a memory. We cannot leave it and we can hardly remain in it, though we are willing enough to tolerate even the sermon-saturated pagans in its pews, not to speak of its self-exploiting pulpiteers. We are at home in every sect and able to speak its dialect, because our solitary concern is with what they have in common. Yet we are unhappy, as "Dick" Sheppard is, ill at ease, looking and longing for a Church of Christ, who never laid stress on a little issue in His life. We cling to the church like the old New England deacon who, when excommunicated, refused to go out. For twenty-five years he came to every communion service, bringing his own bread and wine. There, in the security of his high pew, he communed with the church when the church would not commune with him. So some of us commune with the church, in spite of its petty issues which mean nothing, in spite of its archaic methods and its theological museum, if only because we have nowhere else to go. Such is our plight; but the response to the protest of this book stirs us with the hope, oft defeated but still alive, that at any moment we may turn a corner and feel the winds of God blowing and find the work of ages done in a day.

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Three-Fourths of Your Electric Bill Pays Political Graft!

Senator George W. Norris, of Nebraska, in *July Plain Talk* proves that *government* operation of power plants costs American users only one-fourth the rate charged by Power Trust stations. A striking example concerns the lighting of Niagara Falls: — Ontario with municipal control pays $8 per lamp per month; the United States pays $43 per lamp per month. Both have the same source of supply. Who gets the difference of $35? Senator Norris tells all about the bribing, lobbying and political conniving that three-fourths of our monthly electric bill pays for.

This Insanity Fiasco — "Cold blooded murderers should be stripped of their armor of fakery, by a State department devoted to the study of subnormal mental conditions." John Walker Harrington, internationally famous journalist, in his article in *July Plain Talk*, exposes the inside facts of the George Remus and Harry K. Thaw trials.

General William Mitchell's first of a series of four articles appears in *July Plain Talk*. In this outspoken magazine, General Mitchell boldly and vigorously charges dickering between the Navy and lobbies of armament makers.

"Since Noah Got Drunk man has made marvelous advances while allowing himself the unrestricted use of alcoholic drink. It is falsehood to say that liquor has the deleterious effect the propagandists ascribe to it," says *Former Chief Justice Frank Doster* in *July Plain Talk*.

This "Busy Bee" Bunk — "the lilies and twittering birds" — may have worked with Bertrand Russell's child, but it failed to impress Mrs. Elisabeth W. Smith's little girl, aged five. Mrs. Smith tells, in *July Plain Talk*, all about her fatal experiment.

Does England Mean War? — Without in the least resorting to jingoism, Brockholst Livingston, in *July Plain Talk*, shows clearly that for a certain reason war with England is entirely likely within a few years.

"Is Wall Street Necessary?" asks Don C. Seitz in *July Plain Talk*. "During the war when the Stock Exchange was closed the country prospered. Would it be just as well if it were closed for good?"

Other Features — "A Liberal's Problems in the South," by Howard T. Dimick; "Pastor Baltzly of Omaha," by Howard Erickson; "Why Not Choose Presidents by Lot?"; "The Germans in China"; "Backhill Worship in Arkansas"; "Sweet Land of Democracy"; — Book Reviews; Fiction, Editorials.

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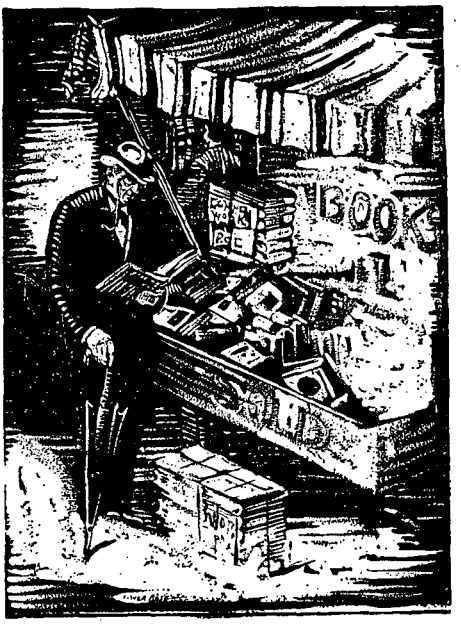

Buying books is like buying cantaloupes; we are compelled to throw many away before finding a good one.—E. W. Howe.

IN all ages men of tender consciences have made mighty vows to atone for their sins, and if their sins paid well, they kept their vows. Of course, if their sins turned out badly, the bargain was off by the gods' default. One would vow a temple to Jupiter, if some crafty scheme carried; another would dedicate his next-born child to the service of the Virgin. Nowadays the man of tender conscience pledges himself to write a book about it. Thus Oscar Underwood: "When I served my time at the legislative wheel of the Government and realized the constant conflict between the political expediency yielded to by the Congress, and the fundamental principles of free government on which rest the rights and liberties of the people of the United States, I promised myself that by way of an apology for the compromises I was at times compelled to accept, I would write a book and point out how we had drifted away from the ideals of the great men that founded our republic." The result is DRIFTING SANDS OF PARTY POLITICS (Century, $3.50). Here is a man who, by retiring from politics, has thrown off the shackles of expediency that bind our public men either to keep silent about important issues, like Governor Smith, or, if they speak, to utter only sonorous platitudes like President Coolidge. Mr. Underwood speaks plainly, and the purport of his message is that organized minorities are running our government to suit themselves, and the devil take the people! Case after case is cited, and examples come to mind too readily to require quotation. Everyone who read the chapter of the book which was published in the April FORUM will want to digest the whole of it.

THIS Browser is so fond of old Mr. Tutt — not to mention the other Mr. Tutt — that he is a little grieved to find Arthur Train neglecting his choicest creation and writing a novel of society. AMBITION (Scribner's, $2.50) is, however, excellently well done and not entirely outside the law, since its hero is a youngster who must choose between the legal business of high rewards and low morals and the legal profession of ancient and honorable repute. He chooses at last, of course, the path of penurious principle rather than that of profitable time-serving; but in the meantime he gets himself mixed up in matrimony with a social climber, who drives both the hero and the reader close to insanity. With scathing skill Mr. Train attacks the corruption of legal practice and paints the unpleasant portrait of one species of feminine ambition; for both elements the book is worth reading.

THE ways and wiles of the advertiser find a defender in Earnest Elmo Calkins, whose BUSINESS THE CIVILIZER is a recent Atlantic Monthly Press Publication (Little, Brown, $3.00). The pin-

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pricks of sundry debunkers seem to have got under the hide of the leviathan of business, and occasioned this exposition of the advertiser's creed. The essays are entertaining and full of common sense, even though they also read like a year's supply of luncheon speeches for Rotary clubs. The average reader will be interested in the experiences of national advertisers whose names are our modern household words, and for their sake he will forgive the bewhiskered anecdotes and platitudes of progress which seem inevitable to such stuff. Mr. Calkins discusses at length and somewhat peevishly the traditional habits of newspapers and their aversion to free publicity for business. With contrasting reticence he passes by the complicated economic problem as to where the spiral of increasing production, advertising, and exploitation is leading us, and ignores the spectre of civilization imprisoned in a spinning squirrel cage of its own making. Despite his title, he notably fails to give any definition of what civilization is or should be, leaving the impression that all men are content to worship the new trinity of Comfort, Multiplied Possessions, and Modern Sanitation. If they are, this book may serve for litany and liturgy.

SOMEBODY has recently said that poets are scarce to-day because modern business demands and satisfies the creative fire sufficiently to keep poets out of their proper place. This is probably rubbish — the kind of rubbish by which the trade instinct attempts to glorify the American business man. Certainly the poet fitted uneasily enough into the conventional business coat inherited by Clarion Lawless in THAT BRIGHT HEAT, by George O'Neil (Boni & Liveright, $2.00). The flame, in fact, not only ruined him financially, but cursed him in body and spirit, wrecked him socially and morally, and at last destroyed him by suicide in the symbolic holocaust of a burning hotel. Not only has Mr. O'Neil told an engrossing and troubling tale in this first novel, but he has also chosen a very nice day for it — in the middle of the last century in charming old St. Louis. You will complain, perhaps, that things so well begun turn out so badly; but you will agree with the author that they could hardly have ended otherwise. For which reason we may all properly pray that we be spared the hazard of a poet in the family.

IF you are looking for a savory yarn of the sea with the old swing to it and a bit of novelty withal, try MOONRAKER, OR THE FEMALE PIRATE AND HER FRIENDS by F. Tennyson Jesse (Knopf, $2.50). In it you get most delectable drawings and charts by the author, a touch of the tropics, of witchcraft in old England, of Santo Domingan history — all moving swiftly with flashes of description that turn you giddy with delight. You feel satisfied, on laying it down, that *Moonraker* is a story in the old sense of the word, before the moderns turned everything topsy-turvy. There is restraint, color, feeling, deft handling of conversation and narrative — and not one superfluous word between the covers.

ONE of the notable biographies of the year is ANDREW JOHNSON, PLEBEIAN AND PATRIOT, by Robert W. Winston (Holt, $5.00). Posterity has been prone to malign this "tailor from Tennessee." He was cold and harsh, arousing little sympathy in others, so that the bitter judgments of his contemporary enemies in Congress were all too easily accepted as the true measure of the man. But here the reader sees him as a well-meaning but ignorant politician from the backwoods, sincere but obstinate, possessing not the faintest shadow of the tact that makes statesmen great — a man, in short, whose misfortune it was to be forced into the Presidency at the most difficult juncture of American history, and who, like Mr. Coolidge under somewhat similar but less trying circumstances, was simply not big enough for the job. Such a book as this by Mr. Winston should be read and pondered by every student and observer of American government.

A CONVENIENT summary of Polish history is presented by H. H. Fisher and Sidney Brooks in AMERICA AND THE NEW POLAND (Macmillan, $3.50). He sketches America's historical relations with Poland old and new — which have been surprisingly extensive — and then launches into a detailed account of Poland's share in the World War, on both

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sides, and the American relief work after the War. Although unlikely by virtue of its subject to make a wide appeal, Mr. Fisher's book will be of great value to anyone especially interested in eastern Europe, the more so since it contains a valuable collection of documents.

E. M. FORSTER, in THE ETERNAL MOMENT (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50) reprints six stories representing sundry excursions into the realm of fantasy. They are reminiscent occasionally of Kipling or Wells, but always with an added lightness and touch of sentiment characteristic of Mr. Forster's work. The stories lie variously in this present world, in one of the far future, in the spiritual hereafter, and on the border line between life and death. Each is quite individual and deserves detached reading, since currents of musing and memory are set in motion which deserve a better fate than quick erasure by a new impression. Mr. Forster makes a prefatory announcement that these are all that he is likely to accomplish in this particular line — which, by his leave, we shall presume to regret.

SERGE SAZONOV, who in FATEFUL YEARS (Stokes, $4.00) defends himself from beyond the grave, was the Russian Foreign Minister during the fatal days of 1914, and has been accused by the revisionist school of historians of a major share in the combination of guilt and blunder which brought on the World War. This charge he, of course, denies. The real guilt for bringing on the World War still lies, he would have us believe, precisely where we thought it lay in 1914. Although the informed reader will find it impossible to go all the way with M. Sazonov in his conclusions, the book has a documentary value as the story of a chief actor in the tragedy. Its accuracy on certain disputed points has already been impugned.

THERE is no unifying theme to make a novel of General P. N. Krassnoff's THE UNFORGIVEN (Duffield, $3.50). It is rather the chronicle of a Russian family throughout the revolution. There are some pleasant and convincing descriptions of the least violent episodes — particularly, a visit to a country house in the Ukraine, a refugee's first evening in Rio de Janeiro, and various sketches of Russian landscape. And, too, the dazed inability of people to cope with sudden upheaval and ruin is quite well done. In the scenes of violence and atrocity, of which the book mainly consists, the writing is somehow unforceful. Horrors are piled upon horrors, but none of it is depicted with real power — probably because General Krassnoff's prejudices are too obvious for profound writing, even though we may sympathize with them. We suspect him of exaggerating both Russian mysticism and Russian unity, as well as the sanctity and justice of the old régime. On the whole, the book is probably more satisfying to the author and those Russians who have been through similar experiences than it is likely to be to Americans.

"YOU are related?" asked the Muse. Alice hid her head for a moment, then whispered: "Her — her daughter." "But I didn't know she married!" exclaimed several Muses together. Alice shook her head sadly. "An — an affair," she said shortly. "A newspaperman, it was. He loved her very, very much. . . ." This is almost the whole story of ALICE IN THE DELIGHTED STATES, by Edward Hope (Dial Press, $2.50). Mr. Hope undoubtedly loved Alice in Wonderland very much indeed, and the new Alice is true daughter of both her parents. Her adventures from the time she survives Jealous Island to her visit to Uncle Sam'l's Circus and the Donkey and the Elephant, are a sustained satire on our life and times. Even though punctuated by the most abominable puns yet enshrined in letters, they are never out of sight of the Carroll tradition. Her experience with the Rotarians, and with Twaddle-Dum and Twiddle-Dee — who wear the identifying initials of G. J. N. and H. L. M. — are perhaps high spots in the legend; but it is difficult to pick favorites. Each reader will find his own, and it is the kind of collection over which delighted readers will joyfully exchange experiences.

CLASSICAL courses in high school and college are responsible for some strange remnant impressions of the Latin authors, scarcely plausible as personalities and little related to the life of their times.

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For two poets this condition may be remedied by the reading of CATULLUS AND HORACE, by Tenney Frank (Holt, $3.00), which is concerned at length with the relation of these two gentlemen to their environment. Catullus, the "tenderest of the Roman poets," is restored to life as a young man busy in politics and intrigue, and his verses are revivified by relating them to his loves, travels, and pamphleteering. Horace is discovered as an army officer, a clerk of the treasury, a man about town, and a rural moralist and satirist. The scholarly familiarity of Professor Frank with the Golden Age and its near neighbors enables him to draw a thoroughly intelligible picture of the times, and makes his book an entertaining biographical and historical study, rather than a supplement to our dog-eared textbooks.

THE ancient world is brought back to earth in another fashion in THE INNS OF GREECE AND ROME, by W. C. Firebaugh (Covici, $5.00). This is a grim book, since it deals with the sink-holes of antiquity — the dives, the drinking and gambling hells, and the houses of ill repute whose record survives throughout the ancient authors. It is a strangely intimate picture, focussed at the point where humanity dispenses with all its conventions and most of its illusions, and it is comprehensive in a way that declares thorough scholarship. Prefatory chapters cover ancient Egypt and Babylonia; Greece gets several others; but Rome supplies the larger spread of the picaresque canvas. There are many details of ancient life — of gambling and gaming, brewing and winemaking, of recipes for drinks hot and cold. The Roman baths are included, and the barracks or tenement houses; and the book reveals the lower levels of many a historic character by the company he chose to keep. It needs, to be sure, the customary discount applicable to all such special studies. Vice, unfortunately, leaves more records than virtue, and it would be no less unfair to the old world than to the new to judge it merely by its journalism. This is the dirty side of the shield; there is, without doubt, another and brighter face to ancient conviviality and hospitality. The volume is beautifully printed and bound, deserving a place in any library, whether classical or colloquial.

GOSSIPY personal biography of the newer sort is combined in STONEWALL JACKSON, THE GOOD SOLDIER, by Allen Tate (Minton, Balch, $3.50), with an excellent study of Jackson as a strategist. If it were not for an ill-concealed inclination to ridicule Lincoln — tastelessly and without any particular justification — and some truly execrable maps, the book could be recommended without qualification.

OCCASIONALLY a detective yarn turns up which meets the requirements of good writing and also passes the tests of reasonable credibility. Of such species is BEHIND THAT CURTAIN, by Earl Derr Biggers (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.00). It hinges, of course, on a murder, as do all nice and normal detective stories. Charley Chan — Bigger's principal sleuth creation and a most likeable Chinee to boot — turns his special genius to the mystery, with the usual satisfaction of the fictional detective over the stupidity of the police and the usual extraordinary perceptive luck of the amateur in the presence of clues which baffle everybody else, including the reader. There is here some of the old and recognizable hokum and also some new twists; this Browser never met a heroine before who turns out to be so many different people, nor a detective with eleven children of his own.

IN his leisure moments the Browser is something of a gardener, and it was with genuine anticipation that he picked up Frances Edge McIlvaine's SPRING IN THE LITTLE GARDEN (Little, Brown, $1.75). This slim, brown volume deals with the whole wide cycle of spring bulbs, wall training for shrubs, and various "specialties for spring" — the *primula*, *camassia*, *fritillaria*, and the lovely *Helleborus*. Many practical suggestions for the hybridizing of native wild flowers should prove of interest to the amateur horticulturist.

IF stout Balboa had realized all that he was starting, his surmises would have been a good deal wilder as he stood with all his men silent upon that peak in Darien that John Keats wrote about. The latest developments in the tangled situation which he failed to surmise are contained in

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two new books, THE RESTLESS PACIFIC by Nicholas Roosevelt (Scribner's, $3.00) and PROBLEMS OF THE PACIFIC by J. M. Davis (University of Chicago Press, $3.00). Mr. Roosevelt writes out of recent, first-hand experiences in the Far East and has made an alluring book of them, though he sternly eschews personal anecdote in favor of a luminous discussion of world politics. The other book is simply an account of the proceedings of the second conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations at Honolulu, and it has the virtues and defects of its class.

MAURICE DOBB, lecturer in economics at the University of Cambridge, has rushed boldly in where angels are officially forbidden by atheistic Soviet proclamation to tread, and by the exercise of circumspection and wisdom has written a useful and important book about RUSSIAN ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT SINCE THE REVOLUTION (Dutton, $5.00). Admitting cheerfully that "in writing of events which are still unfinished, one's work can hardly be perfect or complete," Mr. Dobb finds his justification in the imperative need for an immediate statement of Russian economic facts.

IN a story of dark days on the English front in 1916, when unpreparedness was yielding its last bitter fruits in the worst miseries of trench warfare, "Mark VII" has written a sincere and moving document. A SUBALTERN ON THE SOMME (Dutton, $2.00) is not easily forgotten in these days of partial peace, and is fit to serve as a needful antidote to the stories, books, and motion pictures which have begun again the old romancing and fictional heroics by which young souls are sold again to war. It is told by one who was there, and takes the form of a daily diary from entrainment in London to the "Blighty" that sent the soldier home. It is sufficiently detailed and vivid to leave little doubt that it is based on an actual diary or correspondence written at the tortured scene of war. While he draws a partial and fragmentary picture — like that which tens of thousands of officers and men brought away from the deadly nightmare — "Mark VII" voices also the contempt and horror of the sensitive mind for the grim business.

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FORUM

· NEXT MONTH ·

HAS COMMERCIAL AVIATION A FUTURE? — *Commander Richard E. Byrd* / *Captain Alfred C. Dewar*

Will air lines of the future become serious rivals of the railroads, or is the airplane destined to be no more than an emergency carrier? A famous American aviator, representing the Jules Verne school of prophecy, answers a Briton of the Noah's Ark school.

PATERNITY — *Warwick Deeping*

A story about a curious character who would surely have been created by Dickens, had he thought about it.

MUST SUNDAY SCHOOLS BE STUPID? — *Roland G. E. Ullman*

This teacher forgot who begat whom and brought his Bible down to date — with startling results.

SOCIAL LIFE AMONG THE EARTH-DWELLERS — *André Maurois*

A delightfully ironic paper in which France's best-known writer takes a fling at science.

GENIUS, TALENT, AND INTELLIGENCE — *Mary Austin*

In which a woman of genius defines genius.

THE REPUBLIC OF GREENLAND — *Vilhjalmur Stefansson*

An Arctic explorer traces the wanderings and discoveries of the Vikings.

"OLD LONELY" — *Walter Jones Harmer*

A First Short Story about a Western trapper by a member of the Canadian Mounted Police.

WHO SETS OUR STYLES? — *Paul Poiret*

To please one woman is hard enough — this French creator of fashions tells how to please them all.

HILL COUNTRY — *Ramsey Benson*

Last installment of THE FORUM's Prize Biographical Novel.

Also: "Our Muddling World" (continued from last month) by Salvador de Madariaga — "Companionate Education" by Joseph Jastrow — "Jazz Is Not Music" by Sigmund Spaeth — "Eating for Efficiency" by William Childs — "The Dangers of Being a Boy" by H. Munro Fox.

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From a drawing by Johan Bull

T. S. Eliot

Brilliant young poet and critic, who prefers England to America and religion to Professor Irving Babbitt's humanism

(*See page 37*)

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From a drawing by Johan Bull

AILEEN RIGGIN

American sportswoman, who became an Olympic Diving Champion at fourteen and believes swimming the ideal exercise

(*See page 56*)

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From a drawing by Johan Bull

SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA

In the sixteenth century Spain withdrew from the main stream of world events, and since then her thinkers have held box seats at the Comédie Humaine; and just as Cervantes rang the curtain down upon the Age of Chivalry with peals of derisive laughter, so now does his fellow-countryman — this poet, philosopher, and statesman — launch his wit against the absurdities of our overplayed Age of Nationalism, calling for the next act — the Age of World-consciousness.

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THE FORUM

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"We must apply the rule of toleration. Because there are peoples whose ways are not our ways, and whose thoughts are not our thoughts, we are not warranted in drawing the conclusion that they are adding nothing to the sum of civilization."

—Calvin Coolidge

OUR MUDDLING WORLD

SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA:

HAS it ever happened to you? You are reading a book of history. It may be the history of Florence under the Medici, that of Spain under Ferdinand and Isabel (for some reason or other misnamed "Isabella" in English-speaking lands), or perhaps that of the French Revolution; and you feel so much entranced by the events, more thrilling than any novel, flowing tumultuously into the channels of your soul that a wave of envy surges in your heart: "I wish I had lived in those wonderful times!" If it has happened to you, take heart. I am sure that future readers, when tossed about by the emotions which they are certain to feel when reading the history of our own age, will often sigh with envy: "I wish I had lived in those wonderful times!" Our age is one of the great ages of history.

Were Christianity a deeper factor in our spiritual life than it really is, we should feel thankful for the distinction which the Deity has granted our generation. We are being tried. We are living times without peace because times brimful with hope. The civilization of the nineteenth century burst in 1914, like a gigantic pestiferous bubble. We have not yet erected the structure of the

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twentieth. We do not even know whether we shall have time to erect it during the paltry three quarters which remain. Peradventure we twentieth century men are meant to live a roofless life in the political wilderness, as the pioneers of the more fortunate twenty-first. But we need not complain. The wilderness is fascinating to watch, and over our heads the grays and mauves of bygone regrets mix their colors with the tender pinks of our newest hopes.

In this and other articles in THE FORUM I shall comment on world events — and particularly on European events — from the detached point of view of one who, both by innate tendency and by acquired conviction, feels like a *Weltbürger* — a world-citizen. I have no quarrel with patriots. I am a patriot myself and cosmopolitanism seems to me particularly abhorrent. Then let patriots have no quarrel with me. They should understand that, were I to give an account of European and world affairs strictly from the patriot's point of view, I should have to become patriotic on behalf of several dozen fatherlands in succession — an exercise in emotional gymnastics which I do not feel inclined to undertake. And moreover, would the result be intelligible?

No. Since I am to deal with world affairs, it seems to me that the best point of view to adopt is that of the world. For good or ill (as is the case with most human things, for both good and ill) I have been an international official for six years. Official Geneva is an admirable training ground for *Weltbürger*, and a man who can resist six years of it and remain an obdurate nationalist should certainly be examined by mind specialists. Spaniards, moreover, are particularly apt to adopt an international point of view, for their anti-gregarious individualism makes them impatient of excessive inward claims on the part of their own nation, and therefore ready to criticize the nation's claims outward. For reasons which need not be developed here, I believe the individual to be the best and safest bulwark of the world. Hence the value of Spaniards — I mean individual and individualistic Spaniards, in these times of world politics.

But I see I have just fallen into the very trap against which I was warning all and sundry. I have been indulging in the nationalistic pleasure of praising my own countrymen. Have I not even been praising myself? The devil, in the act of being expelled through the door, had stolen in through the window. Warning, reader! Here are my articles and comments. Take them with a

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grain of salt. Take *everything* with a grain of salt. Even your own impressions. Even your caution.

The main world event in the twentieth century is the birth of the world. The world did not exist before. There were empires, nations, continents, seas, "zones" (either of influence or of exploitation); there were open doors, and God only knows how drafty they made the earth. But no one knew the world. The world was born in the World War, which, as its name shows, was a world event. And now all men of sense realize that the world once born is going to grow. It is going to claim a right to its own history, its own economics, and its peace.

But — and that is what makes our age so fascinating — the nations and the empires are not quite sure that the world is born, and even when they admit it to themselves, they are not quite happy about it. In fact, they are not happy at all. They wish the world was not there; they consider it a nuisance and they try to go on as they did in the good old days — each its own way, the way of anarchy and freedom.

But there it is. The problem is very much the same as that which our cities have had to solve with signals and policemen in order to regulate traffic. When traffic down Broadway consisted of twenty broughams and a few herds of cows a day, no signals and no policemen were necessary. When the world was big and nations small and far between, no order was necessary in international affairs. Now the world has become small and nations and empires are enormous. Freedom of movement on the part of every one of them is impossible, for they are bound to keep bumping badly against each other in the narrow passages; and when nations bump there is always a danger of a serious spill. Yet, old ways die hard, and, whether dangerous or not, the good old way of anarchical pushing ahead and scraping along and scrambling and bumping still finds favor.

But perhaps, you may say, if the method is risky, the prize is worth the danger. Let us see. Can a nation's hope and ambition wish for anything higher and more splendid than the British Empire? At the time I write, the British press prints pitiful appeals for help to relieve the black misery which has befallen the coal fields of this mighty land. Where is the glory and the power of a nation which cannot provide the daily bread for all its men? With all its might, its magnificent navy, its proud sway over two-

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thirds of the world, what has the British Empire done in actual, *human*, creative wealth? Seldom can it boast of living along without carrying a dismal and (in more senses than one) doleful list of unemployed.

There was a Cuban — Martí — whom Spain is rediscovering after having considered him one of her enemies, who left among many other works of great interest an aphorism which deserves to be meditated on: "The value of a civilization must be measured by that of the men and women which it produces." Here is a standard for us. I am told that the latest statistics for the number of suicides per thousand inhabitants show Spain at the bottom of the list. I am sorry to have to be nationalistic again. I believe that such statistics are the best index of civilization. They certainly mean far more than statistics of concrete production (that, I can say quite aloud) and even (but this I must merely whisper) — and even than statistics of education.

A writer in *The Round Table* (December, 1927) glorifies the British Empire under the name of *The Commonwealth*. "The Commonwealth," he writes, somewhat boldly, "is the Sermon on the Mount reduced to political terms, a society organised on the theory that the duty which each of its members owes to the rest is beyond measure." Now, let us pass over "the Sermon on the Mount *reduced*," although the reduction of the Sermon on the Mount and its destruction are bound to be identical operations. There are substances for which a difference in degree amounts to a difference in nature. Imagine a "cautious temerity" or a "niggardly generosity." You cannot. Of course you cannot. Neither can you imagine the Sermon on the Mount *reduced* to political terms. But still, let us pass it. What, however, are the facts?

The facts are that the *white* part of the British Empire is a loose combine of commercial firms: John Bull & Co., Canada & Co., Australia & Co., New Zealand & Co., South Africa & Co., and Ireland & Co. The combine is no doubt easier to run and more cordial owing to the family ties which unite the directors of the several partners in it. Yet — and even though this family substratum admits a modicum of uneconomic give and take — the firms and the combine are run on economic lines. And thus it is that Canada, New Zealand, and Australia — particularly Australia — are empty, while England has more men than she can feed. Why? Because the firms overseas do not care to see their

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workers (*i.e.*, their working shareholders) suffer from any lowering of their standard of living; and as to adapting miners to other occupations, the risk involved "would not pay." What has that to do with Christian ideals or even ideas, I ask you? No. We'd better live the Sermon on the Mount alone.

The world is not tuned to the sublime. It is just born, and children don't like sublimity. Its pitch is in the reasonable. And the needs of our day do not rise any higher nor do they require any nobler gifts than the humble and rather uncommon gift of common sense. The British Empire is a great achievement, but not the achievement the world needs at this juncture. Its historical function has been great. It will have to be appraised as highly as it deserves. Nor is this the moment to attempt so fascinating a task. But this may be said at once: the time has come when something else is required. The British Empire can no longer be the basis of the world's life. It will, no doubt, continue its flourishing life as one of the elements of the world. But the basis of the world must be larger.

Such seems to be the opinion of one of the ablest men whom the French diplomatic service has produced. Monsieur Jacques Seydoux, released from his official silence by his resignation from a high post in the French Foreign Office, edits a paper of international relations, *Pax*, in the austere columns of which the devil of French nationalism manages at times to perch. Monsieur Seydoux has caused something of a sensation in European politics by publishing in the London *Times* an article in which he warns Great Britain against a policy of isolation. So far, so good. We are all agreed that isolation is not a positive policy, and therefore that it is sterile.

But Monsieur Seydoux follows a line of argument which cannot appeal to any true universally minded man. After reminding Great Britain of the generous offers of "coöperation" (whatever that may mean) which France put before her just after the War, he goes on to explain how France, disappointed in London, turned to Berlin. The growing industrial coöperation between the two enemy-sisters of Europe is one of the chief features of contemporary politics. "The marriage of iron ore and coal," as it was put to me by a French publicist at a time when such matrimonial arrangements were still thought rather bold. Since then, so much water has flowed under the bridges which span the Rhine and the

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Ruhr that Monsieur Poincaré can speak with moderation of German war guilt, with an eye on German peace gold.

Some enthusiasts in Paris and in Berlin dream of a Franco-German combination with an economic understructure which would bring about the downfall of England — still thought of as Albion in more than one European capital. And a German gentleman, associated with potash, writes in a French newspaper with no less a name than *L'Avenir*, that the industrial understanding between France and Germany must be followed up by a military alliance which would erect opposite England a "bastion from Antwerp to Brest." That such stuff can be printed by a German in a French newspaper less than ten years after the War is a disquieting sign of the unexpected ways in which the forces of oblivion can work in this strange world of ours.

The fact remains, however, that the reproach of isolation leveled against Great Britain is made not in the name of the world at large but in that of France and Germany. "Come," seems to say this editor of *Pax* (Oh Peace, what goods your pavilion is made to cover!), "come and join us. We are going to control the iron and the coal of Europe; you control her shipping and her finances; come and we three shall be kings and rule the world — at any rate this part of it." Then, I suppose, the three would turn toward New York and, strong in their union, would ask the United States to strike a little arrangement with them to the pleasure and profit of all concerned.

The scheme is grand. But the Briton, ever lacking in imagination, holds aloof. Aloof, but not alone. Great Britain has her own combine to run — a combine composed of youthful firms with a brilliant future: Australia & Co., Canada & Co., and many others. When invited to join the prosperous Franco-German concern, Pax & Co., Great Britain answers: "No, thank you. I have my own concern. Your name, I own, is fine. Pax & Co. must sound great in the international trade; but my show is not bad— Commonwealth & Co. And there are fewer languages to learn."

Next month Señor de Madariaga will continue to observe "Our Muddling World."

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IS COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE MORAL?—A DEBATE

IN these changing times, things are not always what they seem. Take marriage, for instance — and this new name for an old situation which some call "companionate marriage." How is one to decide whether companionate marriage is moral or immoral? The answer will depend very largely upon what one thinks about conventional marriage. If marriage is only a simple relation between a man and a woman, then the morality of companionate marriage rests solely with the consciences of the two involved. If, on the other hand, marriage is also a bond with society, then society not only can but should condemn as immoral any form of wedlock which disregards the social consequences of marriage. Here, at the very beginning, is the precise point where Mr. Bertrand Russell and Professor William McDougall part company in the debate which follows..

I—THE OSTRICH CODE OF MORALS

BERTRAND RUSSELL

I WISH to begin with a tribute to Judge Ben B. Lindsey, whose courage and humanity I cannot sufficiently admire. Having long used his office for the unprecedented purpose of promoting human happiness, he has, not unnaturally, been ousted by a combination of sadists of all parties. But what Denver has lost the world has gained. If I understand aright his advocacy of "companionate marriage," his purpose is, in the highest and best sense, conservative, not subversive.

Companionate marriage has two aspects, one legal, the other social. The legal aspect is threefold. First, there is to be recognition of marriages not intended (at first, at any rate) to lead to children, and in such marriages the parties are to be encouraged to obtain the best available information on birth control. Secondly, so long as the marriage remains childless, divorce by mutual consent is to be permitted. Thirdly, the wife is, in general, to have no claim to alimony if the marriage is dissolved. But as soon as there are children the marriage is to become, *ipso facto*, an ordinary marriage.

The social aspect of companionate marriage is a matter of custom and public opinion. At present when a man marries, he

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expects to support his wife, and she often expects it of him. Whether there are children or not, it is expected that both will behave, from an economic point of view, as if there were. Moreover, they are expected, unless for some serious reason, to live together continuously, so that it is impossible for the wife to have work in a different place from that in which her husband lives. In companionate marriage these conventional expectations are to be absent. The husband and wife will be together as much as they choose, but no more. Since children are not expected, there is no reason why the wife should not earn her living, and every reason why she should. There will be no interference with each other's work, none of the fuss and flummery which at present make marriage disgusting to young people of spirit, none of the foolish pretense of protection by the male and dependence on the part of the female.

What are the advantages to be expected from the legal and social recognition of such an institution?

The root fact is that few men can afford the usual type of marriage while they are very young. Outside of the wage-earning class, most men wait till they are nearly thirty before undertaking the financial responsibilities involved. But their sexual instinct does not wait. In the old days they found an outlet with prostitutes. Because this was easily concealed, it never troubled the moralists much. Nowadays, young women, for the most part, no longer feel bound to abstain from extramarital intercourse, with the result that unmarried men can have decent relations with women with whom they have much in common mentally — relations not founded upon a cash nexus, but upon mutual affection. It is this that so pains our moralists. For my part, I think it immeasurably better than prostitution. Nevertheless, as it exists at present it still has grave defects — defects due chiefly to the influence of elderly morality upon law and custom.

The great evil in the present system is that the sexual relations of the young have to be surreptitious. This tends to make them frivolous, promiscuous, and unduly exciting, because a quasi-permanent relation with one person is harder to conceal than a series of casual and more or less accidental affairs. And the mere fact of concealment, combined with the terror of pregnancy, is very bad morally and nervously. Young people in coeducational colleges are led by this state of affairs to spend far too much time and thought on sex, to the great detriment of their work. It is

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just as if we could only obtain food by hunting. In the old days when that was true, the pursuit of food took up almost the whole of a man's energy, leaving little over for anything more valuable.

The same thing seems to be happening with regard to sex, owing to the fact that there is no conventionally recognized way in which the young can satisfy their instincts. The pursuit of the female by the male, and the male by the female, occupies far too much time and thought, and in a manner which precludes the higher satisfaction to be derived from sex. It would be far better if young people could live together openly, without interfering with each other's work, without economic ties, without children until they deliberately chose to have children. I have no doubt that the improvement in health, in morals, and in intelligence would be quite enormous if this were rendered possible.

What are the arguments against Judge Lindsey's plan? They are two: objections to birth control, and objections to divorce by mutual consent. Let us take them in turn.

(1) Objections to birth control are, to begin with, hypocritical. Nine-tenths of the married people who publicly object to it do, in fact, practise it. This is evident when we compare the size of families at the present day with the size of families sixty years ago.

(2) Objections to birth control are futile. The young will employ contraceptives whatever the old may say. The only effect of legal obstacles is to cause the employment of bad and unscientific methods, leading to a percentage of failures, generally followed by the highly undesirable practice of abortion. There is also a tendency to cause stupid people to breed faster than intelligent people, so long as some intelligence is required to find out about contraceptives. This leads to a progressive mental deterioration of the race.

(3) It is positively desirable that young people should have experience of sex without at first having children. Abstinence is nervously and mentally undesirable. Children, when the parents are very young, are a financial burden, a barrier to the most useful career, and not likely to be wisely and adequately cared for.

(4) Without birth control, we cannot dispense with the old checks on the increase of population — war, pestilence, and famine. This has been obvious ever since the time of Malthus. Every opponent of birth control, unless he is incapable of arith-

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metic, must be assumed to be a supporter of war, pestilence, and famine. In fact, most of them are supporters of war — or at least were so during the Great War.

(5) Thus the practice of birth control should be regarded, not merely as permissible, but as a public duty; and every citizen should be helped to perform this duty.

I come now to divorce by mutual consent. I confess that the objections to this, where there are no children, seem to me to be based wholly on instinctive, unconscious cruelty. The elderly people who make our laws are often no longer capable of sexual pleasure, and are frequently conscious of having missed its best forms when they were young. This leads to a species of envy, and they try to impose a morality which shall prevent the young from being happier than they were. What more admirable method than to say that when two young people have made a mistake of which both are conscious, they shall nevertheless remain tied to each other, and be prevented from escaping except by some act at which moralists can point the finger of scorn?

As Judge Lindsey points out, most divorces are in fact collusive, and are obtained by means of perjury. Is it not ridiculous to inflict all this upon people who wish to part? Was ever anything so absurd as the law which says that a marriage may be dissolved if only one of the parties desires it, but not when both do? What would be thought of such a provision in any other sphere? Suppose, when a man rents a house, the lease could only be terminated when one party desired it and the other did not. Everyone would see the absurdity at once, and would say that of course the lease should be terminable when both parties so desired. It must be understood that in this whole discussion of companionate marriage we are only concerned with childless unions, in which there is no one to be considered except the husband and wife.

The fact is, of course, that the crew of traditional moralists on this whole matter are not rational. Their explicit basis is texts of Scripture and theological dogma; their real basis is envy, cruelty, and love of interference. I hope and believe that the greater sexual freedom now prevailing among the young is bringing into existence a generation less cruel than that which is now old, and that a rational ethic in sex matters will, therefore, during the next twenty years, more and more prevail over the doctrines of taboo and human sacrifice which pass traditionally as "virtue."

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II — MARRIAGE AND THE HOME

WILLIAM McDOUGALL

IN a recently published book,* I wrote that marriage exists for the protection of women and children. To me this proposition seems so obviously true that it may be taken for granted in all discussions of the institution. To my surprise, it has been regarded as expressing a novel view, and I am asked to say something in explanation and defense of it.

Now of course, I do not mean that the desire to protect women and children is the principal motive driving men into wedlock. The principal motives are the desire of the sex tendency, the desire for intimate companionship, the desire for a home, the desire for children. The essence of the institution of marriage is that custom, law, and public opinion force man to submit to a bond, to give binding guarantees under penalties, as the condition of obtaining satisfaction of these strong desires. My proposition that marriage has been *instituted and maintained for the sake of the protection it affords to women and children* means that society as a whole, everywhere and in all recorded times, has recognized the need of such protection and has put upon young men such pressure as forces them to enter into the bonds of marriage as the best way of satisfying the desires named.

I do not say that the man has no desire to protect the woman with whom he mates and the children she may bear him. Man does naturally so desire. But young men would not of their own choice and initiative enter into any binding contract to give such protection "until death do us part." They do so only under pressure of public opinion, which lays upon them this obligation and supports it with the sanction of religion, law, and custom. The young man would prefer to have his lady love entrust herself to him without other guarantees than his vows of devotion; and, no doubt, in nearly all cases he believes that his devotion will be lifelong. The young woman also is easily persuaded to believe in the eternal devotion of her swain.

But society, dominated in the main by the matrons and the graybeards, takes a more cynical and skeptical view of the devotion inspired by sex attraction. The experience of the ages has taught it that too often love is fleeting; that in the companionship

* *Character and the Conduct of Life;* Putnam's, 1927.

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of the sexes, as elsewhere, familiarity too often breeds indifference, and not seldom engenders friction and resentments. It has learned that man has a fickle fancy; that his well-intentioned devotion to one woman does not wholly fortify him against the charms of another; that, especially, youthful bloom loses nothing of its potency over his nature as he grows into middle life; and that variety and the unknown are powerful factors in engendering desire. These are the experiences, this the knowledge which have made marriage of some sort a universal institution and which will continue to maintain its essence — the social pressure upon the man to protect and support his wife and children — in every society that is not far gone toward dissolution and death. The mother and father will not give up their daughters to their lovers without the guarantees of the marriage bond.

But suppose the daughters decide to give themselves, trusting only to the vows of love, and are strong enough to break down the traditions of the marriage bond and radically to change public opinion. What then? Is not just that the declared aim of a vast number of feminists? The consequence must be, I say, an indefinitely great and progressive worsening of the position of women, a loss of all the progress in woman's status which marks the path from savagery to civilization. For man would be once more lord and master, women competing for his favor by all the arts of the courtesan in deadly and degrading rivalry with one another.

But suppose the economic independence of every woman were secured by some elaborated socialism. Would not that radically alter the position and make the marriage bond otiose? Under such conditions might not a woman dispense her favors where she pleased and choose Tom, Dick, and Harry to be the fathers of her children at her own sweet will? Well — under such a system, which seems to be the aim of so many "reformers," the good-looking young women might, no doubt, have a grand time for a few years. But what of the middle life and old age of a woman denied the warmth of the home, the respect of a husband, the love and reverence of her children, the esteem of the world as the home maker, the centre around which the family revolves, bound to it by a thousand ties of gratitude and tenderness?

Believe me, there is nothing on earth more desolate and pitiable than the old woman in savage society. And the later life of woman in any society in which the marriage bond had been abolished would be but little better, no matter how secure she might be of

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all material comforts. Tom, Dick, and Harry might pay her a formal call occasionally, inquire solicitously after her health, and pick up some news of little Tom or Dick or Harry, how he prospers on the state farm, and whether he is growing like his father; perhaps even leave a tip for his next birthday. But what a life! What professional successes, what intellectual interests, what social circles, could compensate in any degree for the loss of all the intimate warmth of family life, with its struggles, its sorrows, its pride, its joys, its faithful coöperation in fair weather and in foul, its shared memories and hopes, its well-tested forbearance, its mutual adjustments and understandings and services? No! Marriage imposes a difficult task. But we can have nothing of real value that we do not earn by honest effort. The modern proposals to abolish marriage represent merely the effort to escape this inescapable law of our nature. As I have said in my book, marriage remains the great and indispensable school of character for men and women alike. And though without it men might lead a tolerable existence so long as society of any sort survived its abolition, women would lose all or most that makes their lives worth living.

But our "advanced" thinkers are prepared to go further, to contemplate as a step forward a state of affairs under which man's rôle as husband and father shall be wholly abolished. Surgical skill could, if it were authorized so to do, enable woman to perpetuate the race and to know some at least of the satisfactions of motherhood without any direct participation of the male. The father of her child might be chosen from the State's carefully selected assortment of germ-plasms, without any personal acquaintanceship between the parties concerned. This is the real programme of ultra-feminism, which resents the fact that hitherto woman has been able to become a mother only by submitting to or inviting the coöperation of some man — a man who commonly claims jealous and exclusive rights over her and her children.

The eugenic possibilities of such a state of affairs are enough to turn the head of the biologist and render him, like the ultra-feminist, blind to its social and moral consequences. Let us envisage them steadily. Man has ceased to fill the rôle of father and husband. Love making, entirely divorced from procreation, has become purely a game, a source of pleasure and of animal satisfaction, in which women take part only just in so far as inclination dictates. They are under no obligations of loyalty and

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constancy in such relations, under no economic pressure to enter into them, are not urged to it by the desire of motherhood. Men also are equally freed from all the obligations and responsibilities which in all earlier ages love making has entailed. The relations of sex are thus removed entirely from that atmosphere of seriousness which has set them at the heart of all drama, of all tragedy, and invoked the most solemn sanctions of religion and society. Like Mr. Wells' little people, we have learned to play gracefully, sporting in the sunshine and the shade, making no effort to restrain our natural impulses.

How then? What has psychology to say of such a state of society? It tells us confidently that, once our sex energy is no longer sublimated to work on planes higher than the animal plane of sportiveness, we should lack one of the greatest forces of personality, the force which more than any other produces great art, great literature, and great lives; that human life and society would lack all seriousness; that more than ever we should ask — "What is it all for? Is it worth while? What is the purpose of it all?" More than ever life would be a mere round of trivial amusements and seekings after pleasures that fade almost before they are tasted. Either our society would soon sink and die away — swallowed up in and destroyed by its own triviality — or the eugenically improved generations would have the wisdom to restore to sex its status as a grave and all-important relation and to institute marriage anew, in one shape or another, with its sacred bonds, its restraints, its trials, its high rewards, its molding and elevating influence on character.

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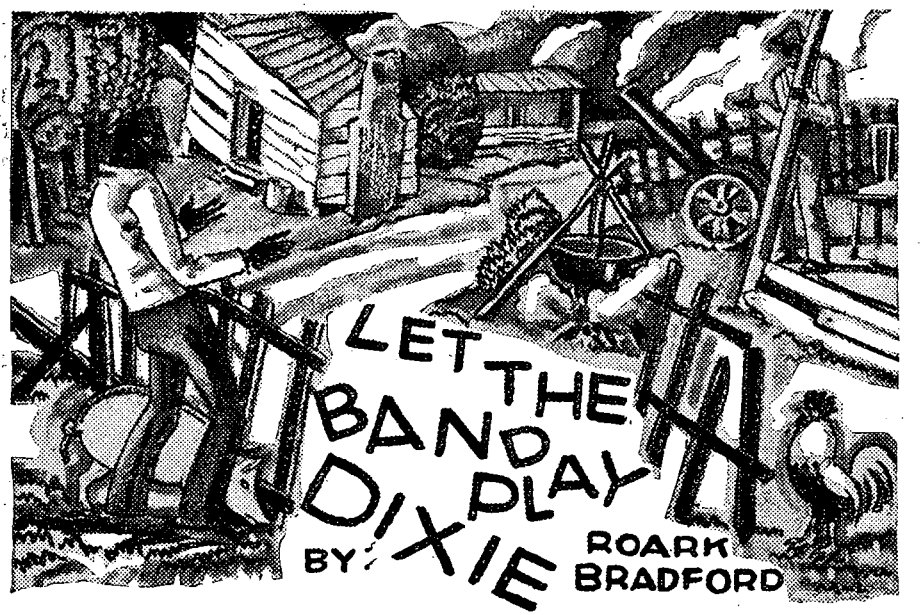

Decoration by Winold Reiss

HISTORIANS write of the Civil War as though it had ended in 1865. They have never been to St. Francisville. St. Francisville is the seat of government of West Feliciana Parish, and is one of those quiet, dignified little Louisiana towns that one wants to sprinkle with rose leaves, place between red plush covers, and put tenderly away in grandma's old fibre trunk, lest the worm of progress bore it through and leave an offal of summer hotels and filling stations along the one long street.

This street begins at the river landing, passes through what was once the thriving town of Bayou Sara, goes boldly past the depot and up the bluff, past scattered negro cabins and dignified old mansions, past St. James' Church, past the courthouse, past the high school, the post office, a few stores, a restaurant, and a barber shop, past a few more cabins and mansions, and then comes to what looks like a sudden and glorious end among the moss-hung oaks in front of the old Wolfe home.

It doesn't end there, however. It curves around the flower garden and becomes a "big road" instead of a street, and strikes out across the low fertile hills of the delta country.

On opposite sides of this road and within a hundred yards of the

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bend, the Federal and Confederate armies were encamped; and from two ancient but sturdy cabins which served as headquarters and barracks, frequent skirmishes were conducted. Most of the assaults were vocal, but occasionally — especially when rations were involved — the combat reached the stage of physical maneuvers.

It was summer and hot. Activities were at a standstill. In the Confederate camp, General Duke lay half asleep in the cool dirt at the edge of the porch, rousing occasionally to indolent animation to kick disinterestedly at a fly on his ear or to bite with futile inevitability at a flea on his tail. In the yard, General Morgan walked in circles among the hens, stepping higher with one foot than with the other and occasionally crowing cockily, although he had nothing in particular to crow about.

And finally, seated in a split-hickory chair on the porch and whetting his ax with a hand stone, was Brevet-Private Leon Crips, C. S. A. He had a paper to prove it.

Leon whetted away and watched the enemy camp in the cabin across the road. Presently Private Dick Crips, U. S. Engineers — he had a paper, too — appeared on his porch with a double handful of sassafras leaves which he began pounding in a wooden mixing bowl.

"You been strippin' dem sassafras sprouts again," accused Leon. "I'm gonter tell Mister Bob, de ve'y next time he sets foot on de place."

Dick pounded away awhile without comment. "Mr. Bob," he stated finally, "eats gumbo, don't he? Well, how you gonter eat gumbo onless you got *filé* to put in hit?"

"You been peddlin' dat stuff, too," Leon declared. "I seed you peddlin' dat stuff to de store. I'm gonter tell Mister Bob."

"Yeah," came Dick's counter attack, "and since you been platin' dem baskets, hit ain't a oak saplin' on de place big enough to whup yo' shadow wid. I'm gonter tell Mister Bob dat, too."

It was a fact, and Leon could not deny it. "Well," he defended, "hit's Mister Bob's saplins, ain't they? And I'm Mister Bob's nigger, ain't I? Hit ain't no harm in Mister Bob's nigger choppin' down Mister Bob's saplins."

"But you been sellin' dem baskets, too," pressed Dick. "And I ain't never seed you givin' Mister Bob de money."

Leon felt that he deserved at least a draw in the skirmish. General Duke quit fighting fleas and wandered down the ravine

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where a rabbit might possibly be lurking, and General Morgan ceased strutting and gazed longingly between the palings around Leon's vegetable garden.

For sixty-five years or more, the Civil War had been continued between these two former slaves of Criplawn. They were about the same age, but Dick had always been the larger. As a child he imposed upon Leon, and Leon developed wit enough to retaliate effectively. When they became sizable youngsters, Dick, because of his big frame, was sent to the fields to work, and Leon, because of his agile mind, was taken to the house as companion for Master Robert.

Later, when the Civil War started, Leon rode off behind Major Robert Crips as his bodyservant, and Dick was left behind with the other negroes. In 1863, when the Union forces invaded that section of Louisiana, Dick was lured into a labor battalion of the Federal army upon promise of freedom, a blue uniform, and plenty of food.

"De grub," he explained afterward, "was only middlin' good. De unifawm was blue jeens pants and jumper. And de free tawk was nothin' but stiddy work, diggin' ditches and drivin' crazy mules."

When the war ended, both negroes returned to Criplawn. Leon came riding home with his master, each on a thoroughbred Kentucky horse that had been stolen from a Yankee picket line. There was a scar on Leon's cheek that had been left by a Yankee's sabre — this in spite of the fact that the old people on the place remembered when a yearling calf threw Leon into a fence, long before the war.

Dick, on the other hand, had seen little of the war. Mostly hard work.

"I mind de time," he tried to relate to eager listeners, "when us L Company — dat was us, de L Company — we'd been on de road all night and was tired out. Den all at once de sergeant say —"

"Yeah," interrupted Leon, "yo' sergeant say, 'Grab dem shovels and start diggin' a grave, 'cause yonder come Gen'l Morgan.'" Leon shaded his eyes with his hand and made a mock survey of the horizon. "'And'," he continued, "'I b'lieve to my soul ef'n he ain't got Gen'l Duke's command wid him and Co'n'l Crips and dat fightin' nigger er his'n! Boy, dig fast!'"

Dick's story was completely spoiled. The other negroes only laughed at him. But Leon!

"Gen'l Morgan say to Gen'l Duke," he recounted. "'Gen'l,

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you see dat gunboat down yonder shellin' Louisville? Well, hit's hurtin' my command.' And Gen'l Morgan rid off like a game rooster on a frosty mawnin!"

"'Co'n'l Crips,' say Gen'l Duke, 'you and yo' nigger mount up whilst I gits my command in de saddle.' And no quicker did us git mounted up, den bookity-book we was chargin' down de bluff and right out in de water, chargin' dat gunboat.

"Well, when de Yankees seed Duke's command and me and Co'n'l Crips was after 'em, too, dey run de boat on a sand bar, sot her afire, and swarmed off in de water, surrenderin' so fast you couldn't count 'em!"

Even Dick listened with pop-eyed admiration.

"Yeah," repeated Leon, "dat was de way wid Gen'l Morgan. He'd jest p'int out somethin' to Gen'l Duke and us'd have hit charged before you could bat a eye. 'See dat gunboat?' and ker-blip! Hit would be charged. 'See dat battery?' And ker-blap! You wouldn't see hit no more. 'See dat wagon train?' And ker-blop! We be livin' on Yankee rations for a week."

Leon's colorful accounts soon overshadowed Dick's prosaic war so completely that the talk was started that Dick was lying about being in the war at all. Probably, the tale went, he had hid out in the swamps and lived on stolen food. Leon encouraged the idea.

Then Dick produced a paper with a pair of eagles and some fancy writing on it. The eagles said, "E Pluribus Unum," and the writing said that Private Dick Crips had served faithfully and honorably in L Company of the Forty-Fourth Regiment of U. S. Engineers and was thereby honorably discharged because his services were no longer required.

"Le's see kin ole lyin' Leon show a paper like dat," challenged Dick.

Leon couldn't.

"Cou'se he can't," Dick boasted. "He ain't never been in no war. He ain't never did nothin' but curry Co'n'l Robert's howse and steal rations and stuff. De dirty rogue. And lie."

Leon was on the defensive again, and Dick got to relate the story of the time the sergeant called them from a weary bed and set them to hauling ammunition to the front.

"Befo' us got ha'f done," he related, "well, de white fo'ks started de shootin'. And dar was me. Settin' on a solid load er powder, drivin' a four-mule team er de craziest mules you ever seed.

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"Well, de red-hot minnie balls and ramrods which de soldiers forgits to pull out'n de guns was sailin' round, whinin' like a swarm er hornets. And hyar was me, settin' on dat load er powder.

"So I say, 'Sergeant, I b'lieve to my soul dem rebel boys is shootin' at me.'

"'Cou'se they's shootin' at you,' say de sergeant. 'Who you think they's shootin' at?'

"'But spos'n dey misses me and hits dis powder wid one er dem red-hot minnie balls?' I say. 'Hit would jest about ruin dis powder, wouldn't hit?'

"'Hit would,' say de sergeant.

"'Well,' I say, 'I speck I better crawl down and retreat over yonder in dat ditch to de shootin' stops. Cause you know Uncle Sam ain't got no wagon load er powder to waste, jest cause dem rebel boys is shootin' at me.' So I starts to crawl down.

"But naw. De sergeant looks mean at me and say, 'Boy, drive dem mules.'

"Well, hit was mighty tiresome, settin' on top er dat powder wid de minnie balls a-wheezin' around and de sergeant actin' like a fool. And de tiresomer hit got, de more dem minnie balls would whine. To by and by a minnie ball kotched de off-lead mule in de year, and de whole team lit out.

"Past de artillery, past de cavalry, past de ev'ything — me and dem mules and dat powder. 'Look out!' I say, 'I got a load er powder and I'm on my way!' So ev'ybody spread back and give me plenty er room. To finally us hit a ditch whar de infantry boys was down shootin' at de rebel boys. And when de front wheels drapped in de ditch, de wagon tongue busted and dar was me and de powder, but de mules kept right on goin'.

"Well, our boys started chasin' de mules, and de rebel boys started runnin', and den hyar come de cavalry, whoopin' and a-hollerin', and not long behind dem, de artillery driv up and stopped by dat powder.

"And I want to tell you, when de artillery and dat powder got together — well, things jest took place!"

For more than a year, Leon lied valiantly. But the gray line was battered mercilessly among the negro cabins of Criplawn. Dick's war improved with repetition, and he had a paper to back up his statements.

Then Leon put the matter before Colonel Crips.

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"De people," Leon stated, "say I ain't been in no war, cause I ain't got no paper to prove hit."

The Colonel considered. There was nothing left of the Confederacy but memories and sentiment. And Leon unquestionably had been a faithful servant. He even had been ingenious in procuring choice rations for the staff mess when choice rations seemed unprocurable. So the Colonel inscribed upon legal-cap paper the fact that Leon had served him faithfully and industriously throughout the entire campaigns, and that by his faithful and valiant and devoted service he had made himself worthy of the consideration and respect of any and all who should read this paper and who could appreciate the word of a gentleman.

Leon took the paper to his cabin that night and pored over it, carefully, thoughtfully. Colonel Crips had said some mighty fine things about him and he appreciated it. But bright and early the next morning he brought the paper back to his former master.

"Co'n'l," he said, "de writin' is mighty fine. Mighty fine. Thanky, suh. But hit's somethin' on Dick's paper which ain't on mine. Dick's paper say, 'Private Dick Crips,' and mine jest say, 'Leon Crips.'"

The Colonel saw the point and his eye twinkled. "Hold up your right hand," he commanded, and Leon obeyed. "You solemnly swear that you, Leon Crips, being a free man, will uphold and defend the constitution of the now defunct Confederate States of America against all enemies whomsoever?"

Leon swore.

The Colonel took his pen and wrote under the testimonial:

"I have this, the 27th day of June, 1871, received the obligation of Leon Crips as a citizen and defender of the now defunct Confederate States of America, and do hereby, within the limits of such authority as may be possessed by a paroled Colonel of the disbanded independent command of General John Morgan of the demobilized Confederate States Army, declare and ordain that the said Leon Crips has and holds the rank of Brevet-Private in the demobilized army aforesaid, and do order, within the limits of the above described authority, that he be respected and obeyed as such.

Robert Crips, Colonel, (paroled)
Duke's Division,
Morgan's Command,
C. S. A."

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Honors again were even, and for the next thirty-five years or so neither side gained any tactical advantages, although remarkable changes continually went on around them at Criplawn. Colonel Crips was dead and his son — young Mister Bob — struggled valiantly with such law practice as the peaceful West Feliciana Parish could afford the son of a gentleman. In accordance with the instructions of his father, Mister Bob settled each ex-slave who had remained on the place in a cabin and a small plot of land for lifetime enjoyment. The migratory spirit among the field hands and the advent of the boll weevil made cotton growing unprofitable. And Mr. Bob's wife expressed the opinion that New Orleans offered a better field for such legal talents as her husband possessed. Things generally about Criplawn were unsettled — except Dick and Leon. They weren't unsettled. They were completely settled down to a steady war — now that they lived across the road from each other — and neither was strong enough to dislodge the other.

Then, one day, Dick received a long envelope, straight from the Federal Government.

"What do hit say, Mister Bob?" he asked.

The letter was inspected briefly. "It says," he replied, "that a grateful but slow-working government has decided to pay you extra for that time you led the charge with a powder wagon."

Dick beamed. "Dat was a mighty day!" he declared.

"It says," continued Mister Bob, "that after more than forty years of red-taping your government has decided to pension you to the tune of nine dollars a month."

"Sho'nuff, Mister Bob? Do hit say all dat?"

"Or words to that effect," affirmed Mister Bob. "Now you take this blue paper down to the man at the bank, get him to write your name across the back, then you make your mark and he'll give you nine dollars."

An hour later Dick was back, down-hearted. "He gived me de money," he explained, "but he kept de writin' all about dat mule team runnin' away."

Mister Bob explained that in another month another paper — exactly like that one — would come to Dick. "But the man at the bank has to keep them."

"Will he give me nine dollars for dat one, too?" Dick asked.

"Yes, in nickels and dimes, if you ask him."

In no time everybody around knew Dick was getting letters

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straight from Uncle Sam, and that he was jingling nickels and dimes in his pocket wherever he went. Leon suffered — suffered in silence for months and months. Then he put the matter before Mister Bob, who was planning to rent Criplawn acres to small tenant farmers and try his law practice in the city.

"You keep your eyes open," Mister Bob told him, "and keep me informed as to how the renters take care of the place, and I'll give you a life title in that ten-acre field — have it recorded at the courthouse. That will make you a real landholder. The Federal government couldn't give Dick enough money for him to buy ten acres of Criplawn."

Again the war was a deadlock. Leon envied Dick his pension of nine dollars a month, but no more than did Dick envy Leon the distinction of being a freeholder. Minor skirmishes continued. Leon named a hound puppy "General Duke" and Duke developed into a ration raider of distinction, although he neglected to confine his raids to the enemy territory. He added little to the tactical strength of the Confederate command, but the long, boastful conversations Leon directed at him dampened the morale of the enemy army. So Dick named his young shoat "Sergeant."

The shoat showed no marked attributes over other shoats. But Dick kept him penned up behind the house and watered and "slopped" him daily, and not infrequently fed him corn which had been foraged from the near-by fields or corncribs.

"Dat scound'el gonter be so fat by fall dat you won't know him," Dick bragged.

"Yeah," offered Leon, "and ef'n you don't quit stealin' cawn, Mister Bob gonter run you off'n de place, too."

Dick laughed. "I done spoke to Mister Bob about de cawn," he chuckled. "I picks me a few nubbins hyar and yonder and Mister Bob gits one er de cyored hams."

Leon vouchsafed no comment to that, but the next day his red-spangled game rooster was christened "General Morgan" and the yard gate was left slightly ajar. Before nightfall General Morgan had whipped Dick's "dominecker" rooster, ravished his hens, and spread terror among the feathered flocks for a quarter of a mile both ways along the road.

"You better come and git dat runty little ole banty rooster," warned Dick. "I don't want none er my chickens to mix up wid no banties."

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Leon chuckled way down in his throat. "Humph!" he grunted. "Dat's Gen'l Morgan, and he jest natchally got to go on a rampage once in a while. And when Gen'l Morgan gits his haid sot on rampagin', hit ain't no Yankee, white *or* black, which kin change his mind." He leaned back more comfortably in his chair, straightened several strips of the limber oak and started a new basket. "Yeah," he continued, as though talking to himself, but loud enough for Dick to hear, "when Gen'l Morgan makes up his mind to rampage — well, he gonter ramp. Dat's all. Cause who gonter stop him?"

"De next time," Dick remarked in impersonal tones, but loud enough to carry across the road, "— de next time I ketches dat banty rooster in my yard I'm gonter git me a britch loader and pour more lead in his hide den you kin haul wid a six-mule team."

"And de fust Yankee," Leon continued in the same abstract conversational tones, "black *or* white, which harms a feather on dat rooster is gonter git kilt daid by Brevet-Private Leon Crips, Duke's Division, Morgan's Command, C. S. A. In de war, I kilt many a Yankee for jest nothin'. And none of 'em better not harm me or mine."

Dick said nothing. He was no coward. He was not afraid of Leon. He had not been afraid of those red-hot minnie balls, either. And just as he had felt a minnie ball was liable to destroy a load of Uncle Sam's powder unless he hid in the ditch, he felt that if he touched a single feather on the cocky little game rooster, Uncle Sam would lose a valuable nine-dollar-a-month pensioner.

The dapper General Morgan continued to outrage Dick's poultry yard. The lone "dominecker" rooster hacked every time the game started across the road, and it was not long before some of the fickle hens, dazzled by General Morgan's fine feathers and mighty manners, began following him back across the road to Leon's yard.

"Dog gone hit all!" Leon exclaimed. "De womenfo'ks always was crazy 'bout de sho' nuff Gen'l Morgan, and now, jest looky yonder!" But when the visiting hens began laying in Leon's henhouse, he returned the eggs to Dick.

"Much oblige," said Dick. "Dem is de dad-blamedest hens I ever seed. Dey jest won't stay nowhar. Maybe I better pen 'em up."

"Ain't no use," Leon declared. "Dem hens got Gen'l Morgan on de brain, and when a hen gets dat scound'el on her mind, hit

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ain't no pen kin hold her." And that definitely ended the spring campaign.

The summer was notably lacking in activities. Except for the minor skirmish about the basket weaving and *filé* pounding, hardly a shot was fired. By fall the two opposing armies were even "speaking" and "passing the weather and time of day." General Morgan continued his raids across the road; but Dick accepted them as one of the unaccountable idiósyncracies of a game rooster. And, being practical-minded to a degree, he saw the further uselessness of his own rooster, slaughtered him and invited Leon to the feast.

Dick and Leon ate rooster and dumplings and sweet potatoes baked in the ashes, in perfect harmony. Bygones were bygones. They talked of old times and of modern times; of good times and hard times. Since the old Colonel died and Mister Bob went to the city, they decided, there had been some mighty changes around Criplawn. Poor white trash and biggity niggers now worked the place, and potatoes grew where Old Miss used to keep two niggers busy planting and pruning the flowers.

"But Mister Bob," declared Dick, "ain't nothin' but a country boy, yit."

"Pyore country boy," agreed Leon. "Dat livin' in de city was Miss Lyd's idea anyhow. She's a city gal and she like de city. But dey do tell me dat Mister Bob is doin' mighty well in de city, ef'n he ain't nothin' but a country boy. Dey tell me when he gits to sayin' his cases, all de yuther lawyers jest gits they hat and git on down de road. He's de spit-image of his old daddy."

"Sho' is," agreed Dick; and he chunked the fire, raked a potato from the ashes, and peeled it with his fingers. "He'd druther be settin' right hyar eatin' dis 'tater den to set down to all de fancy grub in de land." He blew on the peeled surface to cool it, and hazarded a bite. "Now you take dat shoat er mine," he continued. "Mister Bob gived me dat shoat."

"I hyared de tale dat you stole hit," suggested Leon, without any hostile feeling.

"Nope," Dick stated, "he gived hit to me and told me to raise hit and kill hit dis winter. Den when I gits hit cyored up good, he wants a ham. Mister Bob got him f'm one er dese biggity niggers down de road which owed him two dollars, and what is Mister Bob gonter do wid a shoat in de city? How he gonter git him to de city? Who ever hyared of a shoat ridin' in de automobile?"

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Leon admitted the idea would be preposterous, and further discussion of the shoat led the two old negroes to visit the pen.

"He ain't so powerful much to look at," apologized Dick. "I guess he got some Polin-China in him, maybe, and he's sorter Duroc too. And he's rangy like a razorback. Yeah, I speck he's sorter mixed." He took an ear of corn from a sack on the porch and pitched some of the grains in the pen. "Chugh-chugh, Sergeant," he called, "gnaw on dis cawn and see will hit stick to yo' ribs."

Dick's chickens — led at that moment by General Morgan — saw the corn and flocked hungrily at his feet, snatching up grains that failed to fall inside the pen.

"Shoo out'n de way," he commanded, and the chickens scattered. But General Morgan was not a rooster to flee at the command of a Yankee. He maneuvered around and flew to the top of the pen, crowed once, and then flew down inside the pen, pecking up grains intended for Sergeant.

It was the last ration raid ever made by General Morgan. No sooner did Sergeant see him than he rushed, open-mouthed. There was a vicious smack of Sergeant's huge jaws, and General Morgan's head and neck were crushed.

Both men saw what had happened, but Dick's "You Sergeant!" came too late. The rooster was dead.

Leon said nothing. When a soldier is killed in action, he is killed, and there is nothing to be said about it.

Dick rescued the body and offered it to Leon. "Hit ain't hurt," he explained. "You pick him and stew him and he'll be good eatin'."

Leon shook his head sadly. "Naw," he said, "you kin eat him, Dick. I don't feel like eatin' him, even ef'n he ain't nothin' but a rooster."

Dick was profuse in his apologies for the conduct of Sergeant, but Leon was sad at heart. Not long after the tragedy he retired across the road to his own cabin, leaving the body of the fallen general in the camp of the enemy.

That night was brisk and clear, and a sharp frost fell. The next morning Sergeant was missing from his pen. There was a gory pool near the slop trough, and a trail of blood led straight across the road to Leon's cabin. Dick followed the trail around Leon's house to a big iron kettle in the yard. Smoldering chunks of fire were under the kettle and the ground around it was profusely

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scattered with hog hair. A washtub was blood-stained and tracks led to and from the river path, indicating where the waste parts of a hog had been disposed of. An improvised table also bore marks of having served during the night, possibly, as a quartering board. A piece of trace chain had been run through auger holes in the door and jamb of the smoke house and a heavy padlock secured the ends together. Dick looked intently into the dark interior of the smoke house through one of the holes and saw a stack of fresh meat piled high with salt.

"Well, I be dam'!" he exclaimed, "I bet dat ole rogue done stole my hog." He faced toward the cabin and yelled once for Leon. When no reply came from the cabin, Dick was convinced. "Yes sir," he said to himself. "He was up all last night killin' dat hog, and is ketchin' up wid his sleep." Dick trudged across the road again to his own cabin. "Sleepin' yit," he repeated. "Up last night killin' ole Sergeant, and he's sleepin' yit."

That point clearly settled in Dick's mind, the next issue was what to do about it. Of course, he would tell Mister Bob the next time Mister Bob came to the plantation. But that seemed too remote for such an immediate outrage. Finally an idea came. "He's a rogue, dat's what he is. And de law ain't gonter put up wid no roguish nigger. I'm gonter law him."

An hour later Dick presented himself to the sheriff of West Feliciana Parish.

"Mister Will," he asked, "is hit agin' de law to steal a shoat?"

"It is," replied the sheriff. "Whose hog have you been stealing?"

"Hit wan't me, Mister Will," Dick declared. "Hit was dat roguish Leon."

"How do you know Leon stole a hog?" the sheriff wanted to know.

"Well, I don't know, zackly," admitted Dick, "but I'm powerful s'picious." And he related all that he knew about the incident.

"You tell Judge Thayer exactly what you told me," the sheriff directed, "and he'll give you a piece of paper to bring to me."

That night the sheriff called Attorney Robert Crips of New Orleans on the telephone.

"I got one of your niggers on a warrant for hog stealing, Bob," the sheriff said. "He's been yelling for you since four o'clock."

After a few general questions Crips said, "Well, turn him out and I'll sign his bond when I come up that way. In a week or so, I guess."

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"But Bob," protested the sheriff, "hog stealing is a felony, you know, and his bond is set at three thousand dollars."

The lawyer changed the subject, inquired about the prosperity of the town, the political situation in the parish, and finally about the health of the sheriff's wife and four children, calling each by name. The sheriff agreed to turn Leon loose and wait for the signature of the bond.

But the bond was never signed. On his way to St. Francisville the lawyer stopped at Criplawn. Dick saw him first and related the story. He went to see Leon.

The old negro was sitting inside his cabin, industriously weaving a bottom into a chair.

"Look here, old man," demanded the lawyer, "since when did you have to steal hogs for a living?"

"Don't come tawkin' to me about stealin' hogs," Leon retorted with mock gruffness, and deliberately returned to his weaving.

Crips said nothing; instead, he opened the back door, looked out in the yard, and then turned upon Leon again.

"What's that in that kettle out there, boiling and smelling up all creation?" he demanded.

"I'm renderin' me some lard," Leon replied innocently. "I don't need no lard, much, but I specked Miss Lyd and you might want some er de cracklin's, ef'n y'alls cook knows how to make cracklin' bread. I was aimin' to send 'em down de fust time you come."

"And the smoke coming out of your smoke house?" Crips pressed. "I suppose it's some of last year's meat you decided to smoke again?"

Leon laid his work aside and grinned. "Aw, now Mister Bob," he said, "what do hit mean when you see smoke comin' t'rough de cracks of old Leon's smoke house?" He rubbed his hands together and chuckled. "You know what hit means, good as I do. And you know who gonter eat dem hams, too. Why, Mister Bob, I been had hickory chunks burnin' under dem hams for a week now. A month more, and dem hams'll be so sweet you and Miss Lyd'll jest set down and cry for de old times back. What I got in de smoke house? You know what I got in dat smoke house, good as me."

Mister Bob unconsciously dampened his lips with his tongue. "But you had no business doing that, Leon," he said, seriously.

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"I give you niggers everything you need, and more too. And here you've stolen Dick's hog and Dick has put the law on you."

"And you," grinned Leon, "is gonter put de law off'n me. Cause you know and I know dat I didn't steal Dick's hog. I jest tuck dat hog. Jest like when I and de Co'n'l was fightin' de war, when I tuck a shoat or a chicken or somethin', hit wan't stealin'. Hit was jest plain takin'."

"Aw, thunderation," interrupted Crips. "Have I got to fight the Civil War over with you again? You start that talk every time —"

"You seed dat writin' de ole Co'n'l gived me, didn't you?"

He had seen it, many times. But Leon brought it out from its sheltered nook in the clock, and Bob read it again. Unquestionably there was sincerity behind the flourish, dignified appreciation of faithful service. But equally unquestionably Leon had stolen a hog and that is defined as a felony by the state code.

"Get your hat and bring that paper along," ordered Mister Bob. "I'll see if I can get on the sentimental side of the judge and get you off with a suspended sentence."

"A which?"

"Suspended — get it fixed so you won't have to go to jail this time. Get you paroled."

"I'm already paroled," Leon declared proudly. "Me and de ole Co'n'l. Us got paroled when us got done whuppin' de Yankees."

But the judge was not in a paroling mood. He had no sympathy for a hog thief.

"This is an exceptional case, your honor," offered the lawyer.

"They all are," replied the judge.

"You see, Leon and Dick are enemies — you tell the judge just how it was, Leon." And Leon began with the first gunboat charge by cavalry in or out of history and brought the narrative down to the minute, leaving out all unpleasant phases, such as his sapling chopping and hog killing activities.

"But what has that got to do with hog stealing?" asked the judge.

"Hit wan't hog stealin', Gen'l Judge," Leon declared, slinging in the military title for what weight it might add. "You see, I and Dick was trucin' dat day, and Gen'l Morgan went foragin' in de pig pen. And dat Yankee nigger's hog, name Sergeant, up and kilt him."

"During a truce, your honor," explained the lawyer. "Typical

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tactics of the damned Yankees. Why old Ben Butler himself —"

"Wait a minute," the judge interrupted. "Let's quit the nonsense and see just what we are trying to do. This man is charged by a duly sworn warrant with the felony of hog stealing, and I am presiding judge of the district court. If the grand jury indicts him — which no doubt it will from the showing of evidence — the case will come before me at the regular term. Then —" his face brightened, "— because I issued the original warrant, I will recuse myself, and will take a box seat and listen to the trial. Won't that be fun?"

"I lack that variety of the sense of humor," said the lawyer. "I never could feel funny before a jury with a felony case."

"But this is a perfect case," insisted the judge. "The Civil War hasn't been really fought out before a jury here since your father died, Bob. Why I've seen the old Colonel come into court with a much worse set of ammunition and not only free a guilty client but make the jury want to condemn the State of Louisiana for even pressing the charge. You just get that tale before a West Feliciana jury, give them the Rebel Yell a couple of times, and they'll string up the first man they catch wearing blue overalls!" The judge's enthusiasm increased as his judicial mien faded.

"I don't know," said Bob. "Juries are tricky — even if I could get it before them. And there is always the question of admissibility of certain facts as evidence. The rules are much stricter now then they were when the Colonel was practising." He opened the testimonial of Leon's good character. "Now this testimonial here is fine stuff," he continued, "but it isn't evidence. And when it comes right down to it, it is the only tangible thing I could have to show Leon isn't a hog thief."

"Let me see it," said the Judge. And while he perused the document, the lawyer talked on, sadly.

"If I could have seen Dick before he swore out that warrant," he said, "this silly situation would not have developed." And then, as though the idea had just occurred to him, he asked, "Say, Judge, you don't suppose that you, as a committing magistrate, could take into extra-judicial consideration some of the irrelevant matter, and dismiss this warrant?"

"I'm afraid not," said the judge. "I am a court of law, not an extraordinary judicial tribunal. My duties are defined by the code."

Bob, with failure written all over his face, looked sorrowfully at

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Leon. But Leon grinned back confidently. "Say yo' cases to him, Mister Bob," he whispered with fond pride. "Let ole Leon hyar you say yo' cases to de jedge."

The judge overheard, and he and the lawyer exchanged confidential smiles. Bob realized it was time for him to do something, but he did not know just what. He stood up and began taking long, studied steps as though he wanted to impress the court with the importance of the argument he was about to make.

"Your honor," he said, "ahem." He stopped and took a few more steps. "If you will examine that document carefully you will notice that the accused is a Brevet-Private in the Army of the Confederate States of America."

"The court has just noticed that," interrupted the judge.

"And further," continued the lawyer with mock dramatics, "you will see that he is a citizen of the Confederacy, and therefore is not a citizen of the United States of America."

"The point seems clearly established," the court admitted sagaciously, "but I fail to see what in thunder that's got to do with my dismissing the warrant. The hog is still in his smoke house, isn't it?"

"Ah," said Bob, brightening. "That is the point! The hog isn't in his smoke house. There is no hog. What you mistake for a hog is nothing more nor less than ration stores for the Confederate Army!"

"Dat's hit," put in Leon. "Rations for de officers. I never yit seed a officer which didn't like hickory-cyored hams."

"Admitted," said the judge, sadly. "Hickory-cured hams. But unquestionably stolen from Dick, and Dick is a citizen of the United States and is entitled to the protection of this court. I'm afraid, Bob —"

"But," continued Bob, "this store of rations was accumulated by a nefarious raid of an alien army upon the peaceful premises of an American citizen, and therefore it becomes not an offense against the individual citizen, nor an offense against the peace and dignity of the State of Louisiana —"

"Well, what in thunder is it, then?" demanded the judge.

"It is an act of war against the whole United States of America — long may she wave! — and I submit that a state court has no jurisdiction over an alien enemy committing war against the whole nation."

The judge smiled. "Bob," he asked, "will those hams be cured

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by Christmas? I haven't eaten a hickory-cured ham since I don't remember when."

"Wait a minute," said the lawyer. "Those hams are for the officers of the Confederacy, aren't they Leon? Well, stand up and swear me in as an officer of your army."

Leon stood up and held up his hand. "You swear —"

"Wait a minute," interrupted the judge, "I'm in on this. A hog has two hams, you know."

"You swear," suggested Leon, "Gen'l Commander Mister Bob, and Gen'l Division Judge Thayer, dat you gonter fight de Yankees anytime whomsoever to death do you part?"

They swore.

"Now Leon," cautioned Bob. "That is a secret oath, and nobody must ever know about it. If it were found out, we all would get hanged."

"Not a word f'm me," pledged Leon. "I know dem tricky Yankees. Dey'll hang you ev'y chance dey gits."

"And Bob," said the court, resuming its businesslike air, "you'd better give Dick another hog to keep him quiet."

"I can keep Dick quiet, all right," Bob declared, "but I'll give him a hog out of respect to your judicial conscience."

The judge picked up the warrant and scribbled across the face of it. His voice took on a sing-song, routine tone when he said: "Let the warrant be dismissed, let the prisoner be discharged, and let the band play Dixie."

"Thanky, jedge," grinned Leon. "I was kinder wearied when you say de jury gits de case, cause dat hog ain't got but two hams, you know. But when Mister Bob got up and said his cases!" Leon shook his head as if unable to express his pride and admiration. "Didn't dat boy say his cases smart, jedge? Jest as smart! I bet ef'n de ole Colonel could a hyared dat boy say his cases, he'd a been mighty proud er him, dis day!"

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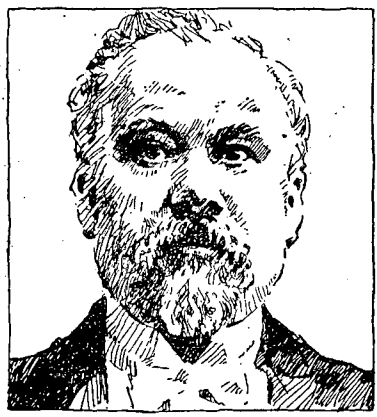
POINCARÉ

The Man Who Saved the Franc

ANDRÉ MAUROIS



Drawing by Johan Bull

YESTERDAY I visited the Chamber of Deputies. It was the big session of the year; M. Poincaré was to reply to all those, both friends and enemies, who had been talking during the week about his financial policy. The drum rolled. The soldiers presented arms. The President of the Chamber, M. Bouisson, rose to the desk, rapped with his gavel, and with a strong voice announced: "The session is opened. Monsieur, the President of the Council, has the floor."

Then those present saw a rather small man with a little, white beard mount to the rostrum — that rostrum on the base of which two figures in the style of the Directory stood out in bas-relief. He ascended with a quick step, opened a brief case containing some papers, and with a modest and simple voice began a speech which was to last five hours.

What he said might have seemed dry — figures, statistics — but still in listening to him one felt a strong emotion. "It is quite true," I said to myself, "that eighteen months ago, in July, 1926, all of us were in despair over the credit of France. We believed we were ruined. We wondered into what social chaos a terrible monetary situation was going to plunge us. Then he came into power — this same little, white-bearded man who is now speaking so calmly. He didn't start an uproar. He didn't announce his plans. He set to work quietly, mysteriously — with the result that to-day he can announce to us not only that the danger is past, but that the future is provided for, and, if nothing foolish is done, that the situation can't help but improve. Now, it was a man (even his adversaries can't deny it), it was confidence in a man which worked this miracle."

And then, while I ran my eyes over the six hundred Deputies

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with their heads inclined toward him — some with admiration, some with hostility — I wondered: "Why is this? What are the qualities that have enabled this man and no other to inspire the confidence of this country?"

Then I remembered a very pleasant little dinner party at which I was present several days before, where I found myself alone with Monsieur and Madame Poincaré and some of their very dear friends. What impressed me, seeing him thus intimately, was at once his extreme simplicity and the extraordinary precision of his mental processes. Many minds launch themselves too quickly and needlessly into generalities. The conversation of M. Poincaré is made of facts, dates, and figures. That day I asked him to tell me about his early career, and, in telling it, several times he turned to Madame Poincaré and said to her: "You remember? I received that letter in September, 1906." And she confirmed it with a smiling nod.

While he was talking I watched his face, and I was astonished to note how kind his blue eyes were and how soft the Lorraine accent of his voice. The enemies of M. Poincaré admit his capacity for work, but they always say he isn't human. As for me, I have witnessed few scenes more human than that of M. Poincaré and his wife recalling memories of their past in a home which is so evidently, and I would almost say, so touchingly, the typical French bourgeois home.

What he narrated was curious, because it showed the part chance plays in the careers which the public tends to believe are the most carefully planned. "When I came to Paris," said Poincaré, "I was a young man from Lorraine who wanted simply to become a lawyer. Just then M. Develle, whom I knew, became Minister of Agriculture and offered to make me his first assistant. I accepted. Shortly afterward a member of the General Council died in my Department — the Meuse. I was told that I ought to present myself. I replied: 'I can't be elected in this canton — I don't pay any taxes.' Then my grandfather, who happened to be present, said with a laugh: 'Yes you do; you have been paying one franc twenty-five centimes a year in this canton since you were eight years old, because at that time I bought a bit of timber land here which I registered in your name.'

"So I was eligible. I canvassed the canton to size up the situation. I was told that there was one candidate already — a farmer — and I paid him a visit. 'Oh! I —' he said to me — 'I

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am no politician, but I hold that this canton ought to be represented by a farmer. Now you don't know anything about farming.'

"'How's that?' I replied. 'I am first assistant to the Minister of Agriculture!'

"He shrugged his shoulders and replied: 'Perhaps; but I am sure you wouldn't even know how to load a hay wagon!'

"It so happened that there was some hay and a cart in the farm yard. I took off my coat, seized a pitchfork, and set about loading the wagon without another word. I must not have managed it too badly, for, when I had finished, my judge tapped me on the shoulder and said: 'Good enough! I withdraw in your favor.'

"I was elected. It was the first step in my political career. Some months later the Deputy of my Arrondissement died. My friends said to me: 'You are a member of the General Council; present yourself.' I became a Deputy.

"The thing that will astonish you is that, two years later, when I was a candidate for the deputyship a second time, I met considerable opposition because during my presence in the Chamber I hadn't made a single speech. I came very near not being reëlected. Nevertheless, I was. Pretty soon I became a member of the Budget Committee; I grew accustomed to public speaking, and from that time on I have always been reëlected without opposition.

"After that, what is there to tell? At the age of thirty-two I was Minister of Public Instruction. Then I was a member of numerous cabinets, except during a period of ten years when I refused appointments because I had to earn my living and wanted to follow my profession as a lawyer. Then, beginning in 1906, I came into power again. After that I was President of the Council and then President of the Republic. When I left the Elysée, my faithful Department — the Meuse — even without waiting for me to announce my candidacy — made me a Senator in an uncontested election; and that is how, toward my sixtieth year, I began again an active political career."

Yes, when I remembered this simple narration, told calmly, without pride, without even any indication that "The President" found satisfaction in the thought that at that moment he was in power — recalled by his political adversaries who were not able to get along without him — I suddenly understood why it

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was this man, and no other, who had rallied French public opinion. First, by the whole aspect of the man, by the simplicity of his life, by the traditions of a family established from father to son in the same region for so many years, he is a solid, French bourgeois, of old and dependable stock. And — what the French like above everything — he is a provincial bourgeois. To be sure, he has taken root in Paris where he knows everyone and everything that counts; but just the same he belongs to the Meuse. He goes back there as often as he can. Every year he returns to preside over the General Council. So it is with a successful French politician; he must be strongly supported by a Department whose interest he watches with all his energies.

Belonging to the great French middle class, M. Poincaré is extraordinarily and scrupulously honest. Public opinion is confident that his personal interests play no part whatever in the decisions he makes. Like everyone, he may make mistakes; but he never makes them by letting regard for his own interests cloud his judgment. At the Ministry of Finance I was told that one day "The President," having to send to his publisher the corrected proofs of one of his books, called back the clerk to whom he had entrusted the package and said to him: "Be sure not to send this by any of the porters employed by the ministry. Have it sent at my expense. I don't want an employee of the state to neglect his work attending to my private affairs."

This may seem an exaggerated, silly gesture; but to me there is something sublime about it, and if everyone imitated this conduct, the state would be greatly benefited.

To explain his success, add to this his astonishing capacity for work. "The President" works from early morning until eleven o'clock at night. He rarely leaves his office. He finds time to write long-hand letters to artists and authors, for the great French bourgeois is the product of long culture. M. Poincaré reads a great deal; and, among his numerous activities, one of those to which he is most devoted is the Council of French Museums.

Finally, one of his great powers is to have preserved, beyond the age of sixty and in a calling which often quickly destroys the illusions of youth, a kind of frankness which is well expressed by the pure brightness of his blue eyes. M. Poincaré (those who work with him tell me) always believes in the sincerity of his adversaries to an astonishing degree. Only with difficulty will he admit that a politician fights him out of ambition or jealousy. He

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credits others with his own sentiments. This explains, in part, why he sometimes seems agressive in debate; accustomed to listen to arguments and weigh their value, it hurts him to be treated with injustice and sometimes he lets it be seen.

I perceive that the portrait I have drawn of him is all light and no shade. Does this mean that M. Poincaré is a perfect man? To be sure, there is no such thing as a perfect man. He himself has said: "Just as it is my strength to be a bourgeois of the Meuse, so too it might be my weakness if I did not bear this fact always in mind, because I could be tempted to believe that all France thinks like her frontier provinces — strongly united by misfortune and danger. But France is more complex than any of her provinces, no matter which one it might be."

But "The President" has enough conscience and good faith to be on his guard against this local side of his understanding. His last administration has given almost all Frenchmen the impression that no one is more capable than he to work with men of different minds, to adapt himself and take in that great diversity of temperaments whose sum makes up this mysterious and solid amalgam which is France.

I see him still, standing on the rostrum. I listen to him — "Formerly the widow of a school teacher received five hundred and fifty francs a year. To-day. . . ." Figures, a cadenced voice, few flourishes. Yes, it is simple, very simple — a man who is explaining that he has just saved his country. But at the same time, as soon as one reflects upon it, one understands how many traits of character have blended to make him the only one who could save it.

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THE HUMANISM OF IRVING BABBITT

T. S. ELIOT

THE most widely discussed article in the February FORUM *was that by Professor Irving Babbitt of Harvard, entitled "The Critic and American Life." This article aroused intense appreciation because readers approved Mr. Babbitt's underlying philosophy, which is sharply contrasted with the purely experimental attitude toward life of the so-called "modernists" in American literature. Mr. Babbitt calls his philosophy "humanism," and Mr. Eliot here attempts to draw the line which separates "humanism" and religion.*

IT is proverbially easier to destroy than to construct; and as a corollary of this proverb, it is easier for readers to apprehend the destructive than the constructive side of an author's thought. More than this: when a writer is skillful at destructive criticism, the public is satisfied with that. If he has no constructive philosophy, it is not demanded; and if he has, it is overlooked. This is especially true when we are concerned with critics of society, from Arnold to the present day. All such critics are criticized from one common standard, and that the lowest: the standard of brilliant attack upon aspects of contemporary society which we know and dislike. It is the easiest standard to take. For the criticism deals with concrete things in our world which we know, and the writer may be merely echoing, in neater phrasing, our own thoughts; whereas the construction deals with things hard and unfamiliar. Hence the popularity of Mr. Mencken.

But there are more serious critics than Mr. Mencken, and of these we must ask in the end what they have to offer in place of what they denounce. M. Julien Benda, for instance, makes it a part of his deliberate programme to offer nothing; he has a romantic view of critical detachment which limits his interest. Mr. Wyndham Lewis is obviously striving courageously toward a positive theory, but in his published work has not yet reached that point. But in Professor Babbitt's latest book, *Democracy and Leadership*, the criticism is related to a positive theory and dependent upon it. This theory is not altogether expounded, but is partly assumed. What I wish to do in the present essay is to ask a few questions of Mr. Babbitt's constructive theory.

The centre of Mr. Babbitt's philosophy is the doctrine of humanism. In his earlier books we were able to accept this idea without analysis; but in *Democracy and Leadership* — which I take to be at this point the summary of his theory — we are

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tempted to question it. The problem of humanism is undoubtedly related to the problem of religion. Mr. Babbitt makes it very clear, here and there throughout the book, that he is unable to take the religious view — that is to say that he cannot accept any dogma or revelation; and that humanism is the *alternative* to religion. And this brings up the question: is this alternative any more than a *substitute?* and if a substitute, does it not bear the same relation to religion that "humanitarianism" bears to humanism? Is it, in the end, a view of life that will work by itself, or is it a derivative of religion which will work only for a short time in history, and only for a few persons like Mr. Babbitt — whose ancestral traditions are Christian, and who is, like many people, at the distance of a generation or so from definite Christian belief? Is it, in other words, durable beyond one or two generations?

Mr. Babbitt says, of the "representatives of the humanitarian movement," that

> they wish to live on the naturalistic level, and at the same time to enjoy the benefits that the past had hoped to achieve as a result of some humanistic or religious discipline.

The definition is admirable, but provokes us to ask whether, by altering a few words, we cannot arrive at the following definition of humanists:

> they wish to live on the humanistic level, and at the same time to enjoy the benefits that the past had hoped to achieve as a result of some religious discipline.

If this transposition is justified, it means that the difference is only of one step: the humanitarian has suppressed the properly human, and is left with the animal; the humanist has suppressed the divine, and is left with a human element which may quickly descend again to the animal from which he has sought to raise it.

Mr. Babbitt is a stout upholder of tradition and continuity, and he knows, with all his immense and encyclopedic information, that the Christian religion is an essential part of the history of our race. Humanism and religion are thus, as historical facts, by no means parallel; humanism has been sporadic, but Christianity continuous. It is quite irrelevant to conjecture the possible development of the European races without Christianity — to imagine, that is, a tradition of humanism equivalent to the actual tradition of Christianity. For all we can say is that we should have

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been very different creatures, whether better or worse. Our problem being to form the future, we can only form it on the materials of the past; we must *use* our heredity, instead of denying it. The religious habits of the race are still very strong, in all places, at all times, and for all people. There is no humanistic habit: humanism is, I think, merely the state of mind of a few persons in a few places at a few times. To exist at all, it is dependent upon some other attitude, for it is essentially critical — I would even say parasitical. It has been, and can still be, of great value; but it will never provide showers of partridges or abundance of manna for the chosen peoples.

It is a little difficult to define humanism in Mr. Babbitt's terms, for he is very apt to line it up in battle order *with* religion *against* humanitarianism and naturalism; and what I am trying to do is to *contrast* it with religion. Mr. Babbitt is very apt to use phrases like "tradition humanistic and religious" which suggest that you could say also "tradition humanistic *or* religious." So I must make shift to define humanism as I can from a few of the examples that Mr. Babbitt seems to hold up to us.

I should say that he regarded Confucius, Buddha, Socrates, and Erasmus as humanists (I do not know whether he would include Montaigne). It may surprise some to see Confucius and Buddha, who are popularly regarded as founders of religions, in this list. But it is always the human reason, not the revelation of the supernatural, upon which Mr. Babbitt insists. But Confucius and Buddha are not in the same boat, to begin with. Mr. Babbitt of course knows infinitely more about both of these men than I do; but even people who know even less about them than I do, know that Confucianism endured by fitting in with popular religion, and that Buddhism endured by becoming as distinctly a *religion* as Christianity — recognizing a dependence of the human upon the divine.

And finally, the attitude of Socrates and that of Erasmus toward the religion of their place and time were very different from what I take to be the attitude of Professor Babbitt. How far Socrates believed, and whether his legendary request of the sacrifice of a cock was merely gentlemanly behavior or even irony, we cannot tell; but the equivalent would be Professor Babbitt receiving extreme unction, and that I cannot at present conceive. But both Socrates and Erasmus were content to remain critics, and to leave the religious fabric untouched. So that I find

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Mr. Babbitt's humanism to be very different from that of any of the humanists above mentioned.

This is no small point, but the question is a difficult one. It is not at all that Mr. Babbitt has *misunderstood* any of these persons, or that he is not fully acquainted with the civilizations out of which they sprang. On the contrary, he knows all about that. It is rather, I think, that in his interest in the messages of individuals — messages conveyed in books — he has tended merely to neglect the conditions. The great men whom he holds up for our admiration and example are torn from their contexts of race, place, and time. And in consequence, Mr. Babbitt seems to me to tear himself from his own context. His humanism is really something quite different from that of his exemplars, but (to my mind) alarmingly like very liberal Protestant theology of the nineteenth century: it is, in fact, a product — a by-product — of Protestant theology in its last agonies.

I admit that all humanists — as humanists — have been individualists. As humanists, they have had nothing to offer to the mob. But they have usually left a place, not only for the mob, but (what is more important) for the mob part of the mind in themselves. Mr. Babbitt is too rigorous and conscientious a Protestant to do that: hence there seems to be a gap between his own individualism (and indeed intellectualism, beyond a certain point, must be individualistic) and his genuine desire to offer something which will be useful to the American nation primarily and to civilization itself. But the historical humanist, as I understand him, halts at a certain point and admits that the reason will go no farther, and that it cannot feed on honey and locusts.

Humanism is either an alternative to religion, or is ancillary to it. To my mind, it always flourishes most when religion has been strong; and if you find examples of humanism which are anti-religious, or at least in opposition to the religious faith of the place and time, then such humanism is purely destructive, for it has never found anything to replace what it destroyed. Any religion, of course, is forever in danger of petrifaction into mere ritual and habit, though ritual and habit be essential to religion. It is only renewed and refreshed by an awakening of feeling and fresh devotion, or by the critical reason. The latter may be the part of the humanist. But if so, then the function of humanism, though necessary, is secondary. You cannot make humanism itself into a religion.

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What Mr. Babbitt, on one side, seems to me to be trying to do is to make humanism — his own form of humanism — work without religion. For otherwise, I cannot see the significance of his doctrine of self-control. This doctrine runs throughout his work, and sometimes appears as the "inner check." It appears as an alternative to both political and religious anarchy. In the political form it is more easily acceptable. As forms of government become more democratic, as the outer restraints of kingship, aristocracy, and class disappear, so it becomes more and more necessary that the individual no longer controlled by authority or habitual respect should control himself. So far, the doctrine is obviously true and impregnable. But Mr. Babbitt seems to think also that the "outer" restraints of an orthodox religion, as they weaken, can be supplied by the inner restraint of the individual over himself. If I have interpreted him correctly, he is thus trying to build a Catholic platform out of Protestant planks. By tradition an individualist, and jealous of the independence of individual thought, he is struggling to make something that will be valid for the nation, the race, the world.

The sum of a population of individuals, all ideally and efficiently checking and controlling themselves, will never make a whole. And if you distinguish so sharply between "outer" and "inner" checks as Mr. Babbitt does, then there is nothing left for the individual to check himself by but his own private notions and his judgment, which is pretty precarious. As a matter of fact, when you leave the political field for the theological, the distinction between outer and inner becomes far from clear. Given the most highly organized and temporally powerful hierarchy, with all the powers of inquisition and punishment imaginable, still the idea of the religion is the *inner* control — the appeal not to a man's behavior but to his soul. If a religion cannot touch a man's self, so that in the end he is controlling himself instead of being merely controlled by priests as he might be by policemen, then it has failed in its professed task. I suspect Mr. Babbitt at times of an instinctive dread of organized religion, a dread that it should cramp and deform the free operations of his own mind. If so, he is surely under a misapprehension.

And what, one asks, are all these millions, even these thousands, or the remnant of a few intelligent hundreds, going to control themselves *for?* Mr. Babbitt's critical judgment is exceptionally sound, and there is hardly one of his several remarks

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that is not, by itself, acceptable. It is the joints of his edifice, not the materials, that sometimes seem a bit weak. He says truly:

> It has been a constant experience of man in all ages that mere rationalism leaves him unsatisfied. Man craves in some sense or other of the word an enthusiasm that will lift him out of his merely rational self.

But it is not clear that Mr. Babbitt has any other enthusiasm to offer except the enthusiasm for being lifted out of one's merely rational self — by some enthusiasm. Indeed, if he can infect people with enthusiasm for getting even up to the level of their rational selves, he will accomplish a good deal.

But this seems to me just the point at which "humanistic control" ends, if it gets that far. He speaks of the basis "of religion and humanistic control" in Burke, but what we should like to know is the respective parts played by religion and humanism in this basis. And with all the references that Mr. Babbitt makes to the rôle of religion in the past, and all the connections that he perceives between the decline of theology and the growth of the modern errors that he detests, he reveals himself as uncompromisingly detached from any religious belief, even the most purely "personal":

> To be modern has meant practically to be increasingly positive and critical, to refuse to receive anything on an authority "anterior, exterior, and superior" to the individual. With those who still cling to the principle of outer authority I have no quarrel. I am not primarily concerned with them. I am myself a thoroughgoing individualist, writing for those who are, like myself, irrevocably committed to the modern experiment. In fact, so far as I object to the moderns at all, it is because they have not been sufficiently modern, or, what amounts to the same thing, have not been sufficiently experimental.

Those of us who lay no claim to being modern may not be involved in this scuffle, but, as bystanders, we may be allowed to inquire where all this modernity and experimenting is going to lead. Is everybody to spend his time experimenting? And on what, and to what end? And if the experimenting merely leads to the conclusion that self-control is good, that seems a very frosty termination to our hunt for "enthusiasm." What is the higher will to *will*, if there is nothing either "anterior, exterior, or superior" to the individual? If this will is to have anything on which to operate, it must be in relation to external objects and to objective values. Mr. Babbitt says:

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> To give the first place to the higher will is only another way of declaring that life is an act of faith. One may discover on positive grounds a deep meaning in the old Christian tenet that we do not know in order that we may believe, but we believe in order that we may know.

This is quite true; but if life is an act of faith, in what is it an act of faith? The Life-Forcers, with Mr. Bernard Shaw at their head, would say I suppose "in Life itself"; but I should not accuse Mr. Babbitt of anything so silly as that. However, a few pages further on he gives something more definite to will: it is civilization.

The next idea, accordingly, to be examined is that of civilization. It seems, on the face of it, to mean something definite; it is in fact, merely a frame to be filled with definite objects, not a definite object itself. I do not believe that I can sit down for three minutes to will civilization without my mind's wandering to something else. I do not mean that civilization is a mere word; the word means something quite real. But the minds of the individuals who can be said to "have willed civilization" are minds filled with a great variety of objects of will, according to place, time, and individual constitution; what they have in common is rather a habit in the same direction than a will to civilization. And unless by civilization you mean material progress, cleanliness etc. — which is not what Mr. Babbitt means; if you mean a spiritual and intellectual coördination on a high level, then it is doubtful whether civilization can endure without religion, and religion without a church.

I am not here concerned with the question whether such a "humanistic" civilization as that aimed at by Professor Babbitt is or is not *desirable;* only with the question whether it is *feasible.* From this point of view the danger of such theories is, I think, the danger of collapse. For those who had not followed Mr. Babbitt very far, or who had felt his influence more remotely, the collapse would be back again into humanitarianism thinly disguised. For others who had followed him hungrily to the end and had found no hay in the stable, the collapse might well be into a Catholicism *without* the element of humanism and criticism, which would be a Catholicism of despair. There is a hint of this in Mr. Babbitt's own words:

> The choice to which the modern man will finally be reduced, it has been said, is that of being a Bolshevist or a Jesuit. In that case (assuming that by Jesuit is meant the ultramontane Catholic) there

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> does not seem to be much room for hesitation. Ultramontane Catholicism does not, like Bolshevism, strike at the very root of civilization. In fact, under certain conditions that are already partly in sight, the Catholic Church may perhaps be the only institution left in the Occident that can be counted upon to uphold civilized standards. It may also be possible, however, to be a thoroughgoing modern and at the same time civilized. . . .

The last sentence somehow seems to me to die away a little faintly. But the point is that Mr. Babbitt seems to be giving away to the church in anticipation more than would many who are more concerned with it in the present than he. Mr. Babbitt is much more ultramontane than I am. One may feel a very deep respect and even love for the Catholic Church (by which I understand Mr. Babbitt means the hierarchy in communion with the Holy See); but if one studies its history and vicissitudes, its difficulties and problems past and present, one is struck with admiration and awe certainly, but is not the more tempted to place all the hopes of humanity on one institution.

But my purpose has been, not to predict a bad end for Mr. Babbitt's philosophy, but to point out the direction which I think it should follow if the obscurities of "humanism" were cleared up. It should lead, I think, to the conclusion that the humanistic point of view is auxiliary to and dependent upon the religious point of view. For us, religion is of course Christianity; and Christianity implies, I think, the conception of the church. It would be not only interesting but invaluable if Professor Babbitt, with his learning, his great ability, his influence, and his interest in the most important questions of the time, could reach this point. His influence might thus join with that of another philosopher of the same rank — Charles Maurras — and might, indeed, correct some of the extravagances of that writer.

Such a consummation is impossible. Professor Babbitt knows too much; and by that I do not mean merely erudition or information or scholarship. I mean that he knows too many religions and philosophies, has assimilated their spirit too thoroughly (there is probably no one in England or America who understands early Buddhism better than he) to be able to give himself to any. The result is humanism. I believe that it is better to recognize the weaknesses of humanism at once, and allow for them, so that the structure may not crash beneath an excessive weight; and so that we may arrive at an enduring recognition of its value for us, and of our obligation to its author.

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HEROINES

STEPHEN LEACOCK

Forum Table Talk

Drawings by Johan Bull

BY a silly kind of convention, handed down from our great-grandfathers' time, every work of fiction has to have in it the class of person known as a heroine. These heroines were found everywhere. You found them in stories of adventure, mixed up with pirates and heroic lieutenants in the navy; in stories of English country life where they lived in rectories or worked as governesses; or in historic and romantic novels where they rode on "palfreys" and had "varlets" to wait on them.

Nor was there any great trouble, in the literary sense, in creating them. The author merely described what he thought an attractive girl and let it go at that. He suited himself. Some writers, for example, liked them small; they preferred to make their heroine what they called a "sylph"—which meant a being so dainty and so frail that she could just about get around by herself and no more. This little "Wee-wee" heroine used to "stamp her little foot imperiously" and "toss her little head disdainfully." In fact, she had quite a lot of tricks like that and made a terrible hit.

But other writers liked the heroine to be what they called "divinely tall," and "willowy." She would just nicely get under a doorway, and was as thin and bendable as a stethoscope. But the idea was that if she ever "twined her arms about her lover" (as she did on the last page of the book), it was a pretty high-class piece of twining.

But in those days the thing was simple. The circulation of books was limited. There was none of the world-wide appeal of to-day. Nowadays the author has to try to please, not some of the people, but all of the people. He has to make a heroine to suit, not merely his own taste, but everybody's. Otherwise there

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would be a lot of people who couldn't read the story because they didn't like the heroine.

The result is that in the romances of to-day the heroine must not belong to any one type, but to all of them at once. In a subtle way the writer must suggest to every reader the girl of his particular preference. This is very hard to do. Some writers can't do it at all. But when it is really well done the resulting description of the up-to-date heroine sounds something such as the following pen portrait, taken, almost word for word, from one of the most popular novels of the year:

"Margaret Overproof was neither short nor tall. Her perfect figure, slender and at the same time fat, conveyed at times an impression of commanding height while at other times she looked sawed-off. Her complexion, which was of the tint of a beautiful, dull marble — like the surface of a second-hand billiard ball — was shot at times with streaks of red and purple which almost suggested apoplexy. Her nose, which was clear-cut and aquiline, was at the same time daintily turned up at the end and then moved off sideways. A critic might have considered her mouth a trifle too wide and her lips a trifle too full, but on the other hand a horse buyer would have considered them all right. Her eyes were deep and mournful and lit with continuous merriment. Her graceful neck sloped away in all directions till it reached her bust, which stopped it."

There! a reader who is not satisfied with Margaret would be pretty hard to please. But, by the way, her name ought not be anything so simple as Margaret, if she is to be a heroine of to-day. In earlier times — say, a hundred years ago — the heroines were called by flowing classical names such as Dulcinea, Althusia, or Ambrosia. Then they went through a stage of being called by the simple old home names, such as Margaret and Catherine and Mary Ann. They then passed through a period of catlike nicknames, such as "Puss" and "Dot," "Kit" and "Vi."

But nowadays the favorite name for a heroine seems to be one of those dignified, double-gendered, half impossible designations that might mean either a girl or a man or a horse — as, for example, Joyce, Loïs, Dyce, or something of that sort.

Having got her described and named, the author's next difficulty with his heroine is to dress her. This is the hardest of all. The novelist of two generations ago did it very simply. They always clothed their heroine in "old clinging stuff." That

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was all. What it is or where you buy it, I don't know. But the old-fashioned heroine always wore it on great occasions. If she was poor — a governess, for instance — she got it out of a box left her by her mother. If she was rich she went out and bought it, and it was then called "priceless old clinging stuff." And she made her appearance in it thus:

"As Margaret descended the broad stairway, dressed simply in beautiful old white clinging stuff which clung to her as she descended, all eyes turned to gaze at her in enraptured admiration. 'Great Heavens,' said the young Duke, 'who is she?'"

But that won't do now. These are the days of illustrated fashion magazines, and the readers — the female readers at any rate — want to know what it was that she really had on, and won't be put off any longer with that clinging stuff. Nor will it do to say that she was "dressed all in flaming red," or that "she appeared dressed in opalescent pink, shot with blue," or "half-shot with something concealed below." Even if her appearance was half-shot, the reader wants to know all about it and where she got it.

Only women writers can really deal with this situation, and, unfortunately, nine novels out of ten are written by men. All that a man can do is to reach out for a fashion magazine, snatch out a handful of technical terms, and throw them at the heroine — thus:

"As Loïs gayly slid down the banisters of the staircase, her appearance attracted all eyes. She wore a dainty georgette of limousine tucked over a brassière of deep blue and held in place with a *ceinture* of alligator hide with crystalline insertions. 'Great Heavens,' said the young Duke, 'who is she?'"

With that, her figure and her name and her dress are fairly well settled. But worse remains — her mind? What is, what ought to be, the mind of an attractive woman? Should she know anything, or just nothing?

The earlier writers were all for the nothing. With them the less the heroine knew, the bigger hit she made. Witness this description taken right out of an old book, but easily recognizable:

"Caroline Cowslip had been brought up in the greatest simplicity. Reared in the seclusion of an old-fashioned rectory, it was probable that she was more simple than any girl within a radius of ten miles. To this charm of a native simplicity was added a

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total lack of education and an entire absence of worldly knowledge. The father, the good old rector, had at last gone to his rest, leaving Caroline alone in the world."

In these older books, the idea was that this kind of start would land Caroline in all kinds of interesting trouble.

But to-day this, too, is changed. The heroine can't any longer be made ignorant, because this gives offence to all women readers. On the other hand, it doesn't do to have her know too much, or else the men object to her. The only way to get around it is for the author to keep on declaring that Loïs has a "limpid mind," and to speak of "the girl's clear intelligence" — but not to let her work it too hard.

Here is something of the touch that is needed:

"Loïs sat silent, her hands clasped about her knee and her eyes half closed, while Dangerfield explained to her all the intricacies of the situation.

"'I begin to see,' she murmured.

"Dangerfield, relying always on the limpid intelligence of the girl's limpid intellect, continued in the same quiet way to lay before her all the tangled factors in the web of calculation which made up — what he was talking about.

"At the end he stopped. 'And you can trust me?' he asked. 'Yes,' she murmured as she rose, 'and now I must go home and *think!*'"

By that means, of course, she has it pretty well put all over Dangerfield and the reader too. In reality, she is probably just about on the same level as Caroline. But when she says she must "go home and *think*," let her go by all means. It is what she needs!

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JURY, DEMOCRACY, AND EFFICIENCY

PIERRE LEPAULLE

LAST month George Whitney Martin, New York lawyer, opened THE FORUM'S *discussion of the jury. Trial by jury originated and is only found in what some would call its "absurd purity" in Anglo-Saxon countries. French law derives its philosophy and methods from Roman law; hence the value of M. Lepaulle's criticism in this article. America has been called the Rome of the modern world. "Why not apply some of our Roman qualities to our administration of justice?" asks M. Lepaulle.*

WHEN the value of the jury is under discussion, a situation arises which is common in all controversies: the unexpressed ideas in the "back of the head" have much more importance than the arguments expressly put forward. It is therefore these implicit ideas, or assumptions, that we will examine before considering the merits of the question itself. If we try to link them with a thread, we realize that what they have in common is a certain conception of democracy. That is true either from a psychological or a historical point of view. Such assumptions, however, take different forms, and the first thing to do is to examine them critically.

The first one seems to be that it is shocking to a democratic mind to let any man have, as a regular profession, the power to dispose of the fate of his fellow citizens.

If this assumption were true, the idea of democracy would be immediately abandoned as a worthless dream impossible to realize. A state governed by such principles could have no army, no business, no administration. An army means discipline; discipline means that a right has been given to the officers to inflict punishment. Business and administration both imply decision, hierarchy, control, power to dismiss, which results, in times of non-employment, in a terrible penalty. More and more, social life implies interdependence and the power to inflict harm on others — and most often without any of the safeguards provided by a legal system.

Even if that conception of democracy were possible, it would not be coherent with the American conception of a trial. The jury does not dispose of the fate of the defendant; it simply acknowledges the existence of facts. It fulfills the function of an expert without the expert's competency.

Moreover, the power of pardon vested in the Governors of most

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states of the Union is a clear case of a man having the fate of another within his absolute discretion.

A second form of that conception of democracy is that no man should have at the same time the power to judge the conduct of a fellow citizen and the power to draw the practical consequence of that judgment. Such tremendous power should be divided in two, so that each part is helpless without the other.

One has only to examine this argument a moment to realize that it does not amount to anything more than another way of stating the former one. Therefore, it need not be given more serious consideration.

As I have written before:*

> Now the civil law conception, that claims to be as democratic, reaches quite opposite results and says democracy must be safety against arbitrary human decisions; citizens must be judged by law and not by men; so, those who have to decide the fate of their fellow citizens must not be picked out by blind chance and brought into the court room with all the obscure sentiments and instincts of the crowd from which they come. The safeguard of democracy is the coolness of professional judges, their training in inductive process for the discovery of the truth, their lack of sentimental attitude. The Anglo-American philosophy back of its procedure is a sentimental democracy that wants to strengthen the links with the people at large. The Latin philosophy is an intellectual democracy wanting to protect those coming into court from the heart, the nerves, the obscure instincts and passions of the crowd and the mob.

But an orthodox common-law lawyer would answer (and this is the third form of the same conception of democracy): "The man in the street is just as competent as anybody. It is a question of being a reasonable man, and in our law 'reasonable man' and 'average man' mean the same thing. We believe that any one is able to fulfill any public function." There is certainly no doubt that such is the common belief in America. The best colleges themselves try to turn out standard men. The stores sell standard goods. The vaudeville gives standard shows. Everybody goes to the same class of hotels, rides in the same coaches on the train, and wears the same clothes. No wonder that the standard juror is considered as competent as anyone to pass on the facts of a case.

Such a belief and such a behavior constitute, from our point of view, the greatest weakness of American psychology. Of course, this belief has been extremely fruitful and stimulating in a pioneer

* *Cornell Law Quarterly*, XII, page 45.

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community; but now that it has accomplished its mission, it should be replaced by the more refined conception according to which democracy is neither equality nor uniformity, but the free opportunity to differentiate oneself from the others. The more evolved a society is, the more differentiated it must be. Standard men must progressively disappear. In the material world division of labor specializes everyone, while in the spiritual world an essential condition of culture is freedom from pressure of standardization, and possibility of life amidst small social groups, each of which represents a slightly different intellectual, æsthetic, and spiritual equilibrium.

The American popular conception of democracy will have made a decisive step forward when it will admit that it is not undemocratic to have many exclusive kinds of aristocracies, provided "exclusive aristocracy" means a circle in which no one is received unless he possesses the qualities essential to the existence of this group. It is not undemocratic for a community to have a society of snobs in which no one is admitted if he does not know how to choose his tailor, how to wear clothes, how to recognize the quality of *de luxe* cigarettes otherwise than by the price, to select the wines and the different courses of a dinner in perfect harmony with the guests and the occasion, to find an elegant attitude between contempt and respect for tradition. It must be provided, however, that those possessing these "qualifications" have a real opportunity to be admitted within the group.

Even without departing to such an extent from the American conception, it seems clear that the assertion that everybody is competent to decide the facts of a case is untenable. But such criticism leads us to the legal field proper, and we are now able to enter it, since the ground is cleared of the most dangerous arguments — those that are not formulated.

In civil-law countries the jury exists only for the trial of felonies, and its existence in matters of private law is certainly one of the most shocking things to the mind of the civilian. Why are we shocked? Because, in the first place, the jury is a poor way of discovering the truth; second, it maintains at the trial unbusinesslike methods; and third, it delays the trial unreasonably.

The discovery of truth is at the same time an art and a science — both of which are, of course, entirely ignored by the jury. It requires at least a keen knowledge of historical methods and of psychology to render an accurate criticism of documents and of

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testimonies. That is why, in the civil law, both facts and law are passed upon by a judge; and the judge must successfully pass certain examinations before he is appointed, and make his apprenticeship with older justices who teach him the very delicate technique of disentangling truth from all the data presented to the court. The mere fact that there is such a technique is by itself the condemnation of the jury.

Not very long ago I was in a Western city of the United States at the beginning of a very important and complicated trial which was going to last three months. In that state jurors are paid two dollars a day; consequently we could hardly find the face of a responsible citizen among the jurors. Nine were women, apparently housewives of the working class. The three men were unemployed at the time they were selected. It was apparent that not only were they totally unable to criticize facts and make any synthesis of the elements retained as representing the truth, but they could not possibly keep their attention awake for five hours every day. It was evident that their verdict would be dictated by most mysterious reasons. Nothing ever gave me a more vivid impression of the caricature of justice.

It was, indeed, a stroke of bad luck for the common law that the calamity of the jury fell precisely on it. The existence of a jury makes of the distinction between law and facts an essential principle of the procedure, while one of the main features of the common law is precisely its failure to distinguish facts and law!* The result, of course, is that the jury system — bad enough in itself — becomes in its application still worse. The jurors do not decide what the truth is with their common sense and a direct view of facts, but are considerably hampered by all these abstract rules concerning facts which are considered as a part of the substantive law.

They are also hampered by the rules of evidence. It is strange, indeed, to appoint incompetent persons to find out the truth and then, fearing their lack of power to discriminate, show them only a portion of the facts that can lead to the truth. Would it not be more simple to adopt the course of the civil law: *i.e.*, put a competent judge on the bench, let him decide both facts and law, and put before him all the material that may have some real impor-

* That is an unavoidable consequence of the absence of codification and of the doctrine of *stare decisis*. Classifications or construction of facts are quite often confused with law. So are also the methods of approach to the discovery of facts, etc. Example: whether a defendant is liable for negligence has become to a great extent a question of law!

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tance? "Then," a common-law lawyer would reply, "you would admit heresay evidence?" Of course. But, in fact, we would not produce any such evidence in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, because lawyers do not want to make fools of themselves. Appoint a keen, critical, and trained mind to pass upon the facts and you will eliminate more worthless material than by rules of evidence. But the elimination, instead of resulting from *a priori* and abstract principles, will be made concretely according to the question involved in each particular case.

Let us illustrate this point by an example. At common law one cannot prove in a case of breach of contract that the defendant has broken several similar contracts before. Indeed, in most instances the history of the conduct of the defendant will be considered irrelevant. But suppose the policy of a defendant is to enter into certain kinds of contracts with people having a small capital, break them, and put them to the alternative of getting half of what they are entitled to immediately, or of waiting until all tricks of procedure are exhausted before getting full payment. Evidence of such a policy would throw a most relevant light on the case before the court, and such evidence has, in fact, been produced before a Paris tribunal.

I admit that as long as there is a jury, there must be rules of evidence, because — if there were none — the lawyers would not fail to bring in all kind of irrelevant facts that would impress the uncritical minds or soft hearts of the twelve good men (or *a fortiori* women in some states). Granting that there is a jury, I do not criticize the rules of evidence; but I criticize the jury for having rendered rules of evidence necessary.

The jury is also responsible for the existence of non-business-like methods in the trial of cases, because it brings in the court room a flood of irrational elements.

First, the jury brings in popular feelings. One seldom realizes that it requires, not only great intelligence and character, but also professional training to resist the pressure of public opinion and judge a case on the actual evidence. Of course, I do not pretend that law must be deaf to human feelings; but its function is to protect the real, fundamental, social interests and not to give way under the pressure of temporary currents. Stability and independence are two prerequisites of good administration of justice. Bringing into the court room twelve men selected by

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hazard among the crowd is the negation of the above-mentioned, common-sense aphorism.

The jury also brings with it an enormous quantity of subconscious elements. Here again, no one can pretend that subconscience can be eliminated from the court; but it is desirable to reduce it as much as can be done. Justice must be rendered with the conscience, not with the subconscience. It is indeed so plain that I think I can avoid inflicting upon the reader the usual dissertation on "justice of law and not of men."

The jury system necessarily brings with it the introduction of oral evidence and the personal appearance of witnesses at the time of the trial. The consequence is that the court is transformed into a sort of theatre. Witnesses impress the jurors less by what they say than by what they look like. Verdicts depend, in large degree, upon smiles, neckties, bald heads, naïve eyes, clean hands, stuttering, tears, and what not!

This dramatic arsenal is completed by cross-examination, which helps to stage the show for the jury. What is the result? Witnesses, instead of being questioned by a judge who is looking for the truth, are examined by two lawyers whose main aims are most often to dress naked truth with garments of their own choice. And, since lawyers are never equal in ability, the result is a tug of war — one finally pulls the rope on his side. The weak witness — afraid and inhibited — tries to say as little as he can, while the strong witness feels the atmosphere of fight and inevitably wants to get in it.

The consequence is unavoidable. The presence of these twelve honorable and incompetent citizens forbids the application of any businesslike method to the administration of justice, and perpetuates the archaic conception of trial by battle.

The jury is also an obstacle to justice for a third reason: it delays considerably the administration of justice. Let us make a rapid survey of the causes of delay: (1) the challenge of each candidate-juror; (2) the direct and cross-examinations of the witnesses, which are ten times longer than an examination by a competent, businesslike, and efficient judge; (3) all the discussions concerning the admission of evidence; (4) the necessity of having before the court of appeal all the stenographic records of the inferior court, which results sometimes in the printing of twelve thick volumes of material — for the most part useless — which the lawyers must study — at the expense of their client.

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I have seen cases tried for a whole week in New York that would not have lasted more than three hours in any civil-law country. The administration of justice has become so slow and so expensive in America that litigants resort more and more to arbitration — which means really that a new legal machinery is being built along lines better fitted for the direct, realistic, and efficient mind of the American people.

Indeed, it is quite American to abandon an old machine when it is not adapted to the most modern needs, and to replace it by a new one. But on the one hand, when a machine has been built up by centuries of human experience, it would be a terrible waste to abandon it; and on the other hand, the old machine still remains the official one — the one that has the monopoly of the big stick.

Then is it not the solution of the problem to apply American standards to American administration of justice? American efficiency has provoked the admiration of the world. Why not use some of it in the field of law?

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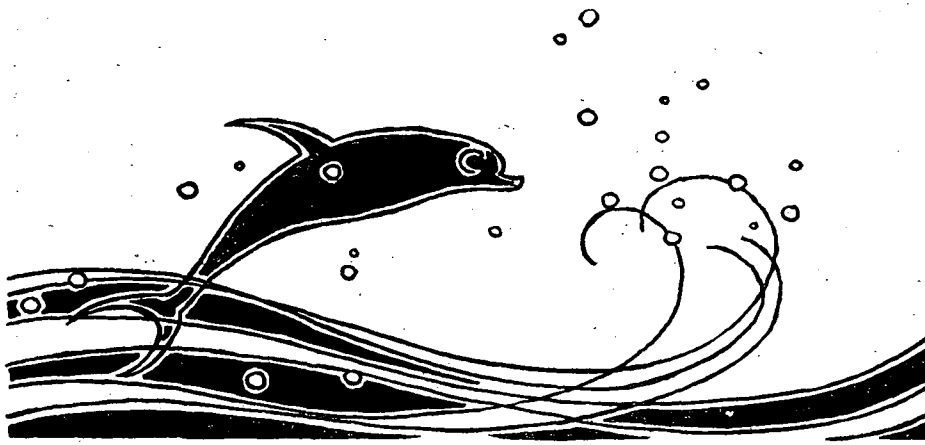

Drawings by Johan Bull

AQUATICS:

Exercise for Everyone

AILEEN RIGGIN

IN July the United States Olympic team, composed of the most outstanding athletes of this country who have gained supremacy in their various sports through competition, sails for Amsterdam to take part in the greatest of all athletic contests — the Olympic games of 1928. Included in this large athletic assemblage is a group of young women — members of the United States Women's Swimming Team — who will try to retain the honors which were brought to this country by the victorious Olympic teams of 1920 and 1924. A little over eight years ago, the suggestion that women be included in the team would have been ridiculed. But the interest women have shown and the ability they have displayed in athletic competitions abroad have satisfied even the most skeptical that no modern Olympiad would be complete without their participation.

Feminine interest in aquatic activities during recent years has caused these sports to become the favorite recreations of women to-day. New Champions are produced and records are frequently shattered.

Swimming, however, is more than a sport for champions. It should be part of the education of every human being who is physically capable. To me, aquatic sports are the most pleasant

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and beneficial of all exercise. Moreover, knowledge of swimming is an insurance in safety. This is one of its greatest functions and has preserved untold lives. Then too, since swimming has become one of the most popular of sports, aquatic ability is to-day — to a certain extent — a social requirement.

Many have asked if indulgence in aquatic sports by women and girls tends to make them too muscular, diminishing their femininity. Quite the contrary. Swimming in moderation helps to develop a perfect figure. Instead of developing certain muscles at the expense of others, as do most other games and sports, swimming and diving bring all the muscles of the body into play, thus perfecting the symmetry of the body.

If a girl makes up her mind that she wants to become an expert swimmer with the serious aspiration of becoming a champion, she must realize that the road to success is not an easy one and involves much practice and hard work. She must find some time to practise every day and prepare to forego many inviting social activities during training. She should join some good club, such as the Women's Swimming Association of New York, where she will receive expert coaching by an able teacher, such as L. de B. Handley, and be given the opportunity to compete with other girls in her class. Perhaps months may pass with little encouragement, then all at once success may come to her.

This generally inspires new interest, and from then on she advances more rapidly, if made of championship material. She may possibly win a metropolitan or district championship, and finally she may find herself in the thrilling competition of the Olympic tryouts. But all cannot become champions. It is necessary for one to be a true lover of the sport before taking it up seriously. One must enjoy each competition — win or lose — in the true amateur spirit.

Any young woman who has aquatic aspirations should spend some time on the springboard to find out whether she has diving ability. Many girls — even those who have spirit enough to be good swimmers — will find after a period of coaching that they lack the necessary speed and strength for the sprint, the weight for the plunge, the stamina, form, and speed for the middle distance, or the endurance for the long-distance swim. These girls may, however, possess the grace, coördination, and sense of timing for good diving.

When I first took up aquatic sports seriously, this problem con-

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fronted me. I was only eleven years old at the time and, not being very large or strong for my age, I could not compete with the older girls. The coach advised me to devote my efforts to diving. It was by following this advice, at a time when immaturity handicapped my swimming, that the honor came to me three years later of being the youngest member of the Olympic team of 1920. Indeed, it was not until I had come into my mature strength and weight that I indulged in swimming competitions with outstanding swimmers.

I think the most exciting moment of my life was when I learned that I was to be among the fortunate ones to represent our country in the Olympic games. When I first realized that I might, by constant practice, perfect my diving to this point, my hopes were dimmed by the fear that the committee would not entrust such responsibility to a child. But I was enthusiastic and gave all my time and energy to swimming and diving.

In April, 1920, Helen Wainwright and I competed in New York for the senior metropolitan diving championship and the junior metropolitan free-style swimming championship. So closely were we matched that Helen won the hundred-yard race by a touch, and I won the dive by a mere point or so. We had won the right to compete in the senior national championships to be held in Detroit the following week. The best divers in the country were to be gathered for this event; but both Helen and I were highly encouraged by our recent success. As a result, we both placed in the diving competition and were members of the relay team which shattered a world's record during the meet.

Again encouraged, we turned our energies to the coming Olympic tryouts. It was early spring, rainy and cold, and the only place available for practice was the Manhattan Beach Lagoon, where we could only dive at high tide — sometimes early in the morning, sometimes late at night. We had each received a book, bound in the national colors of Belgium, explaining the rules and dives required at the Olympic games. Most of the dives and their names were totally unfamiliar to us, and few people who had taken part in the previous Olympics could interpret or coach us in them. But after months of practice, we succeeded in mastering them and placed in the tryouts, which meant that we were to go to Antwerp with the team.

Even on board ship arrangements were made to keep us in training and a tank was rigged up on deck. This tank was a small

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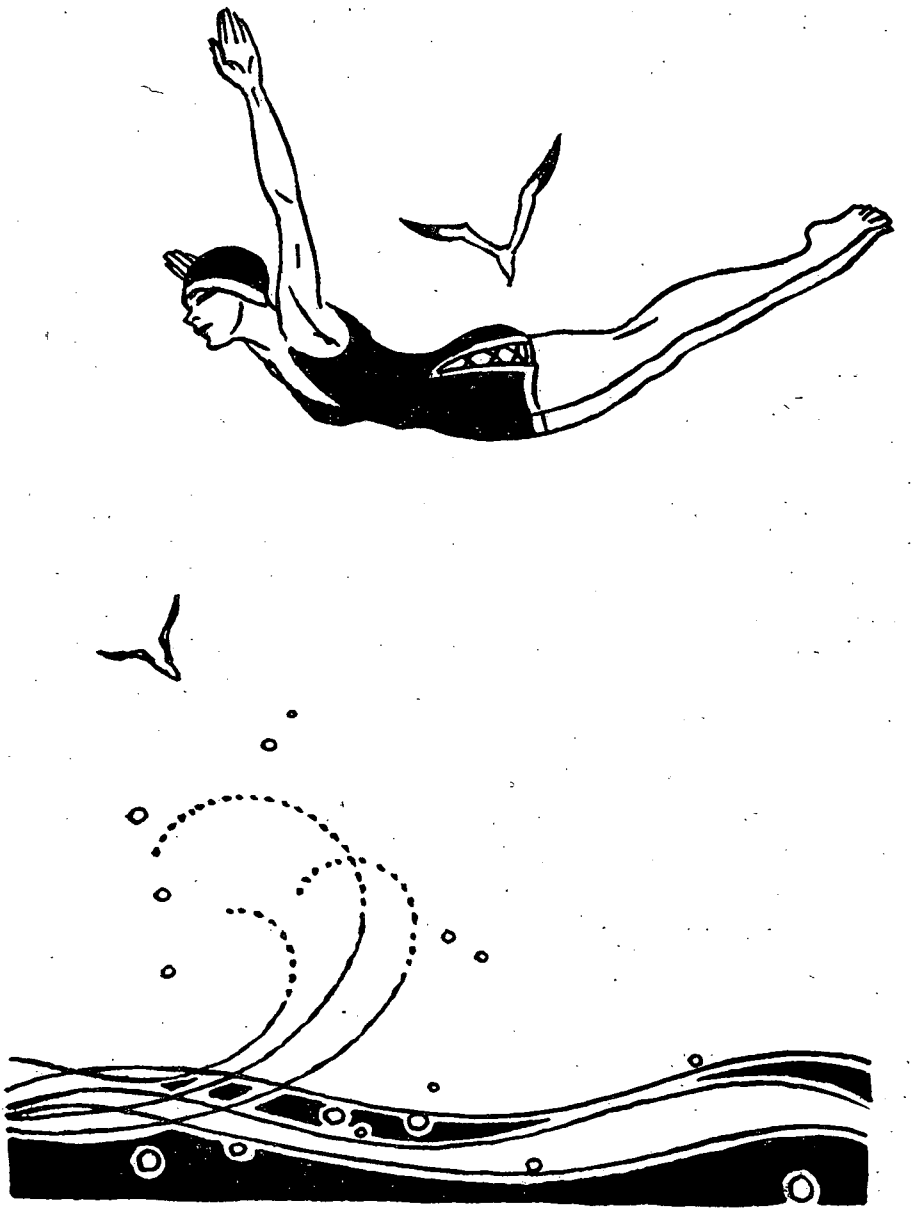

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affair made of canvas — so small, in fact, that an arrangement of straps was necessary to hold us stationary in the water while we went through the motions of swimming.

It was well that our nerves and temperaments were trained as well as our muscles, for the Olympics are a test of more than athletic ability alone. The first appearance on the board was a severe trial even for an experienced competitor. All the thousands of pairs of eyes in the stadium were focused upon the diver, while five judges watched from different angles for the slightest possible error. An airplane droned overhead and a kilted bagpipe band struck up a loud and anything but soothing air — none of which was conducive to concentration. The occasion demanded that a perfect dive be made in order to compare favorably with the many competitors from all over the world who were vying for the championship. It is therefore easy to understand the unforgettable thrill it gave me when the American flag was hoisted above the stadium and the band struck up "The Star-Spangled Banner" to announce that the United States had won the event. Even after the King of Belgium had awarded the medal, with all the ceremony which surrounds such an occasion, it was difficult to realize that I had won the highest honors in the event.

Of course, the victories of the United States swimming team in the last two Olympics have not passed by without benefit to our competitors. Realizing that the Americans had the winning system, both in strokes and training, foreign coaches have watched the methods by which American champions are made, and our system is to-day quite well established throughout Europe. This has tended inevitably to make competition keener, so that greater effort and energy are now required, not only to win new laurels, but to retain those we have already earned.

I am frequently asked: "What is the best age for a child to learn to swim?" Of course, there is no definite age. No two children are alike, either in strength or physical development. I should suggest teaching a child to swim just as soon as he is old enough to profit by the instruction. Even before this, by the time he is able to walk, he should be permitted to play in shallow water and learn not to fear it. I learned to swim when I was six years old. The younger a child can be taught to swim, the better. His muscles should be given the chance to develop as he grows. This does not mean that one who takes up swimming as an adult cannot become proficient at it. It does mean that one who has been

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coached in swimming from childhood is likely to be a better swimmer than one who has taken up the sport later in life. Every year the age of swimming champions grows less, until lately the height of a champion's career seems to be reached at about the age of fifteen or sixteen.

Boys and girls who are interested in swimming should study their weak points, since no sport is so beneficial as a corrective of physical defects. To correct a narrow chest and stooping shoulders the back stroke is unequaled. No other exercise is so helpful in developing the chest. All kinds of swimming tend to make the waist slender. Diving develops grace, poise, coördination, and good posture. And diving and swimming together develop a more harmonious figure than swimming alone.

Like all other sports, swimming and diving should not be indulged in to excess, but should be regulated according to the endurance and strength of the participant. After one has perfected the six-beat crawl — the modern stroke for racing and pleasure swimming — it will be found that little effort is required to proceed in the water, so that much exercise can be obtained without exhaustion.

I believe diving is the one sport in which women excel, probably because grace — the chief factor in diving — is a natural virtue of the feminine body. To dive well requires long and constant practice. Grace in the air and perfect timing are essential. At all diving competitions the judges watch the participants from the tips of their fingers to the tips of their toes, as well as their angle of entry into the water. Dives such as the full twist and the one-and-a-half — which require turning in the air — cannot be accomplished without a perfect sense of timing.

Frequently I have been asked what I thought of long-distance swimming. I can answer this question with an illustration. While crossing the channel after the Olympics, Charlotte Epstein, our chaperon, suggested that one of our girls might someday swim that body of water. Then it was that the idea first came to Gertrude Ederle. Her great swim is, without doubt, one of the greatest aquatic feats of all time. It would be a misfortune, however, if her victory served to encourage promiscuous long-distance swimming. Long-distance swimming should be reserved for a selected few who possess unusual strength and endurance and have a thorough knowledge of the stroke required. Gertrude Ederle fulfilled all these requirements; consequently her swim was a suc-

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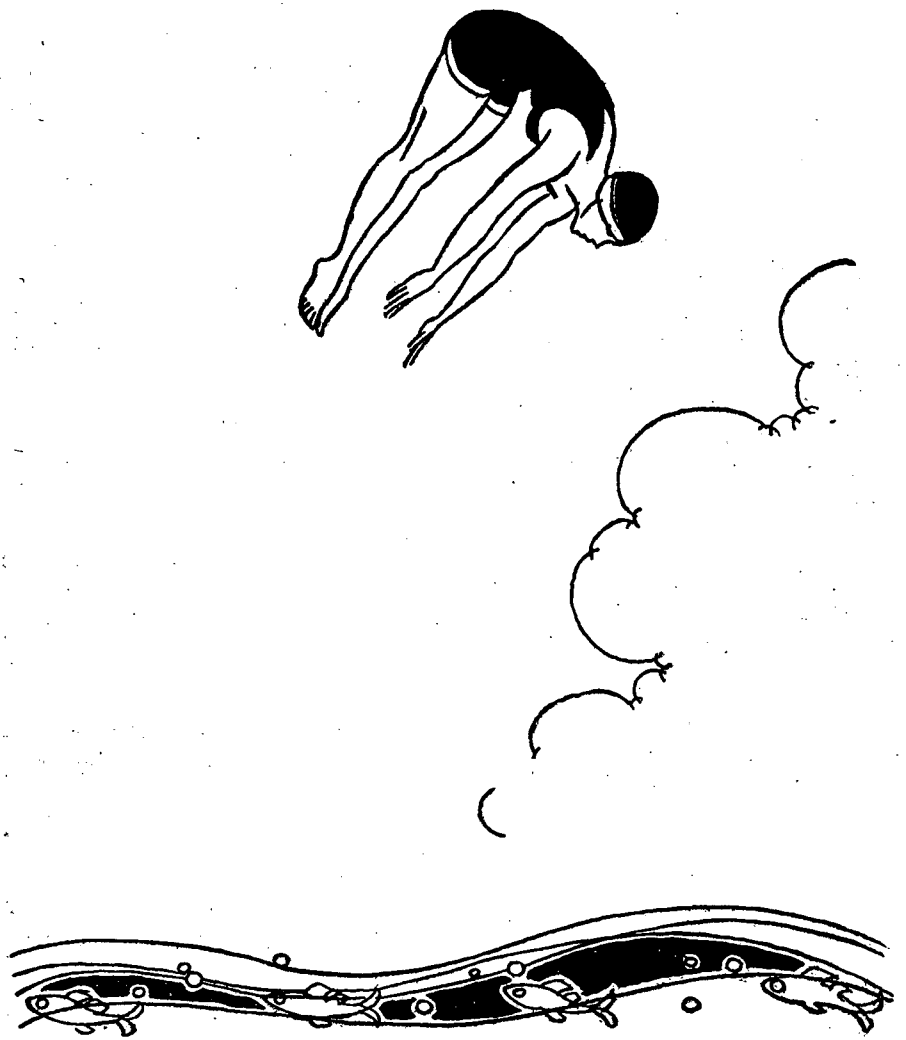

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cess. Of course it is known that the female body can withstand immersion in cold water because of the protective layer of fat which nature has bestowed upon it. But to anyone lacking the stamina to withstand long immersion in cold water, long-distance swimming is certain to be exhausting, and may possibly have serious consequences.

If for no other reason than to learn good sportsmanship, every girl and woman should try to become proficient in some sport. In past years men and boys had good sportsmanship instilled into them in their games, and it is only recently that athletics for women have developed to the point where we can determine whether women are good winners or bad losers. As a rule, swimmers win or lose philosophically — happy if they win, just as happy when someone else earns a well-deserved victory. Not that they do not care. Each one fights to win the coveted prize. But if a rival manages to lead at the finish, all the more glory to her.

In the Women's Swimming Association of New York the eyes of the embryo swimmer are greeted on entering the club with the motto of the organization — "Good Sportsmanship Is Greater Than Victory." From the time the beginner takes her first stroke until — if she is successful — she is a member of the racing team, she is constantly reminded of this slogan. Finally, when she is selected to compete in a championship, she is able to bear the responsibility, not only for herself, but also for the club she represents.

Once in a while, of course, a new competitor will enter a contest and be a poor loser — or even worse, a poor winner. But experience and a few hard knocks usually turn the novice into a good sportswoman. For a long time everyone has labored under the delusion that girls are bound to be bad sports — crying over defeat and gloating over victory. That belief is gradually dying out. With the advance that has taken place in women's athletics of every kind during the last few years, every girl will soon master one of the hardest of accomplishments — how to win or lose gracefully.

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JAZZ IS MUSIC

GEORGE ANTHEIL:

JAZZ is not a method of rhythmically distorting *any* music but a music capable of development into a serious art. It can be taken apart and reassembled symphonically and still remain jazz. The most common accusation against jazz is that it is not music but a method; and the jazzists themselves have unwittingly supported this statement, apparently trying to imply that their serious attempts have been the purest and highest of music. Their own peculiar method, they asserted, was *their* business and their choice. This method they explained and again explained.

But viewed without their explanations this music was immediately detected to be in the "parade-form" — that is, a stream of melodies which follow one another without meaning, top or bottom. Attempts at thematic development only tended to expose the complete ignorance of those who tried their hand at it, and musicians were forced into the view that if jazz were excused as only the method, then the music beneath it was nothing.

I must, therefore, from the beginning abandon the assertions from my own camp. I will state a new case. Is jazz really music instead of a series of melodic and harmonic thefts, ground into a modern dance rhythm? Let us examine the definition of music. A music, whether that of a race, a nation, or a great composer is composed of very highly individual elements of rhythm, harmony, and melody. A great composer differs from a great race only in that he adds another element — more extended development and in general a more sophisticated use of the original elements. In other words, a more organic and usually longer presentation is the serious composer's gift to his nation or race.

Let us first see whether jazz possesses the first three elements of this definition: rhythm, melody, and harmony.

I think that no one will question the fact that jazz has added a whole encyclopedia of rhythms individual only to itself. The two beats of "Charl! — ston!" is only one of these many examples. An interesting book indeed could be compiled of them, to say nothing of real melodic and harmonic developments that come from jazz itself and not from Debussy or Rimsky-Korsakoff.

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CATS AND MOUSE

Woodcut by Gerhard Marcks

JAZZ MAY BE CALLED AN INTENSIFICATION OF OBVIOUS RHYTHM THAT ADDS A THRILL TO THE OBVIOUS BY BREAKING IT INTO UNEXPECTED SEGMENTS OF TIME AND QUANTITY. SO THIS PRINT MAY BE SAID TO INTENSIFY THE OBVIOUS IDEA "CATS WITH MOUSE" BY AN ARBITRARY TREATMENT THAT ADDS TO THE MERE IDEA AN EYE-INTEREST IN CONTRASTED AND BROKEN RHYTHMS. THE DRAWING IS APPARENTLY BAD. THERE IS MORE THAN THE FAMILIAR AMOUNT OF ABSTRACTION. YET THE FORCE OF THE STORY IS ALMOST UNCANNY. NO USUAL TREATMENT COULD EXPRESS ANTICIPATION OF A COMING FEAST AS DO THESE EXAGGERATED LINES AND SPOTS.

—RALPH M. PEARSON

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Melodically it is inevitable that the oftentimes tawdry and stolen melodies, or melodies of any kind whatsoever (but, mind you, *melodies*, otherwise they would have no sales value) should develop very special kinks of their own. They could not have been forced to weave in and along these very individual new rhythms for all these years without doing so. Be these kinks only four notes in length, they are as inevitably associated with New York or San Francisco as a similar four-note fragment of Grieg's brings the fiords of Norway to mind. Beethoven organized his great symphonies upon just such fragments.

I must admit that lately jazz has slipped harmonically and become dangerous. Perhaps this danger can be removed through a thorough understanding of it. The whole-tone scale harmonies jowl-to-jowl with blue negroidian sevenths and ninths is an old and rather depressing story which has been adequately told in all of the French music of the last decade. For instance, when a certain American jazz work in a longer form came over to France and the young French composers — then infatuated with jazz — heard its middle section with its almost pure Debussy accents, they looked at one another in dismay. As a result, there is to-day literally not a young composer in France writing jazz.

But strip away the recent Debussy influence and one finds the true harmonic elements that have developed gradually from the earliest negro music to the present harmonies. This alone should interest us combined with those harmonies which are often obtained in contemporary jazz by startling rhythmic and melodic juxtapositions, which in themselves generate a new color instead of borrowing one.

Here you have your three elements. But is this music a music that will not be destroyed should one try to reorganize these elements into an edifice more lasting? Or, more simply, is it organically capable of producing a great composer?

When I was first asked, "Is jazz music?" I was tempted to reply "What is music?" I believe that these three words alone are a sufficient answer. However, the development of a great composer out of jazz is the only really clinching argument. But one thing is certain: if one attempts really to organize jazz and make a symphony out of its prime elements, it cannot help but be jazz — but it may also be a symphony. An idealization of any music should be attained by heightening all or any one of its original effects. That will be superjazz.

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The heel of Achilles! Point to Hungary, Spain, and Ireland, all of them countries like America with a supersophisticated folksong and folkdance. Throughout the centuries they have not succeeded in disentangling their rhythmic, melodic, and harmonic elements. They have never produced a composer of the first magnitude. On the contrary, countries with a lesser sophistication in their folksong, such as Germany, France, Italy, and Russia, have given us great composers.

It will take patience to tear apart the elements of jazz and stamp and reorganize them with one personality. A good healthy skepticism will do no harm. A real reception of jazz can only be paved with an understanding of the elements and difficulties to be encountered. If jazz is sophisticated and difficult to redistribute, ours is also a sophisticated and modern age; and our artists will throughout the centuries rise to comprehend the situation. Jazz belongs to America and if it is abandoned everywhere else on earth, still America cannot abandon it. She should not want to. Jazz is her way out to the future. But until jazz finds its way a little more clearly, let us not take it into the concert hall. A fair understanding of the situation will give sincere and daring effort a chance. But the patronizing by business men of cabaret music as though it were a symphonic concert cannot help but make one suspect that — inasmuch as they must patronize native effort — they are trying to make as bright a job of it as possible. The term "tired business man" seems even to apply to our musicians, who are glad even temporarily to run away from their daily grinding out of respectable music, whether it be from the conductor's desk, or the music-teacher's studio.

The concert hall has often been the scene of bitter and bloody conflict. But within the years this must attain a dignity that the mere serving out of a parade of clever and popular melodies in trick orchestral garb can never attain. Revolution is dignified, severe, and haughty. Do not fear it, but support it, if you want to clinch the final argument in favor of jazz — the only final and clinching argument — a composer.

Is jazz music? Sigmund Spaeth will answer George Antheil in the August FORUM.

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WHY WE GROW LIKE AN S

H. Munro Fox

THE subject of growth is a chapter in the physiology of animals and of man which in recent years has become intensely interesting. The reason is simple. We are now beginning to know more about the matter. There is an influx of new knowledge which not only lets us see more clearly the causes and the mechanism of growth, but holds out a certain promise that very soon we shall know much more still.

Previously the subject of the growth of animals was merely a descriptive science. The living animal was seen to begin its life as a microscopic germ. It was seen then to grow more and more quickly until it reached its highest rate of development. After that, growth slows down. The rate falls off more and more until finally it stops. The animal or the human being is now grown up. When this stage has been reached, there is a long stationary period with no further growth. This ends in senescence and final death.

What are the reasons for these successive stages? Why does growth start slowly, get quicker and quicker, then slow down and finally stop? No answer could have been given to this until quite lately. Why does senescence finally supervene? What does death mean? We shall see what answers modern biological science gives to these fundamental problems.

The facts of growth are most clearly visualized in the form of a diagram or curve. This is shown in the illustration on page 69. Time is marked along the horizontal line; size, whether length or weight, is inserted on the upright. To each successive date a certain size of the animal corresponds. In the diagram these corresponding sizes are marked by crosses. The diagram shown actually visualizes the first growth stages of the human being. The point at the bottom on the left, marked O, is the moment when the microscopic egg inside the body of the mother unites with the still more minute sperm from the father. It is seen that the curve which has been drawn through the crosses, each representing the size at a certain date, has the form of an S. This means that inside the mother's womb, growth of the young is at first slow, but as the curve slopes upward more and more steeply, growth becomes more and more rapid. The acceleration is seen to go on until the fifth month is reached. Here the S-shaped curve is

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steepest. Then the rate of growth falls off again. The curve gets less and less steep as it passes through the nine months at the end of which the child is born.

The diagram makes the nature of the early stages in growth quite clear. The curve, as we see, is S-shaped. Is this peculiar to the human embryo? By no means. It is a general law of nature. All animals show corresponding stages in their growth. The details alone differ. The ox, the sheep, and the pig pass through the whole of the S inside the mother's womb. The upright line marking the date of birth on the diagram is merely pushed over to the right. This means that these creatures are born at a later stage, more fully developed than the human being. The rat, the mouse, the rabbit have curves with the birth point at the same place on the slope as in man. The kangaroo, on the contrary, is born at a much earlier stage. The birth line in its diagram is shifted toward the left.

The S-shaped growth curve is found throughout nature. Seeds germinate slowly at first, then more and more quickly, and after that the rate of growth of the young plant falls off. The same is true of the multiplication of bacteria in a culture — slow

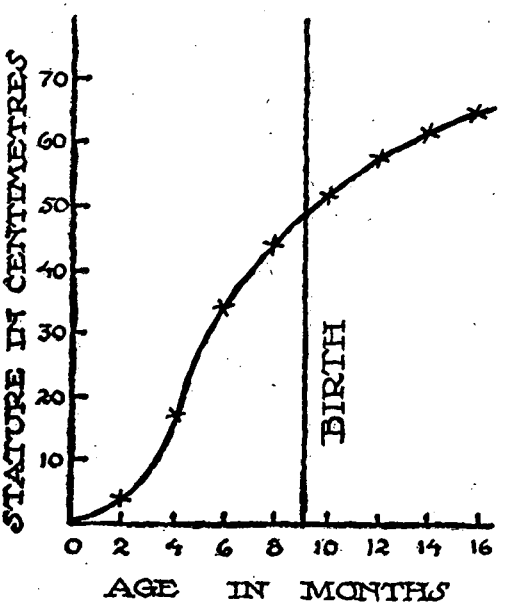

Diagram Showing Growth of Child Before and After Birth

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at first, then rapid, then slow again. A lizard when caught by the tail drops off this member and escapes. After the accident it proceeds to grow a new tail. The increase in size of this second edition has the same S-shaped growth curve.

This description leads us straight on to the big questions that modern research has attacked. What are the causes of the S-shape? Exactly why does growth proceed in this peculiar way — slow, fast, then slow again right down to a final stop?

One suggestion of the reasons comes from researches of the famous American statistical worker, Raymond Pearl *. This research work does not concern the growth of individual animals but of populations. We shall see, however, that there is a close connection between the two cases.

Let us start with Pearl's evidence from experiments. Flies are allowed to breed in a closed muslin cage, in which, of course, food is provided for them. In this cage they produce generation after generation. The members of each generation grow old and die while the young replace them and in turn live their lives. In the experiment every three days the number of flies living in the cage was counted. The results of these counts were entered in a diagram such as that used for the growth of the human embryo. Days were given along the horizontal line, numbers of flies found by the counts on the upright. When the crosses were united by a curve it was found to have the old familiar S-shape. This means that the fly population, sparse at first, increased in size more and more rapidly. A maximum rate of increase was attained and then, as the population became more and more dense and crowded, the rate of increase fell off. The excess of flies counted over the number found three days before became less and less each time, until finally the population was steady.

Do human populations behave in the same way? Does the history of a country also show an S-shaped population curve? This can be tested by making a diagram or curve showing the results of the census in different years. This was actually done and curved lines were found to result. But they are not S-shaped curves. For the United States in the period between 1800 and the present day, the curve — flat at first — gets steeper and steeper. In other words, the rate of increase of population gets faster and faster. For Serbia the curve is a straight line, sloping

* For a complete list of literature on the subject of Professor Fox's article, see Raymond Pearl, "The Growth of Populations," *Quarterly Review of Biology;* December, 1927; page 548.

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upward from 1860 until to-day. This means, of course, that the rate of increase is steady over that period of time. And for France, from the commencement of last century onward, the curve gets less and less steep. It is the opposite of the American curve. The rate of increase in the French population becomes less and less as time goes on.

Why are the curves for these three countries not S-shaped like the fly-population curve? Simply, Pearl explains, because we have not drawn them for a sufficiently long period of time. Reliable census figures did not exist before 1800. But the results before us are of extreme interest. For the curve for each country is just one bit of the S. The American curve, sloping more and more rapidly upward, as years go on, is simply the left-hand bottom part of the S. The Serbian straight line is the middle steep portion of the S. The French curve, with its progressively decreasing steepness is the top right-hand part of the S.

And what are the reasons why each country fits a certain part of the S? Simply this, that America is a young country, Serbia a middle-aged one, and France an old land. If we had the census figures for past centuries, the complete French curve would show the left and middle parts of the S, not only the top right corner. France is in the late stages of the fly-breeding experiment. The rate of increase in population is falling off. The States, on the contrary, are still in the early stages. In the future we shall look to a gradual slowing down of the rate of increase, passing finally through the complete S-cycle. And Serbia is in the middle of her run.

These facts are most curious, but what of their meaning? Pearl puts forward a theory to account for the facts. He supposes two things. First, that the rate of growth of the population — in other words, the increase in numbers each year — is proportional to the numbers already existing. The more that are present, the more will be produced. This, of course, is really a truism, for the more mothers, the more babies. Second, there is a contrary influence; for the rate of growth of the population must depend on the means of subsistence available. The bigger the population gets, the less food there is for each person. The first tendency will explain the initial stages of the S — the population increases unhindered, faster and faster. Lack of means of subsistence does not come into the question at first, for there is enough for everybody. But as the population becomes crowded, the second

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contrary tendency begins to tell. There is no longer enough for everyone, and the rate of increase slows down.

These two suppositions of Pearl's certainly explain the curve for the fly experiment. He assumes that they explain the human population curve too. May we go a long step further and suppose that the S-curves of animal and plant growth depend on similar causes? Instead of individuals, we should have to think of the innumerable microscopic cells of which living organisms are composed. Of course, growth in size ultimately means increase in the numbers of these cells. Can we say that the growth-curve of the individual is S-shaped because at first the cells multiply unhindered (the more there are, the more are produced), but that later on, as the body gets big, as the blood stream is more and more taxed to transport nourishment all over the system, there is not enough nourishment in the body for all the cells and, therefore, the rate of growth falls off?

The Chemistry of Growth

But there is quite a different way of approaching the problem. We may attack it from the chemical side. Obviously the more scientific weapons we can make use of, the more likely are we of coming to the truth.

The living body may be looked upon as a complex chemical laboratory. Chemical reactions are going on all the time side by side, each set of reactions influencing others. It is clear that the speed of growth must depend upon the speed of these chemical reactions which constitute life. But what determines the velocity with which a chemical change takes place? The rate of a chemical reaction depends upon several circumstances. In the first place, it is plain that the velocity is dependent upon the nature of the substances which are combining with one another. Some react rapidly, as in a gunpowder explosion; others extremely slowly, as in the formation of rust, when iron unites with oxygen from the air.

Secondly, the speed of a reaction depends upon the quantities of the substances present which can interact with one another. The more of the stuffs there is, the quicker is the combination. And as the two substances which are reacting are used up, the speed of the reaction slows down. We can realize the enormous importance of this conception in explaining growth. It may well be that as time goes on, the S-shaped growth curve gets flatter and

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flatter because less and less food reaches the organs of the body, so that there is less of the stuffs which can combine and cause growth. How it may come about that in reality the tissues get less and less food as time goes on, we shall see presently.

But to return to our simple chemical reaction and the factors which influence its rate. The first was the actual nature of the stuffs which are going to interact; the second, their quantity. The third influence is furnished by the external conditions. As an example of these, let us take temperature. The hotter, the quicker; the colder, the slower. So too, for animal growth — flies or fish grow more quickly in warm than in cold climates, just as plants do. The apparent exception to the rule is furnished by the so-called warm-blooded animals, which include man in their number; for growth is no more rapid in the tropics than in the north.

But the exception is apparent only. These animals should in reality not be called "warm-blooded" at all, but "constant-temperatured." They have a mechanism in their bodies for keeping the inner temperature even. The sun does not make us active by hastening up our chemical processes, nor does the cold make us dormant by slowing them down. A lizard or a bug acts so, but not ourselves. In passing, it must be mentioned that when measuring the growth of flies or other so-called "cold-blooded" creatures, which grow quicker in the heat, slower in the cold, we naturally make our scientific experiments all the time at the same temperature. Nevertheless, we find an S-shaped curve. Temperature changes, therefore, do not help our explanation.

This leads us on to a fourth factor which influences the speed of chemical processes. And this fourth factor is of immense importance in studying the growth of living organisms. It concerns what the chemist calls catalysts. Now, what is meant by a catalyst? Simply this: that frequently the mere trace of an extraneous substance immensely hastens up a chemical reaction. One clear example. Water is composed of hydrogen and oxygen. If these two gases are mixed together, their union is immensely slow. But if they are mixed in the presence of a very fine powder of platinum, the hydrogen and oxygen unite to form water. And they do this without the platinum's becoming altered at all. A second example, drawn from life. Sugar alone will not turn into alcohol with any appreciable speed. But traces of a catalyst which is present in the microscopic germ of yeast enable the sugar to split into alcohol and the gas, carbon dioxide.

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Here the subject becomes slightly more involved. Two chemical substances, when they come into each other's presence, may start to react together, but with extreme slowness. However, in some instances, one of the by-products of such a reaction may itself function as a catalyst. As it is formed, it will hasten up the originally slow reaction more and more. The chemist calls this by-product an autocatalyst, because it is produced in the reaction itself. A good and simple example is the change that takes place when ordinary cane sugar is treated with an acid. The cane sugar is split into grape sugar and fruit sugar. The splitting starts very slowly and then proceeds quicker and quicker. The reason is that in the course of the reaction, in addition to grape sugar and fruit sugar, traces of a by-product or autocatalyst are produced. This catalyst hastens up the whole process. The more of the by-product or autocatalyst is formed, the quicker the reaction gets.

Now all this explanation of autocatalysts brings us back to our discussion of the growth of animals and man. For the diagram or curve showing the course of an autocatalytic chemical reaction has an S-shape. As an example, take cane sugar again. The splitting into grape sugar and fruit sugar starts slowly at first, then gets quicker and quicker as more and more of the autocatalytic by-product is formed. But this acceleration does not continue indefinitely. After a time the speed of the splitting process falls off. It becomes slower and slower until finally it comes to a standstill. In other words, the curve has the form of an S.

What is the cause of the falling off in the velocity of the chemical reaction? Does the autocatalyst gradually fail? Not at all. As time goes on there is simply less and less of the original cane sugar left to be split. We have seen already that the speed of a chemical process depends, among other things, on the amount of the stuff present. Hence, as less and less is left, the splitting gets slower and slower.

How does this bear on growth? The great American biologist, Jacques Loeb, whose recent death was such a blow to science, was the first to point out that the S-shaped growth curves of living things look closely like the curve representing autocatalytic chemical reactions. He suggested at once that there is not only a resemblance but a causal connection between the two phenomena. Growth of an organism gets quicker and quicker at first because more and more of some mysterious autocatalyst is formed in the growth process. Growth becomes slower and slower in later stages

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because the chemicals in the body, whose interactions cause growth, are slowly used up.

What actually is the nature of the supposed autocatalyst in the animal was not explained. Nor exactly how and why the reacting substances which cause growth are exhausted. This was left to later research. The essential advance was to have pointed out the striking resemblance between the living and the chemical processes.

The Importance of Glands

The subject of the possible autocatalytic nature of growth was next taken up by the physiologist, Brailsford Robertson. This researcher worked for many years in the United States and is now a professor at Adelaide, Australia. He multiplied the examples of S-curves in growth of animals and went more deeply into the subject. Among other things he suggested what may perhaps be the seat of origin of the growth catalyst.

There is a small gland situated between the roof of the mouth and the brain. It is called the hypophysis or pituitary gland. It has long been known that when this gland is badly developed an animal does not grow. It remains infantile. On the contrary, when the hypophysis is overdeveloped, a giantlike condition results. The body is overgrown and the bones especially become abnormally massive. Robertson suggested that this pituitary gland forms a stuff which is actually the autocatalyst of growth. The pituitary is an example of what the anatomist calls a ductless gland. It is unlike the liver, for example. The liver is a gland having a duct or outlet along which bile flows into the intestine. The pituitary, on the other hand, has no duct. Its secretion simply leaks out into the blood. Once in the blood, it is ferried all around the body.

What evidence had Robertson for saying that the secretion of the pituitary gland is the autocatalyst of growth? He extracted the contents of the pituitary gland and innoculated it into large numbers of baby mice. As a result of this, the mice grew more quickly than ordinary mice. So perhaps the catalyst, which the S-shaped curve seems to demand, is secreted by the pituitary gland and is carried by the blood stream to all parts of the living body, there to hasten up the growth processes.

We will now leave the suggested explanation of the S-curve of growth by a supposed catalyst. James Gray, one of the leaders of

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the younger school of English biologists, looks on the matter from quite a different point of view. He has studied the growth of young fish. The trout was chosen, since it can readily be reared in captivity. When the growth of the young trout is represented in a diagram, in the way with which we are now familiar, a curve with two successive S-forms is obtained.

Inside the egg of the trout, there is yolk, just as there is in a chicken egg. The yolk is, of course, the food of the young fish. It is taken into the young fish as nourishment. The fish hatches out of its egg in an earlier stage of development than the chicken. It hatches out and begins to swim about with a bag of yolk still attached to its belly. Slowly this yolk is absorbed into the body of the growing fish until all of it disappears.

From the time when growth begins inside the egg until the moment when the yolk bag is finally emptied by the young fish, there is one S-curve of growth. At first slow, the rate of growth gets quicker and quicker, and then slows off again. But after the yolk has all been absorbed, the speed of growth quickens again. It increases up to a certain point and then slowly falls off once more. The fish is now fully grown and growth ceases. In the human being, too, there are two successive S-curves of growth. There are two rapid periods, one in the mother's womb, a second in later childhood.

Trout and Men

Why are there these two stages in growth, one after the other, each with its S-curve? Are we to suppose two different auto-catalytic processes? There is a simpler way of looking on the matter. Take the trout. We may reasonably suppose that in the first growth period of the fish there are two opposite tendencies. The first tendency works to increase and go on increasing the rate of growth. The second one tends gradually to decrease the speed. In the beginning the first tendency wins, then the second. The first factor is that the more living tissue there is in the young fish, the more rapidly does it grow. In other words, the more cells there are present in the body of the young, the more of them are produced, so that increase in size becomes quicker and quicker. But for this increase in size to go on, it is necessary for the building material to be supplied. This material is furnished by the yolk. But gradually the yolk becomes exhausted. In consequence, growth cannot go on increasing in speed. The rate falls off slowly.

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As the yolk is used up, the steepness of the curve flattens out.

Once the yolk is finished, the fish's mouth opens. It then begins to catch food and to seek food for itself. The retarding influence, or brake, of exhausted yolk is removed. Once more the rate of growth increases and the body gets bigger and bigger. The second S begins. But what influence slows down growth for a second time? There is no yolk to get used up now. There is no reason to suppose that the fish cannot catch enough food as it grows bigger in order to supply its wants for growth. No, it is apparently quite another factor which steps in to slow down growth the second time.

The growth of the fish depends ultimately upon the amount of digested food which can be taken into the body. That is to say, it depends upon the amount that can pass through the wall of the intestine into the blood. In the young fish the intestine is fully equal to its task of supplying sufficient nourishment. Enough digested food gets through the wall of the intestine into the blood, and so all over the body. But is this true, when the fish gets bigger? It is quite possible that as time progresses, the intestine is no longer big enough for its task. For the intestinal surface does not increase proportionately to the size of the whole body. Speaking mathematically, the body increases in three dimensions as it grows, the intestinal surface in two dimensions only. Here then is a plausible reason why the second growth cycle slows down again. The fish — or the human being for that matter — may eat all it can get, yet it cannot take up sufficient digested food into its blood, simply because the area of the intestine wall is insufficient.

Remark now the contrast between the autocatalytic theory, to explain the S-curve of growth, and this last theory. The former supposes some unknown catalyst; the latter deals only with known facts. Which theory will prove correct? Only further research can decide. As with all scientific theories, however, both are valuable inasmuch as they stimulate more research work which will bring us in the end nearer to the truth.

Next month, a concluding article on growth by H. Munro Fox on "The Dangers of Being a Boy."

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EPITAPHS FOR LIVING LIONS

INSCRIPTIONS BY
JERRY CRUNCHER
BAS-RELIEFS BY JOHAN BULL

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

Here lies the witty G. B. S.
That had no peer for cleverness:
He cuffed, he chuckled, and he jeered;
He was reviled, he was revered —
But he was Shelley in a beard.

ELINOR WYLIE

Here lies the lovely Elinor
With many who have gone before:
In jeweled rigor she was rich;
Her words were hard bright stones with which
She paved herself a chilly niche.

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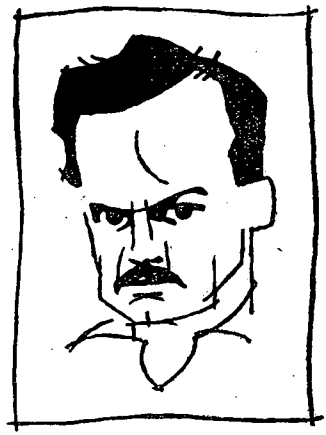
EUGENE O'NEILL



Here lies a playwright in the realms
Of dark Desire under the Elms:
Like Emp'ror Jones he couldn't escape
The hug of Death the Hairy Ape.
Anna Christie tied the crêpe.

THEODORE DREISER

Here lies, my love, no other than
The novel's grim Leviathan:
A strenuous stomach for exact
Detail and for the sordid fact;
But humor's salt and fancy lacked.

CARL SANDBURG

Here lies the bard who could digest
Savory slabs of the sunburnt West —
Down-and-outers, hogs a few,
Gyps and ladies known as Lou —
He bit off more than he could chew.

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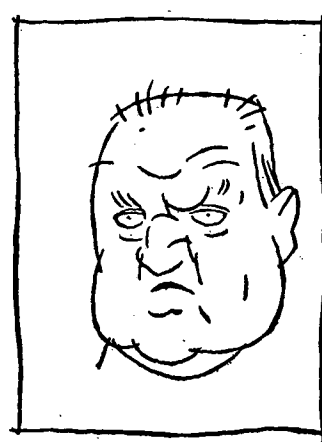
The Van Doren Boys

Here lie the two Van Dorens, Mark
And Carl, accustomed to the dark:
One helped a Nation to rebuild,
The other had his leisure killed.
All that glitters is not Guild.

Fannie Hurst

Here lies Fannie who was cursed
With writing too much Fannie Hurst:
Hysteria and claptrap vied
With vigor and artistic pride.
She hugged her prizes — and she died.

Hilaire Belloc



Here lies one who hated Jews,
Hated Gentiles, took a cruise,
Hated you and hated me.
Home is the hater, home from sea —
Here he lies where he ought to be.

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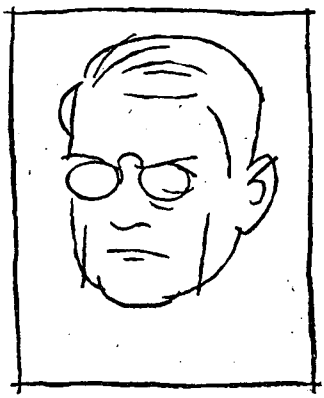
JAMES BRANCH CABELL

Here lies the author of Jurgen, a
Yearling by France out of Rabelais;
He had high beauty at his beck,
But he hid his light in a precious peck—
He gave me a pain in Grandfather's
Neck.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

Here lies the Bædeker of books,
The guest conductor, *tour de luxe:*
No book so bad, but he would cheer;
Now he exclaims, though none may
hear,
"Ah, this is As I Like It, dear!"



JOHN ERSKINE

Here lies one whose name is writ
In wind, in water, and in wit;
Who told the world how to enjoy
A private life with Helen of Troy
Or Galahad, the naughty boy.

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THE JUNIOR COLLEGE

MARION COATS

Forum Education Series — VII

THE past twenty-five years have witnessed the unprecedented growth of American colleges. The same years have seen no appreciable increase in the numbers of able men, although shrewd observers point to an increased taste for high-priced cars and raccoon coats. Colleges raise their standards, but the higher hurdle only makes the campus grass look greener to the stampeding herd. "You can't make Romans of barbarians," say the educators, "but what can we do?" The accompanying article contains an answer.

WHEN we, the American populace, give ourselves to a cause, a movement, or a recreation — whether it be Mah Jong or crossword puzzles or Ask Me Another — we do so with a wholehearted devotion which lends color to the accusation that whatever we do, we do it to excess. Accordingly, having considered the idea of the junior college and found it good, it is not surprising that we proceed to found junior colleges at the rate of several a year, nor that we are considering a revision of our entire educational programme to feature this new development. In view of this rapid growth and attendant complexity, there have appeared a great number of publications on the subject, dealing with nearly as many different aspects of the junior college as there are books and articles about it. It is evident that we cannot hope to exhaust in the scope of this brief paper all that has not yet been said; and to select a single phase of the junior college movement and write of that only is misleading, since the species are almost as various as the individual instances. What we must do, then, is to discover in all this confused and kaleidoscopic byplay the dominant idea, the node with reference to which it may be appraised.

The junior college is, as yet, in that interesting stage where there is nothing standardized about it — not even its name. It may consist of two or three years of senior high school work, as well as two or three years of college work. It may, or may not, grant an Associate of Arts degree. Wide latitude is given its curriculum, ranging from the usual college freshman and sophomore courses to include vocational subjects of broad compass. The term has become generic, like church or education, covering a multitude of experiments on the border line between so-called "secondary" and "higher" education. But in its special connota-

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tion it registers a revolt against colleges of classic tradition and all their ways. It records the fact that new goals must be recognized in higher education, and that, of the old goals, a fragment at least has been lost, utterly effaced by the pressure incident to the attempt at mass education on the college level. It is as a critique of the kind of college education which prevails to-day that we are about to consider the possible contribution of the junior college.

A recent article laments the growth of junior colleges on the ground that this growth places the cultural college course in jeopardy. The author — Professor George Herbert Palmer of Harvard, who, as Professor Emeritus, is no longer active in administrative work — seems not to realize that the cultural course has already been eradicated, painlessly and by insensible degrees, from the major colleges and is destined to be lost to mankind unless a vehicle for its perpetuation can be devised. The cultivated person of yesterday would find it extremely difficult to gain admission into the colleges of to-day. The colleges have already turned into research and professional schools, helped on by the competitive system fostered by college entrance examinations. The "amateur scholar" is about as welcome in the modern college as is the amateur actor on the professional stage.

The Standardized College

The cultural value of the college course to-day is frequently asserted; and indeed, any thorough-going piece of work has its cultural value. But in distinction to the time when to be college bred was to be a gentleman, culture is now become a by-product, and not a wholly reputable one. In view of the lax social control, the enthusiasm for spectacles, and the inordinate pace characteristic of the life, the claim of the colleges to be instruments of culture must be regarded as a smoke screen for what actually happens within the college walls. President Comstock of Radcliffe recently remarked: "My chief criticism of the course in Liberal Arts at present is that quite unconsciously it is too vocational — it has in view in so many instances the preparation of teachers of the various subjects, and the danger seems to me to be the more serious because it is so little recognized."

This situation is not the fault of the colleges; indeed they are chief to deplore it. Crowds of applicants force a selective process on them which is uniform in its validity and in its effect. From

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time immemorial the production, not of amateurs, but of actual scholars has been the business of the college, and this selective process is calculated to pick out with unerring accuracy those students who are college fodder. There will always be a place in our civilization for this kind of education. True, we use the term "scholar" rarely in these days. We speak of "the research worker," of the "authority" in a given field; but we have in mind the time-honored product of just such colleges as are ours to-day.

Occasionally, however, there slips into the college maw an individual on whom the whole system falls down — one who lacks the genius for research; and there results, not an amateur scholar, but a pedant. He has all the mannerisms and methods of the true student, but his results are unimportant. No student should enter the major colleges who does not have scholarship in mind. Examinations will not keep out all who are destined to be misfits in college. Sometimes the brilliant student, whose examinations lend honor to his preparatory school, is the last person for whom the classic college is suited. Many of the most brilliant are rudderless and pursue their erratic way through three or four years to become devastating to their colleges and themselves.

A college education to-day, for a person without special scholarly aptitudes, results in the dulling of native powers of appreciation even while failing to develop research technique. In a special sense, if we know all there is to know about the flower in the crannied wall, and the chambered nautilus, and the physical and chemical composition of a sunset, we undoubtedly find more enjoyment in the perusal of subsequent examples of them; we are better able to appreciate the masterly workmanship they evidence. But the average college misfit fails to qualify in this category as well as in scholastic achievement, even when aptitude tests have indicated high ability.

As a matter of fact, scholarship is as much an art as painting or music. It requires special qualities of genius. It is as though the object of the college were to teach every highly intelligent pupil to paint or to play the piano, regardless of the natural genius — or lack of it — in the pupil. True, the more intelligent, the better the results, even without genius. But the output would consist of a number of highly trained senior laborers in the field of art or music, whose work lacked the authentic stamp of talent. Such, more frequently than not, is the fate of a college graduate — trained in a technique, capable of going through the motions, able

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to produce a creditable piece of writing, but just lacking the imagination and the initiative necessary for independent and valuable work beyond the college doors.

Our diatribe against the modern college is then: first, that the amateur scholar has been crowded out; second, that the selective process now employed does not guarantee the quality of the entering student; third, that as a result, many who enter find college a positive detriment and obstacle to ultimate success.

In view of all these facts, certain writers — notably President Pritchard, a Trustee of the Carnegie Foundation — have concluded that the number of those attempting to go to college to secure some sort of liberal and cultural education is too great; that it is not economically sound to try to provide higher education for so many. The conclusion offered by the junior college movement is rather that there is no longer *one* college type and that while one brand of college education recognizing one special goal is not adapted to the needs of all would-be-educated youth, nevertheless other kinds of higher education worthy to be called collegiate, but recognizing different goals, ought to be provided to meet the requirements of the heterogeneous group coming from preparatory schools to besiege the college doors.

Why Youth Goes to College

It is well to consider what the vast majority of these students want, granted — as we certainly may grant — that it is really not college as it is to-day, but only certain aspects of college plus certain new phases developing from the peculiarities of the present age. These wants are five or more in number:

(1) to go on learning beyond the secondary school;
(2) to do this in a congenial atmosphere;
(3) to acquire prestige in so doing;
(4) to be surrounded with interesting people;
(5) to have freedom to live their lives under conditions which they themselves can control.

Previously, the four-year college offered the only milieu in which these specifications could be met. The fact that in addition to these elements there were disagreeable adjuncts in the form of prerequisites to desired courses, point systems, inglorious routine drill, was glossed over by family, aspiring schools, and ambitious friends. In consequence, when the novelty and interest of "col-

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lege life" and "college atmosphere" had worn off, the student, bored to extinction by the residuum, desired to be off to new adventures. The junior college recognizes that the wants enumerated above are concomitant to the age of youth, that they are sophomoric and ephemeral, to be replaced later by more substantial and abiding interests. For this reason, the junior college designates an earlier stopping place, shortening the span within which the student's attention is to be held, making use of the characteristic interests of the age to keep him at work, face forward, while attempting to design a background for his life work and to fix upon aptitudes the training of which promise security for the future.

This exploratory and guiding function of the junior college is among its most important offices. It should offer a conduit for all students not plainly marked with high scholastic aptitude and scholarly bent, diverting from the main channel all who are likely to obstruct the passage or overflow the banks farther along. In the sorting of material, the discovery of new selective processes adjusted to various goals, and the guidance of youth into proper channels of endeavor, the junior college can render significant service to the established colleges.

There is still another service which the junior college can perform for the major college as speedily as the latter permits. The economic situation within the four-year college is not a sound one. For the most part, the number of students in the two lower years is considerably larger than that in the two upper years. As a result, it is necessary to have large sections — and several of them — of freshman and sophomore classes in order to care for the numbers registered in them, whereas the junior and senior work is often given in classes for as few as five or six. To even up the registration in the four college years would bring about a considerable reduction in number of classes, an economy to the college, and an increase of efficiency which would come both from smaller sections and more individual attention in the early years, and from larger units and hence greater social value in the upper classes.

At present, the question of how to fill up the upper years, in case the lower were further restricted in numbers, is unanswerable. But the junior college may offer a solution. The fact is, there are certain students well qualified by nature and by taste for the kind of work characteristic of the major college, but who are slow

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to mature or unfortunate in preparation. Hence, they fail in the competition for admission. Special methods of treatment are now being devised — special training in tool subjects, in the technique of application, even in the simple art of reading — which, if given to such students individually or in very small groups, will increase their power to the point where these students may equal or excel those who previously surpassed them. It is the function of junior colleges to salvage such material as this with a view to improving the quality in the upper college years, making it possible to eliminate those for whom the first two years have proved fruitless, and substituting this other group grown profitable through junior college training.

Certain college authorities have claimed that the title, "Junior College," is a misnomer in that the work done is not collegiate in character. They allege that the methods used are secondary and that the supply of faculty suited to collegiate work is exhausted by the major colleges — that, in point of fact, the supply of faculty does not equal the demand of the standard college even now — and that the junior institutions must content themselves with teachers who are secondary in ability and training to the consequent detriment of the grade of work done.

To determine whether an institution is collegiate — in fact, to determine which of two given institutions is the best exemplar of "higher" education — is so difficult that the accepted accrediting agencies are under perpetual fire of criticism for their decisions in debated cases. Standards have been drawn up to which institutions which wish to be classed as collegiate must conform. The criteria are, mainly: the nature of the subject matter of courses offered, methods of instruction, the calibre of the faculty, the character of the equipment, the size of the available income. But in the last analysis, the claims of any institution must be granted or denied on the basis of the success or failure of its graduates.

Indeed, the outstanding trait of the junior college is that it does employ the methods of higher education, that it even carries them down into the secondary school stage. Greater academic freedom is given individuals. Reference work is substituted for the study of school texts. The student is taken beyond the fact and into the realm of the underlying philosophy of the subjects studied. Small sections and good teaching make this possible. For, to speak accurately, the assumption that all high-grade

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teachers are already within the college walls and satisfied to remain there is unwarranted. Many eminent college teachers are out of conceit with college technique and welcome the opportunity for experiment and research in a field where the trails are not so well defined. For few are wholly satisfied that what is now offered freshmen and sophomores in college is the best possible education for students of eighteen and nineteen. There is no God-given college course.

The Hurdle System of Education

To be sure, there are fairly well standardized ways of attaining the goals set as collegiate. From the cradle to the grave, from the kindergarten to the conferring of a doctor's degree, each step in education is planned, not with respect to the need of the human being at that particular stage in his career, but with reference to what the next higher stage has set as prerequisite. Education which is crowned as truly academic is a straight and narrow path. On leaving kindergarten, all children are expected to have learned what is considered by the elementary school as basic. The high schools require the student to arrive stocked with certain information in English, geography, and mathematics. The colleges define fifteen units of a certain grade of work which they will accept for entrance. Graduate schools make the way of the student who has departed from canonical paths very difficult. At every stage the pattern is determined in advance.

If from necessity or preference the student stops short of the attainment of the very ultimate goal, he has possessed himself of a fragment which, at best, is incomplete. At no point have the authorities paused to find out what he should have had by way of training if that point marked the culmination of his formal education. With a view always to the future, present opportunities for growth are overlooked. The most striking illustration of such failure is in what happens to high school students who undergo the drill in preparation for college examinations. The process is very like putting blinders on a horse, and it is small wonder that the teachers of college freshmen complain of lack of initiative and intellectual curiosity in their students. If they are to be "prepared" for college in a reasonable length of time, their natural curiosity has to be restricted to what is pertinent; it has to be trained not to wander far afield from the intensive but narrow prescriptions. A negative adaptation, ignoring distracting

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interests, has to be set up. Small wonder — given the reënforcement of a strong desire to pass examinations — that this process stultifies all the natural expansive tendencies so plentiful in early adolescence!

In the elementary field certain progressive schools have broken loose from the chain gang and have made studies calculated to show what pupils need and are qualified to get at successive levels. Some of the more heroic schools have carried this work up into high school; but not having a next possible step other than the "approved" college, they then resort to the old routine methods and contents in order to assure an academic future to their students. What is needed are colleges which will accept students just as they are when progressive high schools have finished with them — colleges which will recognize other excellence than that embodied in high grades in examinations. There is a broad field here for junior colleges. The diversity of their goals makes them more willing than the standard college to experiment and discover the kind of training best suited to the student.

Molding the College to the Student

Let junior colleges accept the product of progressive schools, or the exceptional person who cannot fall in line in the conformist schools. Let them be prepared to build on any foundation they find in each student the superstructure which best accords with that foundation. They will then be "finishing" colleges in the finest sense of the word. They will be complete in themselves, and whatever the student does will be an end in itself — not merely an introduction to something else. Subjects studied take on new values in this light.

There is apprehension expressed in certain quarters lest the junior college be merely a new edition of the old finishing school. Certainly it has many of the assets of that educational form. It gives a liberal education, shortened in time, so that it is feasible even for those who needs must secure training for vocations. It differs from the finishing school, however, in the very feature whereby the latter was discredited. The finishing school held as its premise that there is an ideal human being — a pattern of what all humans should be like — and that there is a single educational process whereby all students should be reshaped to conform to that ideal. The result, as everyone knows, was gilt applied to pine, mahogany, or oak, regardless. Truly, the standard

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college of the present day shares that objectionable feature with the finishing school far more than does the junior college.

The modern notion of a cultivated person, exemplified in the practice of the junior college, is radically different. Machine-made human products are as abhorrent to this generation as ready-made garments. Good taste requires clothing made for the individual. Sound education likewise is made for the individual, differentiating him as far as possible from every other individual, shaping him according to the peculiar capacities within him. This differentiation certainly does not occur in the early years of the usual college.

The most dire prediction for the junior college is that present efforts to absorb it in the "system" may become successful. There is talk of a 6–4–4 plan (6 elementary grades, 4 of junior high, 4 of junior college) followed by a unit composed of senior college years and the university. We trust that such standardization is far distant. The great value of the junior college at present comes from its freedom from the compulsion and the rigidity of a system. It has the right to experiment irrespective of approved processes of education. In any new investigation, it is the period preceding crystalization which is the most promising.

There is never a school principal, nor a teacher who cares about boys and girls rather than students, but has been baffled by the question: "What shall I do with my life?" asked by a youngster. Those who so ask are not the stupid ones, but usually those whose growing-up years have been so filled with the *joie de vivre*, the sheer excitement of finding human contacts, that life seethes with interests none of which has a chance to become dominant. Far less often than is generally believed do adolescents have well-defined tastes and determined occupations in view. Hence the 'teens are characterized by the lack of a motivating factor. Not knowing surely what they want to do, boys and girls are reluctant to commit themselves, and the education which forces them into too early decisions is likely to be mistaken.

The glory of the junior college is that it offers boundless opportunity for exploration, both in the variety of institutions embraced by it and in the latitude given within each. Those wise in the guidance of youth are turning to the junior college as a next step educationally for all save students marked from the beginning with the scholar's seal.

Next month, "Companionate Education," by Dr. Joseph Jastrow.

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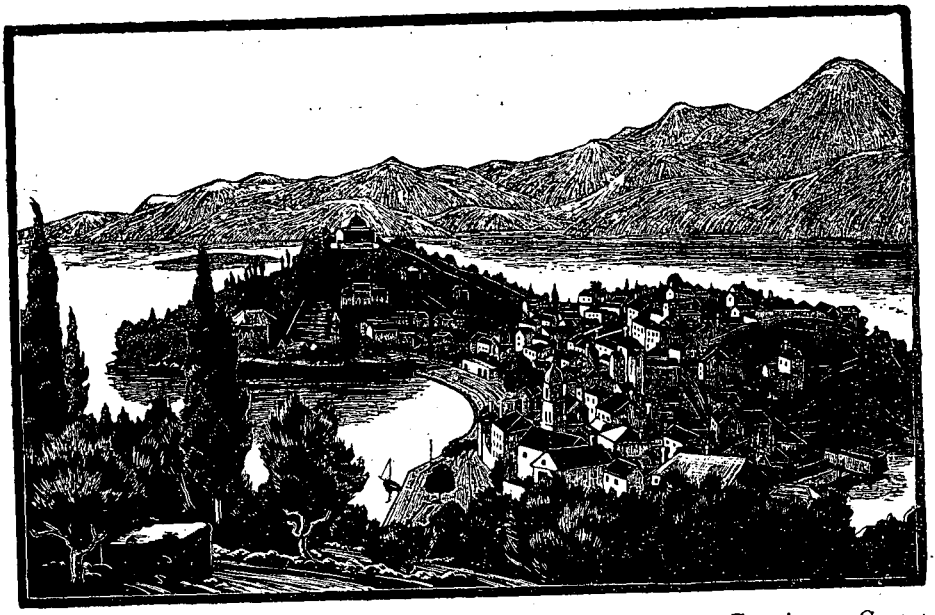

Evening at Cavtat

JUGOSLAVIA

CLARE LEIGHTON

Woodcuts by the Author

THE real life of any country is that which guide books seem utterly unaware of — one which is, perhaps, most effectively reached through the open-sesame of a sketch book. Sibenik was the first town in Jugoslavia which I reached. After the Italian civilization of Zara, with its Venetian streets and churches and its Italian-speaking people, Sibenik seems wild. It was the more bewildering because Serbian was not only spoken but was everywhere written in the Cyrillic alphabet which so few of us can read. Very soon, however, none of this mattered; immediately the people discovered that I wanted to make sketches of them, they took me into their confidence. And now, through my mind there runs the rhythmic memory of little sunlit seaports and uncounted soft islands like large, closed-winged butterflies, seemingly afloat on the deep blue of the Adriatic. Sun-silvered olive trees shimmer on rocky hills. Everywhere one finds harmony — in the regular strokes of the

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long-oared fishing boats with their orange sails, in the swinging walk of the white-costumed women of the Konavle Valley, in the wild songs that are sung at eventide as the women spin and the men lay their nets.

Sibenik is a world of orange-capped, rough men with braided coats flung over their shoulders, and wide-cheek-boned women in shaggy woven dresses and fringed aprons. It is at noonday that these little Jugoslav towns are most entirely themselves, with the bright colors of the costumes and the wares in the market stalls, and the shouts of the vendors. At midday life centres round the quays where little boats are filled with these bright-hued folk, who fade away into the desolation of the miniature islands in the Adriatic. From noon until evening the villages are deserted; the sun beats down on the white streets and quays, and except for the boats rocking on the water, nothing moves. But when evening comes, the towns waken to the music of the village bands. Gaily lighted cafés appear from nowhere, the girls court and are courted on the quays, and the little boats — silver-gray on the ink-black water — dance to the music.

About the larger towns there is a strange feeling of theatricality. The backgrounds of houses and markets and village squares look like painted back drops. I sat at dinner at Split with a stage setting of painted houses and oleanders. It was the same at Sibenik and Dubrovnik. I had to touch the stone-slabbed roofs and Turkish shops at Mostar to see that they were real. They looked like the scenery for the Russian Ballet. There is the same lack of twentieth-century reality about the native costumes. I have not been far inland to see the even more elaborate dresses of Macedonia or Bosnia, but in Dalmatia and Herzegovina I have seen costumes that make one gasp, they have such beauty. On Sundays and feast days the glories of the native dress are doubled. The gowns of the Konavle women glow, their earrings and silver filigree buttons shine, and the coats of the people of Herzegovina are backgrounds of arabesques in gold thread. One day I turned into a rocky lane near Trebinje and came upon a *festa* — a living kaleidoscope of crimson, bright blue, orange, gold, and black.

Jugoslavia is a land of *festas*. The old paganism, with all its ritual, still lives in the castle villages near Split. *Festas* are held in the hills; whole sheep are roasted, wine flows freely, and the people sing and dance. Interwoven with their love of pageantry

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Loading the Ponies, Cavtat

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is a fierce, childish belief in all superstitions. The wildest tale is given credence.

One of the happiest days I spent in Jugoslavia was the day I discovered Marin Studin — one of the foremost Jugoslav sculptors of the rising generation. He is the pure peasant type, born of the people, son of the soil. In this lies his strength and it is this that makes one feel the richer for having come in contact with him. I was taken to see his old peasant mother in his village of Kastel — a hamlet of crumbling stone houses, spinning women, and sun-splashed white oxen. From the age-worn stone steps in the living room one could almost touch the hay in a loft opposite, and on the thatched crossbeams over the alleyway a dozen hens sat in a row in the sun. Life was delightfully simple, the diet chiefly one of figs and home-made wine.

We went to the village church to see Studin's wooden saints — his gifts to the little town he loved so dearly. Two or three old spinning women called out blessings on him as we passed. His carved wooden saints, it was said, had worked miracles. We later visited his workshop. Under the window flapped the waves of the Adriatic. His studio had logs of trees lying about, waiting, as in an inverted mythology, to be changed into goddesses, Madonnas, and saints.

Other experiences jostle in my memory — acts of graciousness toward me, examples of unbounded generosity. I could never sit down to make a sketch of a farm but the farmer or his wife appeared with handfuls of figs or great bunches of grapes. Late one evening I sat by the roadside drawing a bridge. There appeared, as if from nowhere, a white-clad peasant woman and offered me the most perfect bunch of grapes from her basket. She stroked my hair, patted my hand, and disappeared. I later wondered if I had only imagined her. Everywhere the people were gracious. They would place a wine cart in position for me, or show me a beautiful flower they felt certain I should draw.

Train travel in Jugoslavia is vastly amusing. I recall going up to Sinj to see the eight-hundred-year-old tilting festival of the Alka. The small toy train was packed; people clung to it as flies to flypaper. The midday sun blazed relentlessly on us and the cinders from the engine fell like black hail. I put up my sunshade against it all, to the boisterous amusement of that train load. At each station the people swarmed out to drink water. The scores who had no seats tore down stones from the walls of the villages

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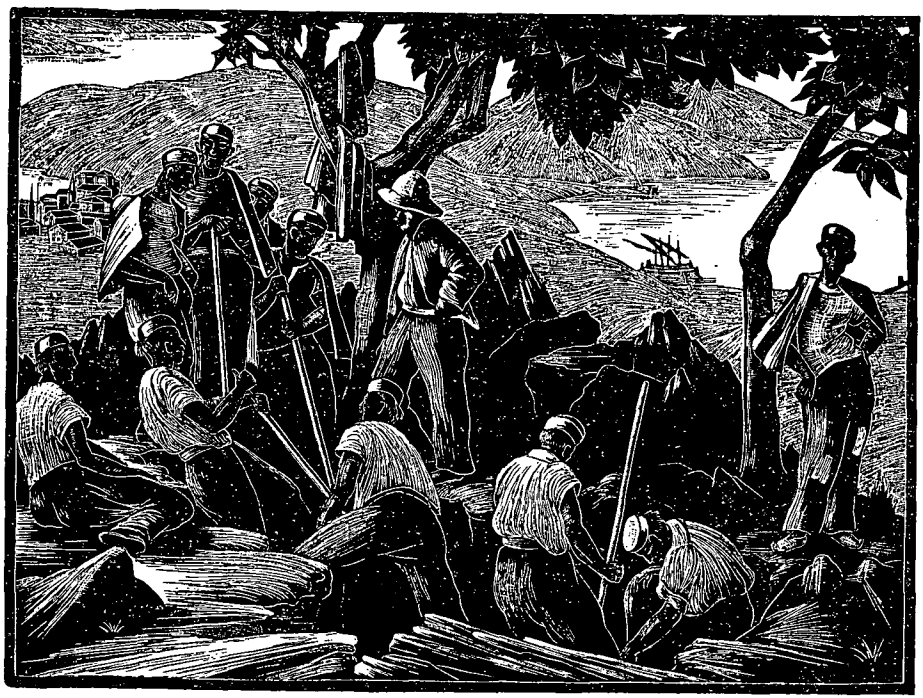
where we stopped to make "chairs" for themselves in the luggage van. Soon we took a new interest in life — there were figs to buy, and grapes, and melons. But I had only two hands, and what was to be done when one was needed for my sunshade and the other to steady myself? My fruit waited for me in my lap. And then a delightful thing happened: the little peasant woman sitting next to me firmly held my arm and took hold of my sunshade that I might eat in comfort. There were tunnels to pass through — long lanes of sulphurous blackness that made one choke. But we could shout to people in the next carriage in bad German or Italian, the peasants sang, and we were going to the Alka.

Then there were ten hours to Mostar, in a third-class carriage. Again the people got out at each halt to drink, and again they ate and sang until night came and their heads began to droop. But there was great excitement. It seemed that the head of the Serbian Church was traveling in our train. Well into the night the little wayside stations were crowded with singing, cheering people, waiting for his blessing. What they sang seemed to be the



Sibenik Workmen

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rattling tune of our once popular song: "We All Go the Same Way Home." I have since heard that it is the Croatian National Anthem.

The Golden Age is still reflected in the sailing ships on the Adriatic. Everywhere are patched, orange-sailed ships, moving proudly. Romance lies in the hovering darkness. At Split — "the town of the dancing markets" — the market is held in little boats. The rudders of the ships are removed and placed horizontally, connecting the stern of the boat with the quay. On these old wooden rudder stalls are spread oranges, vegetables, pots and pans, swaying gently as the water sucks at the boats. Under awnings lie sun-bronzed men, naked to the waist, keeping guard like sleeping dragons over piles of green melons or oranges.

Leaving Jugoslavia, I realized that I had been in a world of true values. "Cloppety-clop" went the old white horse as we drove to the station in our rickety little cart. The moon silvered the Adriatic behind me and the fantastic dark shapes of olive trees flung their shadows across the white road. We passed a group of peasants sitting around a smoky fire, preparing for a night on the mountain side. They were singing a song as weird as the waving shadows of the olive trees. A sense of great peace came over me: I had felt the great friendliness of the Dalmatian mountains.

Cavtat

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THRILLS, COMMON AND UNCOMMON

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

IDEALS change, like everything else. Time was when we aspired to wealth, to glory, to undying fame. Every man thought himself entitled to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Now we devote ourselves to the pursuit of thrills. The critic coldly turns from book or picture, dismissing the unworthy effort with — "It gives me no thrill," or warmly admires another production because it does. Children have the advantage of us in this sensation, as the fresh field of inexperience makes each new impression thrilling. The younger they are, the more easily thrilled — "pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."

The child, of course, enjoys what thrills him and repeats the indulgence until to his dull disappointment it no longer produces the desired effect. He is no philosopher. He does not in the least understand the mechanism of the nervous system carrying the sensation he seeks. Being a child, he has no background of previous experience to learn from, much less the historic background wherein he might observe his innumerable ancestors making fools of themselves all along the ages in endless repetition of the same childish behavior.

Perhaps our present renewed eagerness for thrills is due to the marvelous peculiarity of to-day — youth. Never before, apparently, have we been blessed with that great gift. Says this newcomer to those before him, or her, "I am the most important person in the world." The previous incumbent, studying the claim, replies: "Ah, I see. You have discovered youth and invented sex; you are indeed important." In later years, when we have got over this attack of youth, perhaps poets will be writing historic verse, humorous verse, about the early twentieth century, "When We Were Very Young."

When dealers in candy employ new assistants, the custom is to urge them to eat all they wish. They do. Quite a thrill at first to have a whole shopful of sweetmeats to choose from. So they help themselves, they eat, they stuff, and alas! the thrill turns to indifference and then to aversion. Perhaps there may have been some sugar philosopher who had sense enough to limit his indulgence and keep his enjoyment; but we do not hear of him.

In a sense the thrill-seekers are entirely right. The process of

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living consists in receiving and transmitting force through our vitally sensitive machine. If the force pours smoothly, it is a keen pleasure to feel it. We may see this in the whole-souled rapture of the devoted dog when taken to walk; he has no "inhibitions," he is a bounding stream of delight. So again with children. When it is Christmas time, or a circus to visit, or any lively game, they "let themselves go" in full enjoyment.

With older people one finds infrequently this capacity for submitting to the current, whether it is intake or output. Yet in some lines they retain it, and are notably anxious to find new ones. The child's gusto in eating is soon modified by time, remains a satisfaction indeed, but does not yield the same "thrill." The man, wishing to repeat it, tries variety, tries expense, tries the overeating of the gourmand and the delicate tastes of the gourmet. Yet it is to be doubted if either Epicurus or Heliogabalus had the pleasure in food of any healthy schoolboy. A normal appetite and limited experience seem the requisites for a continuing thrill.

We have to eat as long as we live; it remains a necessity as well as a pleasure in extreme age. Would it not appear a simple use of the reasoning faculties to take measures to preserve the pleasure as well as submit to the necessity? But when we have the means for indulgence, we behave exactly like the young "salespersons" in the candy shop, and squander a lifetime's enjoyment in a few years at most.

Food furnishes the commonest thrill of all, shared by us and the other animals. Then, also common, comes the thrill of sex. This is certainly no novelty. It goes back, back, to the conjugating paramecia (which, by the way, do not conjugate when given more to eat); back to "the small starving male cell seeking the large rich female cell" in the initial union.

The interest and delight with which this process has been rediscovered by our young people, and harped on by certain philosophies entirely preoccupied with the subject, is one of the salient features of our age. When one says "our age" nowadays, one means a decade or so. Youth naturally has not a long memory, and, if not studious, has no race-memory at all. A little girl of my acquaintance gazed long and eagerly at a horse-drawn lawn mower at work, and remarked sadly to her aunt, "I wish I had lived in the age of horses." A horse to her was like a pterodactyl, apparently — a prehistoric monster of intriguing possibilities.

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But assuredly for the last decade or two the search for thrills has opened up as an undiscovered country this extremely ancient field of sex. There is no doubt that it is thrilling. Among certain insects the instinct is so powerful that the unhappy male fulfills its demand though he is eaten alive in the process. Again, in one stage of insect life, it is not only the chief but the only occupation of one sex — he has no mouth, poor dear; he can but "love" and die.

The whole subject is open to the student, in all its forms, low and high, from botany up. It is certainly no secret. What, then, is all this new excitement about it in "our age"? As a philosophic base we have the theory that sex is, so to speak, the whole show. If we do accomplish a few things in manufacture, architecture, discovery, invention, and so on, these are but deviations from our main business, attained by "sublimating sex." I have quoted before now what I once heard stated by a very conspicuous clergyman of New York: "Sex, and the stomach — these are the bases of all our activities."

On this theory we may imagine Columbus as actuated by a desire for sweet potatoes, or for a Caribbean bride. We may wonder which appetite made Bruno dare the stake, or Herschel subordinate music for astronomy. Doubtless these consistent protagonists of the one motive would suggest that Lindbergh had "a date" in Paris.

They are consistent. No Calvinist ever carried his theology to more relentless conclusions than they carry their sexology. Not satisfied with attributing to this one desire all the acts of living men — who sometimes rudely contradict them — they dig up dead men who cannot answer, and reëmbalm them in their books in this sticky gum of all-enclosing sex.

These modern theories are nothing if not retroactive. Not only history and biography, but fiction must be reinterpreted in the light of this lurid lantern. But they let biology alone. Biology is too much for them. It shows, to be sure, some creatures who seem to have no business beyond reproduction, some so far gone in this particular thrill that — like two amorous scorpions — they bask in the mere preliminaries, in mutual contemplation, for hours and hours. But then these poor specimens of arrested development have no other thrills. We have.

After all, getting fed and getting reproduced do not fill a lifetime — a human lifetime. And even if, as with the ancient

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Romans, food is regurgitated in order to repeat the pleasure of eating; or if, with later methods, we carefully detach any possibility of reproduction from the pleasure of mating so that it may be repeated indefinitely, still one does weary in time. If youth weren't so young, it would know this. All old people know it, if they have had that experience at all. The exhausted Don Juan looks back longingly upon the thrill of his youth, as the sated glutton looks back at the eager joy in eating of his boyhood, with its "normal appetite," and "limited experience."

Wherefore it follows that those who pursue only this particular thrill have to add seasoning to the dish, as one does with warmed-over food. That works for awhile. But alas! Even pepper — even red pepper — palls in time. People long before us might remark, "Yes, we found that out." Mere excess tires soon; variety one becomes accustomed to; and then follows morbidity, step after step of the abnormal, and after a lifetime of such a "Rake's Progress," only the same satiety.

In such pictures as we have of genuine enduring thrills — thrills that will wash as it were — it seems to take just two people to keep it up, the same two. Therefore it is sad to see our resourceful and daring young people messing up what might be a supreme experience by the multiplicity of their "experiences." Such old experiences at that! Like the "bundling" of our much decried ancestors, the "hand-fasting" of the earlier Scotch, the customs of ancient Babylon where girls earned their dowries by a sort of sacred prostitution in the temple, proving a double popularity by the amount gained; or, back of all history, by tribal customs where chastity was only expected after marriage, cheerful promiscuity before.

Dismissing for the moment these two very early pleasures of eating and mating, and freely admitting the natural desire for thrills, has the human race no others at command? Balboa certainly had one when the Pacific "swam into his ken." Archimedes, magnificent thinker that he was, leaped from his bath and ran naked into the street, shouting "Eureka!" That was a supreme thrill. It has come down the ages to us, that explosion of unbridled rapture, not because dinner was ready, not because of a new lady friend, but because he perceived a new truth. He "had an idea" as we say, and it was such a big one that it fairly set him on fire.

Then there was Copernicus, daring discoverer in astronomy,

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who sat back from his telescope and murmured devoutly, "O God, I think thy thoughts after Thee!" There was a thrill. To all who study the huge glittering sky, with its inconceivable distances and sizes, as also to the examiner of atoms, each a little universe, the exquisite excitement of new sensation opens, new brain areas being touched and roused.

The ancient thrill of the hunter, which some of us seek to repeat by long expensive travels after "big game," may be had by the searcher of scientific truth, "world without end." There is in history — and all its predecessors of anthropology, biology, geology — a darkening hinterland where huge discoveries rise dimly before the student, each with its tremendous thrill; and there is in the progressive applied sciences of to-day and to-morrow an undiscovered country stretching before us, where any one, any day, may chance upon new knowledge of colossal importance, with its colossal thrill.

Luther Burbank, as a creator, must have had many. To hold in your hand, to look at and admire, a totally new flower or fruit and feel "I made it!" — that must be a sensation.

We all know the sensation in fierce games, and when we cannot play, we pay, sharing our excitement in a thousandfold shouting. We know it, have known it for all historic time, in the mass-thrill of fighting together for a common cause. Women have only now learned the thrill of mere marching together, the rhythmic tread of many feet, the music, the applause. Glory — there is a thrill quite difficult to associate with the stomach, or with even sublimated sex.

Sex and the stomach are, after all, merely individual incentives. We are human, and humanity is a collective thing; it has sensations far larger than those of a single animal. It seems a pity to emulate the thrills of a guinea pig — forever eating and mating — when we have so much bigger ones of our own.

To return to youth, and there is no getting away from it while it is so new an appearance — youth is of course intensely individual. This is not a reproach, it is a condition. The first business of youth is to grow, and that requires eating. The second business of youth is to keep the race going, and that requires mating. Both are individual activities. But now that education opens old knowledge to young minds and spreads the experience of the world before us ere we are twenty, there is small excuse for endless repetition of a childishness we should have long since out-grown.

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These keen, intelligent, young minds are just as capable of appreciating the facts and laws of sociology as old ones are — more so, because not yet so heavily walled in with prejudices. They are vigorously throwing off the traditions of the past; that is a splendid step forward. But they still show a guileless readiness to accept new theories, as if because a thing is new it must be true.

By no means is this so. Some of the solidest truths of nature were discovered very early — by the Egyptians, for instance — and some of the most unmitigated foolishness is being put forward to-day. It is probably a fact that primitive savages were more credulous than we are, but it is certainly a fact that we are still pathetically, absurdly credulous. No ancient religion was more baseless and silly than some of the most recent; yet old and new find believers without difficulty.

Our long upward path is strewn with theories, with solemn philosophies, put forward in all seriousness and accepted by many, only to be shown up in later years as no more scientific than hop-scotch. The present revival of the very ancient phallic worship as a philosophy instead of a religion ought not to confuse a really modern mind.

The simple facts of normal sex, the range of its abnormalities and pursuant miseries — all this is "old stuff"; it is "dated," most emphatically. Here to-day we have a world shaken with new discoveries, lit and powered with new inventions, dragging at us constantly to step outside of personal limitations and feel the swelling waves of larger emotions — race emotions, immense, uplifting. This is no old story, to be learned from A to Z in the broken races behind us. It is a new one, not only vividly interesting in this installment, but "continued in our next."

Here is a game to play, a war to win, a growing thing to help, a creation going on beneath our hands. As we enter into it there is a steady enlargement of our range of consciousness, a capacity for feeling utterly beyond the sweetest personal experiences. If we were frankly hedonists, caring only for sensation, for pleasure, there is none commensurable with this. To feel, with millions. To be conscious backward through all history, and forward into a constructive future. Then to act, with this wide power, for this endless end; to be Humanity, instead of just a little human animal with sex and a stomach — *that* brings a thrill worth feeling.

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CASTE IN AMERICA

COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING:

TWO of the most important characteristics of the Age of Democracy are, as it seems to me, its belief in differences of ability and its total disbelief in differences of State of Being. The latter disbelief is natural enough.

The old order which Democracy overthrew was based entirely on the idea that there are differences, due to the original status of man, which no talent nor merit could annul. These differences were thought to provide the only possible frame for a social system true to fact; and they were supposed to be entirely a matter of natural heredity, except in those instances where the law of Divine Grace — superior to the law of nature — chose to assert itself, as it was supposed to do in matters of religious calling, and very rarely also with regard to exceptional men of the world. Here we find the root of the idea that Kings rule by Divine Grace; the founders of dynasties really were self-made men, but the creed of the age would not have it so.

The idea underlying mediæval society was obviously wrong in many respects. Heredity does not work as accurately as it supposed. Nor is it safe to rely on Divine Grace always manifesting itself inevitably at the right moment. Above all, a social structure exclusively based on differences of State of Being disregards the rational side of life — that is, the one part of it which can be directed by the intelligent will of man. Accordingly, a society like the mediæval cannot be progressive. It cannot breed efficiency as a ruling principle, since no individual can develop outside of and beyond his inherited position in life. It is untrue to the reality of life for every individual whose inherited social position does not correspond to his true State of Being. And it appears fundamentally unjust wherever the men belonging to the supposed-to-be superior castes are not actually superior. The democratic ideal could conquer the Western World chiefly because, at the

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time when the struggle of the new order with the old became acute, the mediæval hierarchy no longer expressed vital truth in this respect.

But if the expression of the idea underlying mediæval society was ripe for death at the time society collapsed, and if the idea itself was wrong in several respects, it was not altogether wrong. Otherwise, all the great cultures we know would not have flourished, as they did under an aristocratic régime of some kind. As a matter of fact, there *is* such a thing as superiority in the sense of Pure Being, irrespective of any demonstrable ability.

The State of Being of a man depends on the location of the inward centre from which he rules the manifold manifestations of his life. It is possible really to hold an inner standpoint beyond one's passions, one's habits, one's thoughts, one's emotions and activities — and this not only in the sense of disinterested irony, but of positive rule. It is possible to have an inner standpoint beyond all possible external law and order, because what is true to both spirit and nature in the latter can be automatically observed from within, exactly as a Bach and a Beethoven conformed in their creations to the rules of harmony and counterpoint as a matter of course, without giving much thought to them.

All leadership that ever stood the pragmatic test had its *raison d'être* in the existence of such a superior ruling centre. For Being acts on Being exactly as any force acts on another belonging to the same plane. Souls are not separated from each other as the bodies are. Whoever controls his own nature involuntarily controls others too, provided their ruling centres lie on a lower plane. So much about leadership. But the cultured man is in the same position with respect to chaotic man. Being able to coordinate and harmonize the different tendencies of his nature — which again depends on his inward State of Being — he is naturally superior in the absolute sense to any other who is *being ruled by* parts of his soul or mind, instead of *ruling them*.

There is, therefore, truth in the idea underlying Aristocracy, as there is truth underlying the idea of Democracy — the latter understood as the conception of life which admits only differences of ability, and not of Being. Accordingly, in most countries the struggle between the democratic and aristocratic conceptions of life resulted in a compromise. Personal ability got full chance to assert itself. On the other hand, differences in the State of Being were accounted for in some form or other. But in one country the

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indisputable truth that there *are* differences in the State of Being has been discarded completely. That country is America. There, and there alone, the whole social structure has been based on the assumption that men are born equal under all circumstances and that all differences of quality can be accounted for in terms of ability.

The American idea is as one-sided, and therefore false, as was the mediæval idea; and the facts of life are proving this more and more. One may even say more: owing to the extreme one-sidedness of the American outlook, the truth underlying the mediæval idea stands out, on the background of American life, more impressively than it ever did before.

First of all, the belief that all men are originally and essentially equal has not led — as it was expected to lead — to richer individual differentiations. It has not destroyed "type" for the benefit of "uniqueness," but it has led to the absolute predominance of one single type — a type corresponding to the middle class of Europe. One meets with much less individual variation in the United States than in the Old World; and if one seldom comes across individuals belonging to the lowest European type, its superior types are equally lacking. Now, the middle-class type of man does represent a very definite State of Being, whatever his special abilities may be.

In the second place, if a man happens to have a superior personality in the United States, his real power is out of all proportion to his official standing (provided he be shrewd enough to conform, in appearance, to the democratic prejudices). It is out of all proportion all the more since there are no rules of conduct able to canalize the activities of a superior man — he can act almost as he pleases. And his unique position is due, again, to the plane of Being and not to mere ability.

And now I come to the third and most interesting point. The democratic prejudice left *woman* out of the social picture. Accordingly, the instinctive apprehension of the truth that there *are* different States of Being, and not only differences in ability, found here its outlet. If all men in America are supposed to be equal and actually are converging more and more toward a single type, every American man instinctively admits — if not in his thoughts and words, then all the more in his deportment and in his actions — that woman represents a higher State of Being than he does.

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Women actually represent in America a higher caste. That they have attained to this position, has, of course, not been brought about solely by the wish of man for an "abreaction" of his sense for differences of Being, together with the accident of woman's having been left out of the democratic picture. But surely the decisive reason for woman's predominance in America resides here. Were it not for this, woman would not have enjoyed for several generations comparative leisure. Were it not for this, she would not have had the possibility to develop a cultural tradition. Were it not for this, American woman would not have been able to develop a self-consciousness so entirely different from that of man. It is the *respect* of man for woman which has developed it, exactly as in aristocratic communities it is the respect of the lower classes which makes for the perpetual rebirth of superiority-feeling among the children of the higher. The American woman feels indeed superior, and she is. This results, then, in that psychological rule of women in America which provides, as far as I can see, the key to all fundamental problems of American life.

The truth that there are, after all, differences of State of Being — and not only of ability — has thus asserted itself in America, too. And it has asserted itself in a rather amusing way. All *men* are supposed to be equal. But women as a class are candidly accepted as superior beings. Thus America is to-day an aristocratic country of a peculiar type. It is a two-caste country, the higher caste being formed by the women as such. And this caste rules exactly in the way higher castes have always ruled. It need not "prove" its superiority: the higher "Being" acts as such. It acts all the more effectively because of the American religion of work. There are elementary truths which prove their truth in life in spite of all theory, and one of these is that the workman is inferior to the ruler — that is, to the type who, owing to qualities the former lacks, can direct his work from above.

Thus most things are being "done" in America by man; but it is always woman who inspires him. Her inspiration and influence stand behind all American educators, as it stands behind all American prohibitionists. Her influence accounts for the infinity of laws and rules. She directs the whole cultural tradition. She also dictates in the field of moral conduct. Who wants to study the real meaning and purport of a caste system, should to-day not visit India, but America.

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RUSSIAN AËRONAUTICS

WILLIAM MITCHELL

Former Commander, Air Forces, A. E. F., and Director of Military Aëronautics, U. S. Army

RUSSIA in evolution is not lacking in aëronautical vision. However unpractical she may be in many respects, her conception of air power, its development and use, is second to that of no other nation in the world. In a physical sense, Russia is eminently suited for flying. The Union of Soviet Republics stretches from the Arctic Ocean in the north to the Black and Caspian Seas in the south, from the Baltic in the west to the Pacific Ocean in the east, occupying one-sixth of the total surface of the earth and containing about one-eighth of the world's population. Within this vast area there are no particularly high altitudes to be surmounted. The unbroken sweep of steppes offers an unlimited succession of landing fields. In northern Russia, during several months of the year the waterways are covered with ice, making natural landing fields of lakes and rivers, while snow fills up the rough places and makes smooth landings possible.

Consider the expanse of territory between western Europe and eastern Asia. It is twice the distance between New York and San Francisco, or between New York and South America, and three times that between Newfoundland and England. Yet Russian commercial aircraft will span it in three days.

Commercial aviation in Russia has a great advantage over that of other countries, in that her railroad and motor facilities are so inadequate. At present her total rail mileage does not exceed 42,250 miles. Naturally, this can serve only a small proportion of her total area of 8,187,253 square miles. The United States, in proportion to its area, has about eighteen times as much track. In southern Russia — through Turkestan for instance, where air lines are now operating — the airplane's only competitors are the camel and the horse. No roads exist that will accommodate automobile traffic. In the north, through Siberia, dog teams and reindeer furnish the only other means of transportation.

On the western border, all the way from the Black Sea to the Baltic, great swamps stretch along the base of the mountains and

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hills. Surface transportation through this part of the country, except along the few railroads, is almost out of the question in the summer time, on account of the deep mud and water everywhere encountered. Last summer I flew over this district, on a trip from Berlin to Moscow. We left Berlin at one o'clock in the morning, flying through darkness to Danzig on the Baltic, then to Koenigsberg and from thence to Smolensk, arriving in Moscow about 12:30 the same day — scarcely twelve hours out from Berlin. When we passed over the Pripet swamps, I noticed an unusual amount of water. In many places as far as the eye could see only the habitations of the people and a few high-lying fields were dry. People in this part of the country "hole up" in the summer time, but the minute the freeze comes in the fall, the whole region becomes active and sleighs jingle merrily everywhere. The airplane, however, goes its way in either season.

Russian airways are laid out, not only from Archangel, the White Sea, and the Arctic in the north, and from Turkestan, Samarcand, and Bokhara in the south, but this year will see the establishment of a regular line, six thousand miles long, from Moscow across Siberia to Peking, China, with a branch to the great port of Vladivostock, which is almost on the threshold of Alaska. These are not mere paper organizations, but are well-organized and well-conducted passenger and express services flying on regular schedule, with a splendid degree of safety and comfort.

There are three large commercial airplane companies, besides several small ones, operating in Russia — namely, the Deruluft, the Dobroljot, and the Ukrvosduchput. The Deruluft is a combination of German and Russian capital and personnel. Approximately half of the pilots and mechanics are German and the other half Russian. It operates straight through from Germany to Moscow, using all-German ships, and this year will inaugurate the line to Peking and Vladivostock. Its lines are laid out in a general way from east to west.

The Dobroljot, or "Volunteer Air Fleet Company," is an all-Russian concern and operates airplanes from north to south as a rule. A service is maintained around the White Sea, where for four or five months in the year the ice is kept moving through the action of the Gulf Stream. It has many lanes and fissures through it which furnish free passage to ships that can find them. Heretofore, it was very difficult for vessels to locate them on account of

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the short range of view; but airplanes now fly over the sea and signal by radio to the ships where these lanes exist, with the result that traffic has been greatly facilitated. At the same time, the airplanes report the whereabouts of herds of seals and schools of whales. All through this northern area, they transport furs and precious cargoes of light weight to the railways. This service is being extended to other points in the Arctic where air transport is needed.

During the summer, night flying may be practised with very little trouble in this region, since darkness lasts only for about two and one-half hours. In the vicinity of Leningrad, for instance, the sun sets at 9:30 and rises at 2:30 during July and August.

The Dobroljot maintains lines to the Caucasus and in Turkestan, which is a sub-tropical country. The bazaar keepers of ancient Samarcand have crossed at one leap the gap between transportation in 1900 B.C. and 1900 A.D. The purr of the airplane engine, instead of the soft patter of camels' feet, now represents their quick means of transport. This same company also maintains an air line from Lake Baikal in Siberia, to Urga, the capital of Mongolia, and from thence it will connect with Peking. It is somewhat incongruous to think of this modern means of transportation penetrating the heart of Genghis Khan's old domains, joining it up with the interior of Europe.

The Ukrvosduchput, or "Ukrainian Air Traffic Company," carries on passenger, mail, and express service from Moscow through the Ukraine.

The airplane will be Russia's principal barrier against foreign invasion. In the face of even a small air force, no troops could be moved into Russia, by either rail or motor. The Russians learned this conclusively in 1919 when they attempted to invade Poland and were thrown back by the airplanes of the Kosciusko Squadron under Major Fauntleroy.

To-day, Russia's military air force is about as large as England's, consisting of some six hundred airplanes, and it is being increased constantly. She not only buys planes everywhere — from Holland, Italy, and Germany — but builds various types herself. Of course, Russian industry is not nearly so highly developed as is ours in the United States, but she has obtained help from Germany and other foreign nations, and already some of the principal airplane manufacturers, such as Junkers, have established plants near Moscow and Leningrad. Russians them-

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selves make excellent mechanics and pilots. This effort is not tied to any other governmental activities, such as the Army and Navy, which would limit, constrict, and possibly stop it, as it does in the United States. A separate Department of Aviation handles it, under a very able chief — Petrus Baranof.

Russia has not accomplished all this without carefully instructing the public mind in the advantages of aviation. The Soviet Government knows very well that they cannot long continue any such development as this — which requires great expenditures of money — without the force of public opinion behind it. An instructed public opinion was their means of overthrowing the Czar's government. They are past masters in the use of propaganda, and they use it assiduously to further the cause of aëronautics and to obtain gifts of money for that cause.

The actual propaganda is handled by a society called "The Friends of Aviation and Chemical Warfare." Note the close affinity, in the Russian mind, between these two branches. They know that in war the airplane equipped with chemical weapons is the most formidable military instrument in existence. Consequently, these things are developed hand in hand.

The parent society in Moscow has formed thirty-two thousand associated clubs throughout the country, whose members are counted in the millions. Airplanes are sent by the society to the local chapters, where the uses and advantages of aviation in peace and war are explained to the people, after which certain ones are taken up for trips in the air. This propaganda is carried on among the Laplanders, the Khirghis, the Siberians, Eskimos, and Turkomans. Every now and then the hat is passed, and in this way a lot of money is obtained for the development of aviation, besides the regular governmental appropriation.

According to a recent report, this society "has purchased and handed over 160 aircraft to the Air Fleet, has spent 6,000,000 rubles on aircraft and chemical warfare development, has provided 35 well-equipped airdromes, has held gliding meetings in the Crimea, and organized many other flying exhibitions, has run an aviation lottery and will shortly run another, and has carried on propaganda work for aviation on a vast scale. It has printed and distributed 15,000,000 posters and 25,000,000 pamphlets."

The aviation lottery referred to carried a prize of a trip around the world by all means of transportation. It was won by a young man who, at the time of my visit, had just returned to Russia

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after completing this journey, having gone through the United States on the way.

Russian imagination, when applied to aviation, evolves stupendous projects for the advancement of this science. The country is somewhat held back in the accomplishment of these things, however, because it is not recognized diplomatically in many countries, including the United States. Had such diplomatic relations existed between us, our Round-the-World Flight in 1923 would have gone through Russia; instead of that we were forced to go south by India — a course which greatly lengthened the trip. Russians have shown themselves rather inhospitable to aëronautical visits from other nations, as in the case of Brock and Schlee, Van Lear Black, and others.

It is not realized by many that Russia is a near neighbor of ours, the tip of Siberia practically touching Alaska at Bering Straits. Few recognize that we can fly from Alaska to Vladivostock in fifteen hours, or from New York to Peking in about sixty-five hours of flying time. Such a flight involves four jumps of approximately fifteen hundred miles each, largely over a course sheltered from fog and bad weather, with practically clear going all through the year behind the ranges of the coast mountains that catch the storms along the Japan Current and clean up the atmosphere. Leaving New York, we should make our first stop at Lake Athabasca in Canada; the second stop at Nome, Alaska; the third stop at Khabarosk, on the Amur River; and the fourth at Peking itself. We are as much a Pacific power as an Atlantic power — the only great white power in the world whose shores are washed by both oceans. On the other side of the Pacific lies the tremendous population of Asia, all of them interested in the development of aviation — particularly, the Russians.

The Russian mind is undoubtedly influenced by its Tartar ancestry. It always looks toward the East. Although thrown back from our own coast of California, from Alaska, from the Shantung peninsula, and the ice-free ports of the Pacific, the Russian bear still growls for an exit toward the east. Formerly he demanded an ice-free port in China. But now he has discovered the air, and in no respect could he have found a better means of obtaining an eastern exit in the future.

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PSYCHOPARALYSIS

An Analysis of Psychoanalytic Results

EDNA YOST

THE colored gentleman who invented a method for taking the kinks out of woolly hair reaped a fortune — but the kinks come back! So too, the psychological gentlemen of the psychoanalytical fraternity have grown fat and oily ironing out the mental kinks of people who are victims of inversions, perversions, and other Freudian versions. But Miss Yost says the kinks come back, or are replaced by other kinks even worse — thus reminding us that nothing resembles a hollow so much as a swelling.

YEARS ago, in a murky town in the Pennsylvania coal fields, I assiduously attended Methodist revival meetings. I still have a thrill at the memory of some of those services, when the Holy Ghost Itself seemed to waft around the altar and pour its forgiving benediction upon the penitents who knelt there. Particularly I remember our next-door neighbor — a drunken brute of a man, who used to turn his terrified wife and yearly babies out into the middle of a cold night, screaming with such terror that I would lie in a fright until daybreak. One night he, too, crept shamefacedly to that altar, and what songs of freedom we sang as he arose, shaking with emotion, washed in the Blood of the Lamb! Free at last! Henceforth a bond servant to the Lord! It was a genuine conversion, too. The power of God had never been more evident to my adolescent eyes than it was the day the money that once went for liquor put teeth into the toothless jaws of that once bedraggled, unhappy, toil-scarred mother who was John Palmer's wife.

The part of the meetings that interested me most, I think, was the giving of testimony. It fascinated me to see and hear these men, for of course it was the men who rose to speak in meeting. There was the one, for instance, who was a driver in the mines — by common consent the cruelest man to mules in town. He had a soft voice, gentle blue eyes; and when he became filled with the love of God and rose to tell us about it, I could actually make myself forget the mules. Most fascinating of all was the black-mustached, sincere old Christian who had once hurled a shoe at the devil, which threw him back out of the window; and who ever after rose shyly to his feet at testimonial meeting to gulp out: "I'm-very-glad-that-I-can-rise-and-testify-for-the-Lord-Jesus-Christ-and-what-he's-done-for-me," and then sat down.

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It seems a far cry from that day to this — a great change from that congregation of coal miners to the metropolitan group of middle-aged, intellectual men and women with whom I mingle now. But there has been no change in our underlying need for the personal experience through which this mysterious thing called freedom is to be brought about. Religion, in the usual sense of the word, is for most of us a cast-off insufficiency. Instead of finding freedom, we have felt its shackles. With an intellectual fearlessness we now discuss its psychological aspects along with the sex appeal of Aimee McPherson. We understand so much! And with the next breath we raise our new songs of freedom. For it has been off with the old to be on with the new! In one way or another our underlying personal need has urged us into the acceptance of something — some science, some philosophy, some intellectually satisfying experience through which we are finding expression and in which we feel we are finding freedom.

Theoretically, we have all shied our shoes at the devil; and though our vocabulary is different, we rise to give testimony in behalf of our symbol of freedom just as breathlessly and with the same compulsion as was manifest at those old revival meetings of my childhood.

Since advertisers always invite investigation of their products, I suppose the increasing number of people who ceaselessly prattle about the marvelous results of psychoanalysis are welcoming any honest attempts to appraise what it achieves. I am aware, of course, of the scorn of the scientist — particularly of the pseudo-scientist — for the amateur who discusses his subject; and psychoanalysis, like chemistry, is primarily a subject for experts. But the amateur must have some rights other than the one, merely, of being practised upon. If a certain brand of soap caused a rash on the skins of nine out of ten people who used it, the problem, doubtless, would be one for the chemists; but we amateurs would feel justified in telling what we knew about the appearance of the rash. Admittedly the field of human behavior is more difficult of appraisal than a skin rash. Nevertheless, there are some things that can be said by the truth-seeking observer in even so difficult and complex a realm as that of human behavior and relationships.

Possibly no science — or pseudo-science — offers more attractive possibilities to the seeker for truth than psychoanalysis. The opportunity to reveal one's soul, to strip it naked before another,

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is a delightful temptation to the ego. It seems reasonable, too, that in this revelation lies much that would be good for us to know. But there is a price we pay for every experience, and to a certain extent we have the power of choice. It is but the part of wisdom, therefore, that before plunging into any tempting experience, we should evaluate as best we can its profit and loss.

For ten years I have been in close contact with people who were being, or had been, analyzed; and the more I see of them, the less I trust psychoanalysis. This is not for the most obvious reason frequently given by its opponents: that it too often seems to free one merely to buy teeth for the other man's wife — though there seems to be something in that, too! Nor is it because, in the midst of the most beautifully inspiring testimony of my analyzed friends, I find myself so often wishing I could forget the mules. Though here again is a disturbing fact; for the "mules" — that is, some "objects of cruelty" — do exist almost invariably in the backgrounds of these people who have achieved an ability to work out their problems in human relationships with what looks like a tragic disregard for the other person's problem with them.

Freedom purchased at the expense of another is priced too high for universal expedience. There is not enough of it to go around. But I am willing to concede that freedom even at that price may be worth all it costs to some individuals, and let the devil take the hindmost! I lack confidence in psychoanalysis because it gives one a false sense of freedom. Like the old-fashioned convert at the Methodist altar, the penitent arises from the months, even years of his agony, drenched in the blood of his self-inflicted wounds, to cry, "Free at last!" but in reality to remain henceforth a bond servant to psychoanalysis. This, in my experience, has been so universally true as to be of paramount significance.

Psychoparalysis — rather than psychoanalysis — would be the more fitting term, judging from my observations of a liberal group of analyzed women. Whatever the method, a certain paralysis has resulted. In the "process of putting a person in full possession of her mind and emotions instead of allowing the latter to dominate" (I quote from a letter from an enthusiastic exponent), some point seems to be reached where this fine balance of mind and emotion is visualized, and the prospect is apparently so entrancing that the patient, having by this time been brought to the place where she can stand off and look at her real self, congeals on her detached spot in her desire to hold the picture. They call

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themselves "integrated personalities." I see and hear them every day. Frames they have become that should be pictures! Personalities that are being sapped by a paralyzing dry-rot.

The dry-rot, it seems to me, lies in the psychoanalytic method itself. The introspective, psychoanalytic approach to life creeps subtly over one, and clings. To some few it may possibly cling well and becomingly. To the great majority, however, it is both unspontaneous and unnatural. *But it clings!* Analyzed people cannot, or at least they do not often, get away from it. The result is inevitable. Unable to throw off this unnatural approach to life (which may have had excellent effects upon patients while being dominated by the analyst) and abnormally grateful for what it has done for them, they accept it as their own. Since it is impossible for them to assimilate that which in reality is not a part of them, it becomes a sort of cud, forever being thrown back to chew upon. The well-learned psychoanalytic tags and labels take the place of assimilated thought; and situations continue to be interpreted and then controlled according to the hit-or-miss label. Such a process eventually stops genuine thought and feeling.

This was my contention when, in an earlier paragraph, I remarked that psychoanalysis gives one a false sense of freedom. It provides one with a nice, satisfying box of tags that take the place of understanding. No matter what arises, the labels are always ready. Not only do they apply to oneself, but to all one's fellows as well. An "inferiority complex" here, a "sex repression" there. Stick on the tags, and life is understood! In some such fashion these pseudo-analytic dilettantes sit in their self-appointed, superior position with their boxes of tags at their sides. They escape from the necessity of thinking and actually living with their fellow creatures in the way that could lead to the path of genuine understanding — without which freedom always eludes.

As I talk with analyzed people or, more accurately, as I live with and among them, year after year, it is this beautiful quality of sympathetic understanding which seems to be so conspicuously absent. In evaluating the profit and loss of psychoanalysis, this should surely be put down on whichever side of the ledger is preferable. Personally I put it on the debit side. For I notice that those who have lost their capacity for giving sympathetic understanding actually boast of the fact that their analyst is the only person in the world who has ever really understood them; and they continue, in reality or in fantasy, such contact with the

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analyst as will give them the satisfaction of this very understanding which they seem unable and undesirous to give to others. The experience with the analyst is sufficient.

Here we have come to the joker in the whole psychoanalytic method. Analysts are called upon to be what no modern human being could possibly be. Jesus Christ Himself — granted that He was human as well as divine — might have found Himself at a loss to cope with situations arising out of the psychoanalytic technique. Here is dangerous ground for the layman, indeed! But such are our egos that occasionally we, too, prefer to identify ourselves with the fools that rush in rather than with the angels who fear to tread.

When two people come into a relationship as intimate as exists between patient and analyst, and when one is so completely under the domination of the other, it requires nothing short of an All-Wisdom to keep things straight. Who is the person called upon to exercise this All-Wisdom? (Forget about the quackery in the profession at this point and consider only our competent, high-principled analysts.) They are, first of all, just men and women, principally representatives of the medical profession. I happen to be among those who have always regarded doctors as a trifle above the average of any other profession, so presumably I endow them with all they deserve. But assuredly they are human beings like the rest of us and subject, unfortunately, to the same diseases they spend their lives curing or attempting to prevent and cure in others. Knowledge of disease does not immunize them. The careful, lovable old surgeon who successfully removed my appendix died from his a few months later.

Now I find it hard to believe that analysts, who know a lot about emotions, handle their own emotions any better than other specialists handle their hearts and livers. Moreover, I believe that the doctor who can look around at life to-day and then set himself up as a psychoanalyst must have a pretty terrific ego to start with. For he is daring to be an investigator in a field that still must tamper — and not too learnedly — with the very souls of men and women. What an ego it must take for the inexperienced analyst to believe that in so personal a way he can save a tortured soul from hell! For the relationship between patient and analyst is necessarily exceedingly personal, made so by the skillful technique of the analyst. When the analysis reaches this very personal stage, the analyst alone is responsible for what happens.

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And here is the tragedy. For as a human being he cannot approximate the All-Wisdom that is demanded in this unnatural relationship. At the moment of stress he is subject, under the proper stimuli or aggravation, to an emotional difficulty of his own. In a personal situation which is emotional, at least on the patient's part; with a patient who has been struggling for months to be her uninhibited self to the analyst to whom she now has a transference; and with two people of the same, or opposite, sex who felt a spark of mutual attraction in the first place (it must have been so or the analysis would not have continued far) — well, submit any two human beings to an experience like this and the chances are that no matter how much one of them knows about emotions, he may become a bit involved, and something even more personal is likely to emerge. It does, in many cases. A sex relationship, perhaps, or an even more devastating absence of sex expression. Or the acceptance of a child-to-God relationship, such as a nun most often experiences.

A friend of mine, analyzed by a woman, says she always thinks of Deity as "She" instead of "He." At any rate, two people must be extricated from the situation arising from this terrific emotional experience they have gone through, more or less together. It is the analyst who is in control of the situation. He is All-Power without being All-Wisdom. When I stop to think of human nature as it is, I cannot for the life of me see how psychoanalysis, regardless of what it does to the patient, can help but be disastrous to the analyst. The human being does not exist whose ego could face what his every patient's submissive attitude must foster, and rise above it. No less an authority than Freud once remarked: "Psychoanalysis seems to bring out the worst elements in the analyst himself."

So it seems that the technique, at its best, cannot stand the searchlight of truth-seeking thought upon it. Experience, bringing out the analyst's worst elements, unfits him personally for his work as it develops him professionally. And the patient must always be caught somewhere in the vicious circle of the analyst's experience or lack of it.

In spite of all I have said, psychoanalysis, in its fundamentals, may have something important to contribute to the individual. Self-knowledge, which is its aim, is laudable; and if analysis does nothing but call our attention heartily to the necessity for know-

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ing ourselves, it will have been of value. But I do not see how it can continue to send out its "cures," as it is doing to-day, without rousing skepticism or even antagonism among the very people who are — or once were — willing to be convinced. The disparity between the case records so glibly and colorfully described in the technical journals and the analyzed people one sees and lives with every day, is as great as the disparity between what the advertisements said would happen and what actually did happen to my aunt long ago when she became a prey to a well-known patent medicine. Which makes us wonder whether these analysts who write them are fools or knaves. That is, are they so blindly interested in performing the "psychoanalytic operation" that they see the results in some such fashion as the old physician who pronounced the operation a success though the patient died? Or are they knaves who — for the sake of financial gain or ego or the satisfaction of their own compulsion to experiment — misrepresent things willfully?

No, not knaves, surely! An exceptional analyst here and there may merit the name. We can credit the majority with the high intentions of the medical profession as a whole. With a kind of blindness, though, we must also credit them. Possibly it has been a necessity to develop this blindness. The doctor who buries his mistakes has an advantage over the one who cannot; and the latter must develop his own technique of self-protection. In psychoanalysis, the very element which works as a protection to the analyst — blinding him to the fact that very often his patient does die a living death — helps to paralyze the patient.

I have spoken above of the close personal relationship which the patient is very conscious of with her analyst and of the fact that the analyst is the dominating factor in that particular situation, brought about by the skill of his technique. She has laid bare her every thought and emotion until she is like a sensitive photographic plate exposed to her scientific confessor. When she comes out of the intensity of her experience, the stamp of her analyst in the way he appeared to her is imprinted on her innermost being. In any deep, personal relationship the influence of one person upon another is recognized. In psychoanalysis this influence is intensified a thousandfold because of the submissive, emotionally exposed attitude of the patient; and she reflects back to the world not herself alone but this superpicture of the analyst, overexposed and highly developed.

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Let me illustrate from my own friends and acquaintances to see how this has proved itself. Two went to a man-poet-analyst, and each is developing a form of artistic expression and is married to an æsthetic husband. One went to an analyst who is a homosexual and she has accepted homosexuality. A New England friend went to a Russian analyst and she has had a most tragic and un-New-Englandlike affair with another Russian. One went to a devastatingly power-mad analyst and she is proudly power-mad herself. And as for the ones who went to Vienna, they, more than all the others, seem hell-bent on analyzing everybody and everything that come within their reach!

This desire on the patient's part for identification or unity with the analyst is flattering in the extreme. And rare indeed is the individual who could continually be fed upon it and not be blinded to a lot of things. I imagine when an analyst looks at a patient and sees her accepting his way in anything, it is easy to believe she has found the right way. Easy to send her on her way rejoicing now, and not see the devastating effect, in the years that follow, of her attempt to be what she is not. That is left for the rest of us, who watch her in the environment in which she had her roots. The price she so frequently pays (and in her bondage, pays all too gladly) could be exacted by a high-principled analyst only provided he kept himself in ignorance of it. His blindness to the whole life of his patient, particularly after she has been led into discontinuing their relationship, is the protection that enables him to continue the work that too often is nothing more than soul-tampering. For it is the human soul — the whole man — that the analyst attempts to handle. In a way he is daring something greater than others of the medical profession have ever attempted. Not the mind alone, but the emotions, too, are his field — those tender, most delicate, and complicated strands that interweave to make the human being.

When I made the remark — which may have sounded sacrilegious — that Jesus Christ Himself might have found it difficult to cope with some of the situations rising out of the psychoanalytic technique, I had seriously in mind the fact that the Great Teacher used a method very different from the twosome method of the analyst. Whether He recognized human limitations or not, we can leave to the theologians; but the fact remains that He established Himself as a teacher *par excellence*. In some such way, too, I see Plato surrounded by his group of pupils, seeking to-

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gether for the way that would lead them into Truth—not, to be sure, avoiding the personal relationship, or the long talks of teacher with individual pupil, but not building on this personal relationship as the keystone of the pupil's whole structure.

It may be that the human soul will still have to be handled in this more detached way if it is to be saved from the frightful effects of the too personal experience it goes through in modern analysis. "Know thyself" was recognized as a motto of paramount importance by wise teachers long before Freud. It is his method, rather than his idea, that is unique. And the rot in psychoanalysis lies in its method. Its technique must be made to start with what the human soul is capable of, rather than with what analysis wants to do. From the vantage point of an observer who has found herself for ten years in the midst of women who have embraced analysis, I see no reason for believing that human beings — of the female sex, at least — are yet capable of accepting the close relationship with the analyst which is so great a part of its method, without being unduly marked by it.

When we appraise individual cases, there is always one unanswerable argument. "O, but you don't know what I should have been like if I had not been analyzed," my friends tell me. Or, "Yes, I see that analysis seems to have done so and so to her. But suppose she had not been analyzed. You don't know what might have happened," they say. If I could believe that psychoanalysis has saved all these people from a worse fate, its bungling "cures" might not seem so unethical and unfair. Even if it has, it suggests the same kind of cure as that which helps a patient over a period of physical suffering by chaining him to a drug habit and then leaves him with an unlimited supply of the drug.

These observations have been based on psychoanalysis as it affects — from the layman's point of view — what the world calls "normal" women, and when administered under the guidance of analysts who, as far as I can ascertain, are reputable members of their profession. I admit that psychoanalysis has accomplished certain very definite and valuable objects. My quarrel is that it is too deeply an exponent of the old Mosaic law. An eye for an eye, it demands, a tooth for a tooth, a bondage here for a freedom there. "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away," with the analyst assuming the Lord's rôle!

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MEMORIAL

By LOUISE LEONARD

A First Short Story

Drawings by Lowell L. Balcom

THE hump under the bed clothes that was Peter McGinley, one-time hero of the Marne, writhed as the sun, striking a small square mirror above the washstand, directed its blazing spotlight toward the bed. Towsled red hair and one squinting eye appeared from the mound of covers, an unintelligible mutter sounded, then Peter yawned and flung out an arm. His gesture was cut short by a curse, which, of late, had oftener than not been on his lips. To the priest who remonstrated with him Peter said grimly, "Cut off one arm and one leg of any Irishman, give him a touch every now and then of septic poisoning, and see how he likes it."

He had not added that the arm and the leg weren't the half of it. Even an Irishman, he reflected, is proud of his face. His own had won for his mother no honors at the Dublin Baby Fair, but it was his own. He had grown fond of its red bristles that were as difficult as a scrubbing brush to shave; of its wide mouth and strong, square jaw; of all the humps and bumps which made it into Peter McGinley and not into Major Rutherford Giles Rooke

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of the King's Guard. Then, too, Kathleen had unaccountably been attached to that face, which had made Peter regard it with a certain vanity.

These, however, were not the thoughts that struggled sleepily in the young man's mind as he turned onto his good side and blinked at the sun. Rather, he thought with a forceful reminder that he hadn't eaten for twenty-four hours and if he expected to eat in the next twenty-four he'd better get up and get busy. It galled his pride to have to sit in the back room of the Poppy Gift Shop, jig saw and paint pot in hand, fiddling away his life when he had hoped to be a politician or a policeman at least by the time he was thirty. But these, along with Kathleen, had gone the way of all dreams, and he was left in life with a bit of wood and a left-handed whittle. He realized now that even those had no advantage. For Peter had been ill a week, and the boarding house lady was only as patient as any practical Christian should be.

Shaving the growth of wiry red stubble was always painful business. Peter loathed the crooked twist to his nose, the queer, pincushion cast to his cheek, and the tuck, or whatever it was, which the surgeon had put in his chin. *Blessé au visage*, they had said in the hospital in France, and Peter, who hadn't minded half so much his arm or his leg, cringed at the words. "*Blessé*, I'll say!" he had muttered when he took the first glance at himself in the mirror. As soon as they would let him, he had taken his kit and had climbed out to the rocks beyond the hospital overlooking the sea, and he had written Kathleen, setting her free. He had explained it all, simply, neatly. What was left of him would make one large German sausage — there really wasn't enough to call it a man. And his face — Kathleen, who was pretty and in love with life, must marry a politician in a plug hat, a diamond in his tie; and she must live happily ever after.

Now, holding one eyebrow, Chinese fashion, as he gave a final flourish with his razor, Peter's eye fell on the calendar tucked under the edge of his mirror. "I keep it there just like a woman," he explained to the doctor. "I like to know when it's Sunday."

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A red cross against a date brought his hand down with a jerk, and he cut his chin. He covered the slash with powder and the blood seeped through, like jelly in a sugar tart. He had wanted to look grand this morning, grand as a major. For he had promised to march in the parade. "March" wasn't the word if you were a stickler for truth. "Appear," then, Peter substituted grimly. He had been "marching" one way or another for ten years. To-day he had promised to help fill a car, to join that rowdy, rollicking returning Army from Paris.

"No, count me out, boys," he had replied when they had urged him to go along. "Count me out, but say a how-de-do for me to the Eiffel Tower and to any stray arm and leg you find around the country." Peter had then flipped his cigarette out an open window and had drunk their health in a nameless hair-tonic concoction.

Now they were back and Peter had promised to march in the parade. They'd dock at Fourteenth, then march across to the Avenue, and up to Madison Square. He'd hook on where he could. Some wealthy old lady's limousine, if he wasn't careful. Peter preferred an open Ford.

He hurried now, for he had a way to go. His uniform had long ago been discarded. Blue suit, shabby in the sunlight, a straw hat with a red and purple band, and yellow varnished crutches. Peter swung himself down the three flights of steps and on to the crowded side street. The walks had been freshly sprinkled and the hot sun drank the moisture greedily, letting it linger in the hot, humid air. Perspiration stood in beads on the young man's forehead and his face glazed with palor. He cursed softly and a lady in a black bonnet, smelling liquor, shied toward the curb. A boy in a white apron stood in the doorway of "The Coffee Pot" and called a hello. "Hey, it's McGinley. We thought you waz dead. Eatin' at the Ritz these days?"

Peter shouted a reply, not

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daring to look through the window at the piles of doughnuts and shiny nickel coffee tanks beyond. He made his way rapidly through the crowd. "Meet promptly at the docks at ten," his card had notified him; but Peter was an old-timer. He would wait on a corner curb, watching the mounted police come prancing up the Avenue, clearing the streets. Then the band, sun flashing on silver horns, gleaming on gold braid and the brass buttons of their uniforms. The standard bearers next, the flags heavy with metal fringe. A row or two of self-conscious women in khaki suits and Sam Browne belts. Then the fellows, some in uniforms grown tight and unshapely; others like himself, in baggy blue suits and straw hats.

The crowds at the corner let him through, and he was glad of a lamp-post for support. Perhaps he would have to give it up. Waves of hot, gray pavement sprang at him, and pain coiled about his hip. A breeze sprang up and he felt better. Flags, high on the buildings, fluttered like gay birds, whipping their wings jauntily. Peter lifted his head, a light in his eyes. Far down the Avenue the parade had started, its band playing a military march that beat like a pulse in the air. It reminded him of the May day they had marched to the pier. That same march, march, march, as in *The Tale of Two Cities*. Or so Bud had called it. Left foot, right foot — how Bud had laughed. Flags like red and white and blue balloons. Kathleen had stood on the corner, and when he had passed, she had run out and caught his arm, and he'd kissed her in front of the crowd. How Bud had laughed! Damn the pain, coming up in waves like black clouds with curling white edges; coming closer — the throb, throb, throb of music, of feet tramping, like *The Tale of Two Cities*. Peter pushed back the pain, took off his hat, and wiped his forehead. God, to be whole again, to go swinging on both feet down the Avenue!

"Somebody's sick," he heard distinctly, and a policeman's whistle. "Better get out of this, boy," the cop said. Peter struggled against the crowd. "Better move on boy," like that. But not now. There was Kathleen. Kathleen in a gray coat, an orchid pinned on one shoulder, little purple hat to match her eyes. Her head thrown back, the sun in her eyes and shining white on her teeth as she flung a laughing remark at her companion — a stout, pompous man, a politician — Peter knew the kind. Pretty girl coming, Peter, take off your hat. The black cloud thickened, but Kathleen, leaning in, pushed back its foaming white edges. It was

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Kathleen, coming to speak to him. He'd bow, like that, his hat in his hand.

"Somebody's sick," came to him, quite distinctly, and Peter saw a flash of silver in the sun.

"My God, Kathleen, not that. No, no, no, not that! My God, Kathleen, not a quarter in my hat!"

WING MU SI SPEAKS OF THE VANITY OF MAN'S ILLUSIONS

THE souls of men
Are birds with beaks of glass,
Which they break knocking
At the adamantine gates
Of Paradise!

— *Paul Eldridge*

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FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By the Pedestrian

OUR ROMAN VILLA

THE old song says that "You never *can* tell about a woman," and I incline to suspect that the same is true of a man. People you have known for years and have placed quite definitely in their parts break out of them in such unexpected ways that real life at times seems as unstable as amateur theatricals. There's Exacticus, for instance. He was always the same: bluff, outspoken, overbearing, ungracious, given to a kind of elephantine humor, but, so far as I knew, utterly lacking in "headlong nonsense," positively contemptuous of a frivolous jest. At the club the mere suggestion of a pun made him roar, not with laughter but with rage. In fact, he was so set in his character part that I had begun to fear he might never again appear in these pages; as "copy" he was more than used up.

But I had never seen him on an outing. I haven't yet, for that matter, but I have seen him on a week-end visit, which appeared to be such a delirious experi nce for him that it liberated two Exacticusses I had never dreamed of — not a bit like the old cuss I had known at the club. Some day I mean to entice him into a real outing (Honolulu, say, or Coney Island) and take my camera along.

I had often pressed him (I'm not quite sure why!) to spend a week-end at my house, but he had hitherto always found an excuse. I was a little fearful of the results if he practised his dialectic method on my wife, but, relying on her sense of humor to sustain her for two days, I kept on pressing the invitation — till, bless me, he suddenly accepted. His long disinclination, I soon realized, had had nothing to do with previous engagements; it had also had nothing to do with unbreakable club habits; it sprang solely from his weakness in the presence of women. Not a weakness *for* women, but an insurmountable fear of them. My wife might just possibly be somewhere about the premises; no, the risk had been *too* great.

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Yet my premonitions at the club were nothing compared to the whirlwind of his embarrassment when he did arrive. In a check suit that would have looked gay at Ascot and with an enormous cluster of clove pinks in his buttonhole, he burst upon us from a taxi. Simultaneously he burst into speech, chiefly to my wife. Not *a* speech, as at the club, but into his idea of polite conversation — all on one side, to be sure, and quite as long as his club lectures, but less sternly logical, just exquisitely and interminably affable. I listened closely, perhaps a trifle nervously, to that initial outburst and feel that I can report it as accurately as a dictaphone, though out of mercy to the reader I shall reduce it by ninety per cent.

"I'm so glad to be here at last," he began. "No, I didn't miss the way — it sounds as if I had been a long time coming — I mean I'm glad to be here after so many years — isn't it a nice day? — but perhaps you don't like it so warm — still, it isn't really hot, do you think it is? — but perhaps you call this hot — some people would — I shouldn't, but some people would — I find people differ a good deal about the weather — or perhaps you prefer a gray day — no, I don't believe you do — still, some people do — perhaps you're one of them." (Breath) "Or perhaps you don't enjoy talking about the weather — some people don't — perhaps you're one of them —"

This sort of "conversation," of which he appeared to have an inexhaustible fund, went on unabated well into dinner and might, I fear, have continued through the entire week-end had my wife and I not happened to squeeze in (while he was eating) a few chance comments on the passing of names, in favor of numbers.

"Steamers still have names," I remarked, "and by the same token they still have individuality. But everything else is a number."

"Pullman cars?" corrected my wife.

Exacticus shifted a mouthful into his cheek and chirped up in a new vein — "But *their* names indicate a disordered imagination — or some game of which the rules are kept secret. Nobody dares pronounce their names, so they have numbers too."

"Of course," I went on, "Kipling did give a personality to '007,' but think of the days when locomotives were 'The Tiger' or 'The Cumberland' or 'The Lion.' And houses too; they have lost all the old distinction — a street number or a telephone label is the sole identifying mark. Think of Milton born at the 'Spread

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Eagle'; what chance has a modern born at 4672! And though hotels still have names, their labels are as commonplace, as unimaginative, as mere numbers — Ritz, Bellevue, Metropole in every city, instead of such picturesque names as Woolpack, Goat and Compasses, Cadran Bleu."

"It's rather sad, isn't it?" commented my wife. "People will be nothing but numbers next. Before I know it, I may be a number myself."

Exacticus bolted an obdurate piece of gristle. "Oho, may you?" he chortled. "Criminals and inmates have numbers. 'Come, step it, No. 48!'"

The boldness of this sally quite liberated him. (The reader will recall "No. 48," of *Bab Ballads* fame, a most unprepossessing female inmate.) Exacticus threw back his head and roared. From then on he indulged in an orgy of pleasant, silly jests; he even descended to puns. And that's how our rooms got their Roman names.

"It would be an affectation nowadays, I suppose," my wife went on, when he had recovered from the "48" jest, "to give individual names to rooms; not just 'drawing-room,' 'dining room,' or 'pink room,' 'blue room,' but names which express their personalities. Yet why not?"

"Your telephone hutch," choked Exacticus — "may I venture to name it? — is 'Heliogabalus.'" With that he went off again into peal after peal, till the reverberation shook disastrously the hand of the maid and precipitated a dish of salad, overdressed, on me and adjacent territory.

"You mustn't be so funny," I cried.

"I won't," he replied; "I can't" (with a moment's reflective relish and one wee chuckle); "but while we're on the subject, I should like to suggest 'Antoninus Pius' for your drawing-room; there are so many pictures of Madonnas in it."

"That's rather pretentious, isn't it?" said my wife.

"Perhaps, but it's consistent," he replied earnestly. "You can call it 'Aunty Pi' for short, you know. But it's very important to be consistent; we must have only Roman names — only Roman emperors! You see, the whole house is founded on a Roman emperor."

"Yes? Which emperor?"

"Why, haven't you thought of that yet? 'Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay' — that's your foundation of course."

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"And the furnace," I ventured, "would be 'Nero.'"

"Naturally." Exacticus was as serious and as busy as a child at a new game. "Now this room," he mused; "what shall we call it? . . . I have it: 'Amelianus!'"

More roars and peals, which wholly drowned out my suggestion that 'Saladin' (Romaine if not quite Roman) would do pretty well.

Dear Reader, I will not bore thee with an overdose of this silliness, for I cannot transmit to paper the droll grimaces of Exacticus Liberatus when a new name was working itself out in him, nor yet the vociferous roars with which he followed each invention. But as we thus rioted through the week-end, he worked out Diocletian — the Baths of Diocletian, and those of Caracalla of course — Commodus for the large living room (though the wrenched accent caused him much agonized muttering), Constantine, Septimius Severus, even the military trio, Galba, Otho, and Vitellius, to cover a triple battery of closets in Galerius (the second-floor hall). No nook or cranny but he found a name for it, thanks to his erudition and his inexhaustible zest for the pursuit. *Except the stairs;* the stairs stumped him till the last moment.

"Sorry," he said as he shook hands on the doorstep, "sorry not to think of a name for the stairs. I hardly slept last night. I feel that my visit has been a failure."

He had opened the door of the taxi, but he suddenly shut it again without getting in. Quite as suddenly the driver, supposing his passenger inside, drove off, and no shouts or Pedestrian pursuit could recover him.

"No matter," cried Exacticus, his eyes gleaming. "I've got it!"

"Got what?"

"Why, the stairs. Trajan, of course. That gives us a name for the newel post too — the 'Column of Trajan.'"

"But why Trajan for the stairs?" I asked.

"Why, don't you see?" he cried, as if it were the most obvious thing in the world. "Don't you know how when you're tired, very tired, just dog-tired, when you feel as if you simply couldn't walk upstairs, you just — well, you just sort of trajan up?"

Then more peals of laughter, carnivorous, while I arranged, through a conference with Heliogabalus, for another taxi.

— *Walter S. Hinchman*

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WHAT IS EVOLUTION?

Forum Definitions

EMERSON once wrote to Thomas Carlyle and informed him that Margaret Fuller had decided to accept the universe; whereupon the canny Scotchman replied, "By gad, she'd better!" So it is with the theory of Evolution. Contrary to the belief of the late Governor Peay of Tennessee and the equally late William Jennings Bryan, it is not a question of whether we shall accept Evolution as truth. It is simply a question of "By gad, we'd better!" The alternative is that fossilization of the intellect which most certainly overtakes the stand-pat mind in a world of changing, shifting values.

From the hundreds of definitions received this month, it is evident that a fair cross-section of the American public has been profoundly moved by the battle over Evolution. Here are some of the more pertinent exhibits:

Evolution — the process of crawling up hill a foot at a time and slipping back only eleven inches. (*Georgia Harkness, Elmira, N. Y.*)

Evolution is the NOW and the SHALL BE of the WAS in the beginning. (*J. Landseer MacKenzie, New York City.*)

Evolution is the superstition of primitive Nature-worshipers who believe that the oyster (or was it the amœba?) entertained an ambition to become bigger, better, and bi-pedaled. Through a series of long and sustained efforts, covering unreckoned billions of years, Homo Sapiens finally arrived. With this remarkable achievement, all ambition expired — as well it might! The net result is US, devoted chiefly to making life ever more dangerous, difficult, and unhappy. (*Arthur V. Watts, Minneapolis, Minn.*)

Evolution is the flattering yet annoying doctrine that man and the universe have been worse and will be better off than they are: flattering in that it gives man the highest place as yet reached; annoying because man would fain boast of his ancestors too. (*James Greek, Union City, N. J.*)

Evolution — that which affords man the consolation of being able to trace his asininity back to the apes. (*Charles C. Schmidt, Downingtown, Pa.*)

Evolution is a little bit of Darrow in Tennessee. (*William A. Ward, Clinton, Conn.*)

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Evolution — the *bête noire* of timid souls who, straining at the gnat of truth, swallowed the camel of ignorance. (*L. L. Rice, Mayland, Tenn.*)

Evolution is a monkey's tail fastened to the philosophies of the great Golden-Age Greeks. (*G. J. Trew, Washington, D. C.*)

Evolution — the expression of an animal of the sea, living on the land, and wanting to fly through the air. (*H. Theodore Stubbs, Locust Valley, L. I., N. Y.*)

Evolution is that force of nature which is credited with having made men out of monkeys, and conversely has most assuredly made monkeys out of many men. (*E. Wilbur Cook, Jr., Danville, Ky.*)

Prizes are awarded for the following definitions:

1 Evolution means gradual growth, which may be explained in the following manner: ox wagon, Ford, Rolls-Royce; William J. Bryan, Eighteenth Amendment, Al Smith; the Holy Bible, Joseph McCabe, H. L. Mencken; the law of the old West, mob law, Chicago. (*Brice O. Taylor, Sulphur Springs, Tex.*)

2 Evolution — a cosmological theory that attributes the origin of the universe to natural development instead of special creation. (*Goldia Cooksey, Norman, Okla.*)

3 Evolution — $(a+b)^2 = a^2+2ab+b^2$ is an algebraic illustration of every possible use of the word, for $a^2+2ab+b^2$ is a development of every latent characteristic of $(a+b)^2$. If $(a+b)^2$ should be said to develop into $a^2+3ab+b^2$, then we have an instance, not of evolution only, but of accretion also. Something actually new has been added. The whole battle over organic Evolution is, fundamentally, a battle over the legitimacy of supposing that nature can add as well as multiply. (*Winthrop Parkhurst, New York City.*)

4 Evolution — comprehensively stated, it is that changing process which continuously unfolds, link by link, the progressive chain of cause and effect. (*Yutaka Minakuchi, Glover, Vt.*)

5 Evolution — the theory that all forms of life have a common origin in the dim and distant past. In that the theory supposes a kinship of all living things, it brings harmony to the world in which we live. In that it reasons out fallacies of the static world in which we were taught to believe, it brings disillusionment and shock; hence, in a society organized to perpetuate truth imperfectly perceived and doctrines thereby formulated, it meets resentment. At best, the theory is man's search for truth in a changing world. (*L. Alma Lupo, Columbia, S. C.*)

Next word to be defined: — EDUCATION. *Definitions, typewritten and not exceeding 100 words, must reach the Editor by July 25. Prizes of $5.00, or any book mentioned or advertised in* THE FORUM (*value not exceeding $5.00*), *for each winning definition.*

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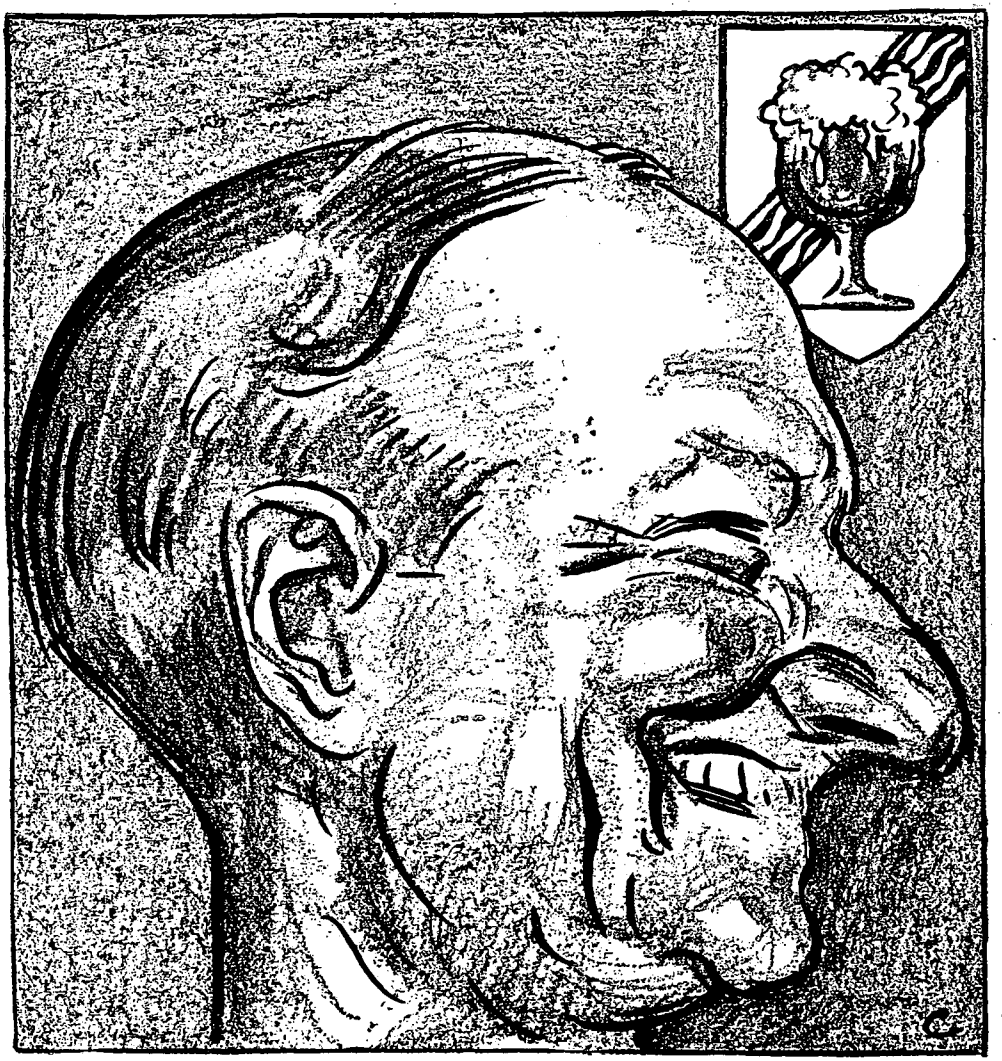

ALFRED E. SMITH
GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK

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OUR NEXT PRESIDENT

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES — SELECTED BY FORUM READERS

Cartoons by Oscar Cesare

THIS month brings forth the best Democratic papers submitted in THE FORUM'S *Presidential Contest, following the best Republican papers published last month.*

PRIZE AWARD

IN judging this contest the Editor has assumed the rôle of a citizen from Mars who, disregarding the realities and probabilities of American politics, is asked to choose Our Next President solely on the evidence submitted. Upon this basis the Editor is pleased to award the prize of one hundred dollars to Mr. John P. Bruton, whose paper, published in this issue, gives the most cogent reasons why Senator Walsh ought to be Our Next President — this in spite of the fact that he has withdrawn from the contest.

I—ALFRED E. SMITH

NORMAN HAPGOOD

THE man with the highest individual chance of becoming our next President is Alfred E. Smith, four times Governor of New York. There is nobody in either party except Smith who is almost sure of the nomination. I think the big campaign money scandals are helping Hoover toward nomination, but his chance of getting it is much less than half that of Smith. If both are nominated, the odds on Hoover will be small.

No one has the audacity even to assert that any other Democrat has a reasonable prospect of shaking the grip of the Republicans. Why is it that Smith actually has a prospect? As many a hard-boiled Republican believes Smith is likely to win, there must be reasons.

People to-day vote mainly on business prospects. The farmer, the storekeeper, the investor, and the magnate have been brought up to believe that the prosperity of this virgin and mechanical continent is based on the wisdom of Mellon, Coolidge, and the combination of politics and big business. If unemployment is still evident when the voter goes into a booth with his God next November, it will not be quite easy to persuade him to select a President merely because he wears the label "Republican," provided his alternative is the ablest business executive in the political history of New York.

Smith is not a theorist. He has fought many a good fight for liberalism, but his fighting has not been in the air. The few voters who care for freedom as it was visioned by Jefferson will remember what Smith did for sanity in such cases as Jim Larkin, Gitlow, and the Socialist Assemblymen. The few will think of the fact that his appointments to the Supreme Court will be made in the light of his agreement with Holmes and Brandeis in social outlook. Besides those who are philosophically for liberalism, there may be also the ranks of labor taking an interest in this outlook, as it sees the abuse of the injunction putting an unfair weapon into the hands of some of the most brutal capitalists. There is a good deal of talk nowadays about the help Smith receives from studious persons especially interested in social reform. It may be well not to forget that those groups, now his followers, went over to him thirteen years ago on his social and labor record already established in Albany.

I grow weary of hearing about what a good politician he is. In mere shrewdness

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he is probably not superior to Big Bill Thompson, or perhaps even Governor Len Small — to take two ornaments from the commonwealth once graced by Abraham Lincoln. The difference is that those men appeal to the worst in the electorate, and Smith appeals to the best. The difference is that when he steps before the radio and invites men and women in their homes to think about the business that concerns them, he is delivering to them the soundest education ever sent out to the voters.

Many farmers find it impossible to think. Republican tradition is too strong for them. There will be other farmers — in Southern Illinois, Wisconsin, Nebraska, many places — who will be willing to listen to a man who in the eighth agricultural state of the union has unceasingly worked for better farm conditions, and who is a leader in the effort to keep water power where it can be used for the welfare of the farmer as well as of the city householder. A leader of the people needs both ability and heart. It is not easy at this day to doubt Smith's ability.

The most important single question in the world is peace among the nations. Another war could start civilization on the down grade. Smith loves people and hates waste. Since he is a builder, destruction to him is abhorrent. His diplomacy and tact are unsurpassed, and nobody has fooled him much. The voter is likely to believe that in the White House no other would be more likely to find roads to harmony.

On the unhappy liquor predicament I would not argue with a voter who puts the question first and believes it should be settled by national force. True, Smith would use the enforcement money as well as Mellon, or better, but it is true also that the election will be interpreted as a referendum. So be it. It is important to decide whether Sweden and Canada are right in constant serious experiment, or whether we are right to freeze a majority decision into our Constitution. Probably he will gain more than he will lose, since there are signs of disillusion about the step we took when we abandoned the march of temperance through education and through the rising standard of living, and rushed over to the doctrine of fixity and force.

Religious bigotry it would do me no good to discuss. Jefferson had his authorship of a statute of religious freedom inscribed on his tomb. In spite of Kluxism, on the one hand, and the sacred gospel of Mellonism, on the other, circumstances are such that the most constructive liberal in America is likely to be the next President of the United States. The man who deserves that title is one who, by his own brains, courage, and morality, has marched from the swarming streets of poverty steadily up to a station of public confidence unexampled in a community of eleven million beings.

II — THOMAS J. WALSH

JOHN P. BRUTON

THOMAS J. WALSH of Montana will be nominated by the Democrats at Houston and elected in November. Voters are asking for a strong man. They feel they have too long been tolerant of ordinary ability in the management of national affairs. Only by placing the ablest in authority can they secure the highest order of government. Most Americans are inspired by the qualities of virility and independence. Walsh has these. He typifies the West.

Walsh is preëminently fitted to bring order out of the legislative and judiciary chaos of our national life. A sane and faithful enforcement of present laws and a check on ill-considered legislation will follow his election. In the ability to interpret the Constitution he has no equal among the other candidates. Walsh's election to the Presidency will mean the greatest stimulus to law enforcement our nation has known since the World War.

Walsh has many times shown himself a master in stressful situations. He has made the investigation of the oil scandal the Walsh investigation. Despite the fact that the main action of the government

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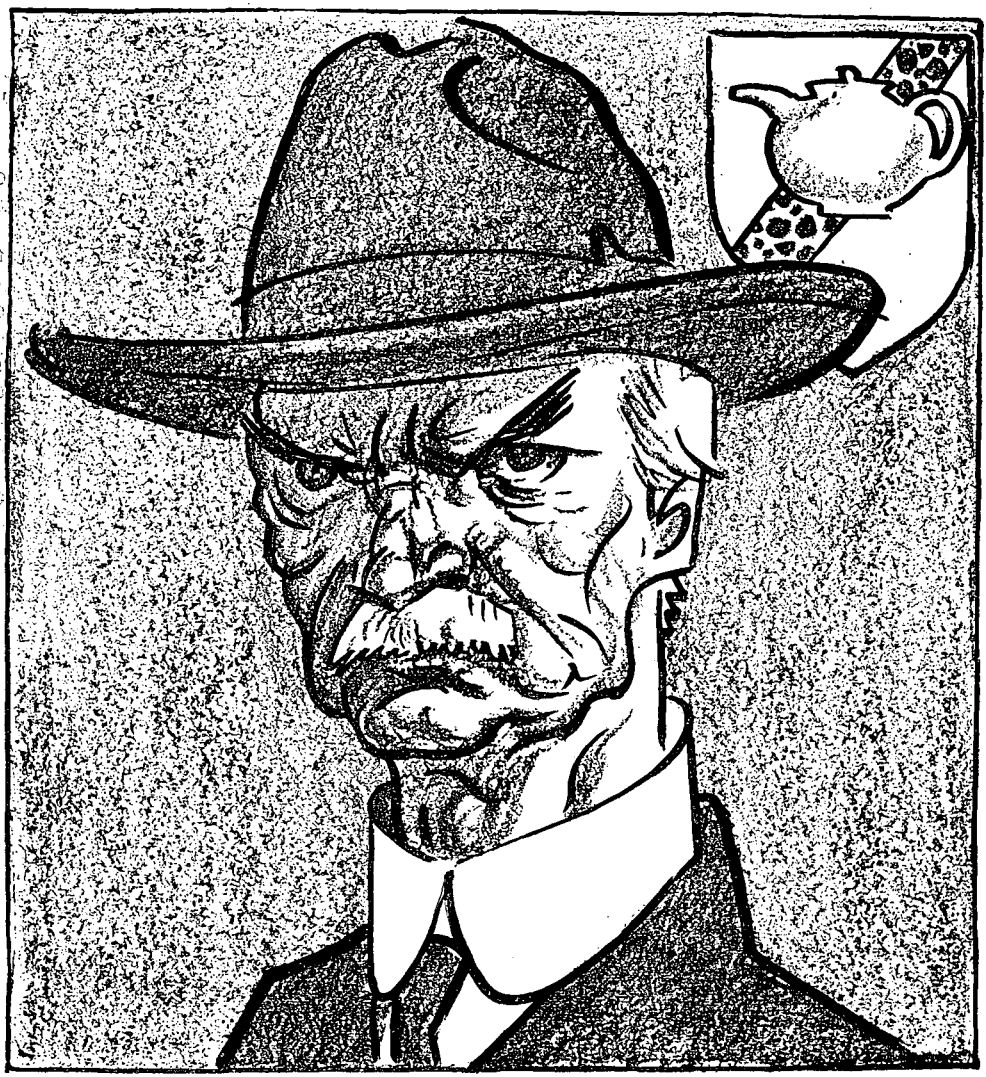

THOMAS J. WALSH
SENATOR FROM MONTANA

has been to hinder and not to promote the inquiry, the people have given him general confidence. No one questions that the principals would have met deserved punishment and that the scandal would now be a closed incident if Walsh had been in charge of the department of justice.

Perhaps no one in American history ever had a more trying time as a presiding officer than Walsh as Chairman of the Democratic Convention in 1924. He was the only member of the convention who did not make a mistake or a series of mistakes. Who else in the convention as delegate or candidate could the party be proud of?

Walsh as a candidate will be representative of true Democracy. All other candidates are considered because they advocate or represent some particular policy or "ism." No one makes as broad an appeal as Walsh. He has no political or sectional entanglements that would

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keep him from being just to all. Nothing in his many years of public service calls for explanation or apology.

Walsh expresses the social ideals and political freedom that Jefferson made a part of our political thinking. He has the crusading zeal and fiery passion for justice and the welfare of the common people that made Jackson a national hero. He embodies the ideals and world statesmanship of Wilson. No other personality in our national life exemplifies such a heritage of the good as Walsh.

Walsh has shown a conception of international relations and needs that is rare among our public men. The day is here when we cannot be assured economic stability and progress by ignoring or antagonizing all influences beyond our borders. The American people want a peace programme that has some aim in view and that can present a plan comprehensible to the average citizen.

With Walsh in the White House farm relief will be taken out of the category of legislative jokes. His environment and mentality will give sympathetic aid to our basic industry. He knows that the tariff is now framed to make the farmer pay higher for what he must buy and to give him less market for what he sells. Walsh favors tariff reduction as necessary to farm relief. His position on the tariff is more clearly understood than that of any other candidate, and he is not hampered by provincialism and prejudice.

Walsh's attitude on prohibition needs no questionnaire nor explanation from propagandists. The country, by constitutional process and legal enactment, declared itself dry, and he believes it means to be dry. His belief will govern his action as an executive and his devotion to the law of the land will give prohibition no place as an issue in the campaign.

Those who believe in the ideals and purposes of Woodrow Wilson find in Walsh their strongest champion. To him would go what is distinctly the Wilson vote — a vote that is eager to express itself at the polls. The vote that has little party fealty and the independent vote will be the deciding votes in the election. Both of these will give Walsh strong support.

Walsh's personality is his platform — a platform that speaks in definite terms, a platform not to be forgotten after the nominating convention nor purposely lost after the election. He will bring out the stay-at-home vote because his candidacy will make it worth while to vote. Because he has qualities that will rouse citizens out of their indifference, because he has the trust of the people, and because he meets the demands of an earnest electorate, he will be chosen the next President.

DARK HORSES IN THE DEMOCRATIC PADDOCK

JAMES A. REED
SENATOR FROM MISSOURI

ALBERT C. RITCHIE
GOVERNOR OF MARYLAND

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Scissor-cuts by Martha Bensley Bruère

HILL COUNTRY

Forum Prize Biographical Novel — V

RAMSEY BENSON

THE next issue of the *Gumbo Voice* let fall a bombshell in the enemy's camp. Because the name was likely to be as unfamiliar to his public as it had been to him, Sven began with a short history of the Bemidji & Grand Marais. There might be those in Gumbo who had heard of Bemidji, but these were few.

Some years earlier, when the lumbering industry in Minnesota was coming to the peak of its prosperity and discerning men engaged in it had begun to foresee its finish, a company of capitalists had undertaken to build a railroad that should tap and open up vast stretches of timber too far away from the logging streams to be handled in the old way. They called the railroad the Bemidji & Grand Marais, though these points were not necessarily the terminals. The project had everything to commend it, and there was no ground for doubting the good faith of the parties behind it.

They asked for a grant of public land in aid of their enterprise and there was nothing out of the way about that. The state at large was going to benefit by the opening up and development of its resources and by good rights it should pay part of the cost. The company acted in good faith in asking for the grant, and the legislature in voting it acted wisely. So far, there was no fault to be found with anybody.

But the undertaking fell through. More detailed surveys demonstrated not only that the cost would be a good deal more than the company's first estimate, but that the timber wasn't worth as much as the early cruisers had reported—the upshot being that no railroad was built, the conditions of the charter were not met, and the grant of land was forfeited.

Very likely the history of the Bemidji & Grand Marais would have ended right there but for the subsequent discovery of iron, first in the Vermillion region, and shortly after in the Mesaba range. With that discovery the lands described in the B. & G. M. grant took on overnight a value that verged on the fabulous.

If the grant hadn't been forfeited, it would have meant untold millions in the pockets of the stockholders of the B. & G. M., their heirs and assigns. Nor was it any serious offset that title under the grant could be perfected only by building the railroad as originally projected, for now the land was worth enough to build a dozen railroads, regardless of obstacles.

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Moreover, though the grant had been forfeited, the legislature had power to vacate the forfeiture — power, in other words, to put the stockholders of the B. & G. M., their heirs and their assigns, back in possession of the land.

Of course (here Sven ceased to write history), it needed no prophet to foretell that the legislature would be asked to vacate the forfeiture.

By whom specifically?

The *Voice* couldn't pretend to know, but it wasn't afraid to hazard a guess. If you looked in the market quotations which the daily papers printed from day to day, you saw Great Northern Ore listed among the securities bought and sold; and if the *Voice* wasn't badly mistaken, Great Northern Ore was a subsidiary of the Great Northern Railway, formed to take over the mineral lands which had come, or might hereafter come — by hook or by crook — into the Great Northern Railway Company's clutches.

It was thus that melons grew — to employ the term as it was understood in Wall Street. The *Voice* was not in a position to reveal the secrets of the inmost circles, but it felt pretty well convinced that Great Northern Ore was being carefully watched and tended with the idea that it would some day, if all went well, sprout a melon.

If it should have come to pass that Great Northern interests were the heirs and assigns of the Bemidji & Grand Marais Company, the melon might, by the vacation of the forfeiture of the land grant, be made to take on gigantic proportions. Indeed, it might turn out to be about the biggest and juiciest melon ever sliced.

Thus far the *Voice* named no names — that is, of individuals. It had no need to do so. Everybody knew who was master of the Great Northern in all its ramifications. In that kingdom there was only one king.

No man's name until just at the last. It was thus the *Voice* rounded out its bombshell:

"If Mr. Hill is anxious to have men of his own choice sent to the legislature, is it any wonder? Not many votes will be needed to pass a bill — a hundred or so in both houses will be enough. Only a hundred votes altogether. A vote from Gumbo County is as good as another, and therefore farmers and their wives and their babies may come to town and eat their fill of oyster stew without having to pay."

No more than that. In perfectly good temper, though it was the first good temper Sven Opsahl had shown in his paper since the nominations.

But if the bombshell and his unwonted manner of hurling it were enough to make a stir, the effect was in no small degree heightened by various signs and portents going to show that the enemy was hard hit. The first of these was Luth Rand's very abrupt departure from his post and from Gumbo.

No explanations were forthcoming, but the circumstances pointed to a row of some sort. That Pick had financed the *Beacon* and paid Rand's wages from the start — so much was well known, and that Rand had been fired because he wouldn't do what Pick wanted done was the commonest conjecture.

But the sign which more than any other testified to Sven's good gunnery was J. Cardigan Clewel, brought back from somewhere to take editorial charge of the *Beacon*. Of course Pick was paying Clewel's wages too — Clewel announced with a grandiloquent gesture that he had bought the property as an investment, but he fooled nobody.

Under Clewel's hand the *Beacon* changed its style entirely. No more moderation in that quarter — instead of saying its say, as heretofore, quietly and without heat, it flew into a great passion. So far from passing over in silence the charges against Pick Overturf, it denounced them as foul and baseless slanders, and its denunciations were more than vehement — they were hysterical.

As for Sven Opsahl, the *Beacon* couldn't mention him henceforth without fairly frothing at the mouth.

The only effect of the *Beacon's* reversal of form was to bring about a reversal of sentiment in the community. The advantage which Rand had gained by his moderation and magnanimity, Clewel straightway handed over to Sven; and Sven, having learned his lesson, knew how to make the most of it.

But if by these vicissitudes Pick Overturf lost ground, Sven Opsahl had a lot of

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ground to gain before he could come up with his adversary, and it was anybody's race right up to the count of the ballots. In fact, the vote narrowly missed being a tie, Sven winning by the exceedingly slender majority of twenty.

Election night Pick gave it out that he would demand a recount and, if the recount failed to change the result, that he would contest the seat before the legislature. It was already known that the legislature would be strongly Republican and should Pick lodge a contest as he threatened, the chances were that a way would be found to seat him.

But by morning he thought better of it. Somehow, during the night, a change came over the spirit of his dreams and he took none of the steps to which his hasty words, spoken in the bitterness of defeat, had committed him. That amounted to a right-about-face, but neighbors could readily account for it. Restored to his own proper character, with the heat of battle past and gone, nothing would be so like the Pick Overturf they knew as some such act of genial generosity. You couldn't tell them that there might be hidden reasons under the surface.

XII

Shapes of all Sorts and Sizes, great and small,
That stood along the floor and by the wall:
And some loquacious Vessels were; and some
Listen'd perhaps, but never talked at all.

The first business of the legislature was the election of a United States Senator. During a fortnight and more the old Merchants Hotel in St. Paul, always a centre of political activity, never slept. Night and day politicians big and little thronged its dingy bar, held casual consultations in its devious lobbies, or, if they desired more privacy, withdrew to the stuffy little rooms upstairs.

A freakish survival — the Merchants — dating back to and preserving something of the flavor of the days when St. Paul was hardly more than a trading post. The antiquated building had only recently been fitted out with steam heat, and in nearly every room there was still the hole in the wall where a stovepipe had once passed through. Not, however, that the holes had altogether outlived their usefulness, for newspaper men found them convenient for listening in when they were locked out of a conference and there was no other way to overhear the talk.

The old tavern enjoyed a virtual monopoly of the political ferment. Other hotels in the town, any of them more modern, were as good as deserted these days. Politicians as a species had long since got into the habit of putting up at the Merchants and it was a habit hard to break — the house was a tradition with them.

Sven Opsahl found cheaper quarters. But he was much about the hotel during the senatorial campaign, mostly as an onlooker. His affiliations being what they were, he wasn't drawn deeply into the whirlpool — anyhow not at once. The Farmers' Alliance mustered only twelve votes on joint ballot and for the present they figured little if at all in the combinations that were taking form.

These twelve votes, Sven's among them, were pledged to Donnelly. Though it was certain that they couldn't elect Donnelly by any direct action, in so far as they stood by him and did his bidding they gave him a trading strength that might be the means of bringing about results otherwise unlikely. In politics the unexpected was always just around the corner, and a situation might arise such that Donnelly would hold the balance between two embattled factions who hated him less than they hated each other. In that event he might play the part of the fox in the fable and take the bacon away from both the bear and the lion.

To none of the band was he more gracious than to the young member from Gumbo County, and if Sven on his part harbored a personal prejudice against the man who had taken the wind out of his sails aforetime, it soon wore away under the influence of Donnelly's charm — for nobody could be more charming. Something like an intimacy grew up between these two.

The Democrats were better off, but not much. They had nineteen votes on joint ballot — a pitiful showing for a party that had once been so powerful. It made them still weaker in the legislature that they had no settled policy, nothing to hold them together but a faint

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tradition growing ever fainter. There was a chance that they might be persuaded to espouse Donnelly's cause, and the Sage was flirting with them in a guarded way. Of course, nineteen votes were worth having when fewer than a hundred were enough to elect.

The Republicans numbered 161 members — an overwhelming majority. But they were a house divided, and in that circumstance lay Donnelly's opportunity to play the part of the fox in the fable. Two rival Republican candidates for the senatorship were the lion and the bear locked in a struggle to the death — that is, political death. Each commanded strong support and the fight between them had gone far enough to engender the bitterest animosities. The Senator would be elected at last by the two houses of the legislature sitting together — joint ballot, as it was called — but before that, the Republican members were to meet in caucus and determine, behind locked doors and as a strictly family affair, which of their two candidates had a majority of the 161 votes, the proposal being that this candidate should thereafter be the unanimous choice of the whole party and have everybody's vote on joint ballot. Such was the proposal and the established usage, but could it be made to stand in the face of so much hard feeling? Would the faction defeated in the caucus so far forget their wounds as to bow to the will of the majority and give their suffrages to the victorious faction's man?

There was more than a little doubt about it. Indeed, shrewd observers were predicting that the faction which got the worst of it in the caucus would refuse to abide by the verdict — they would bolt, in other words, and take their fight into the open legislature.

It would be a great day for the dark horses if anything like that came to pass.

Donnelly wasn't in the strict sense of the term a dark horse, for the reason that he had long been avowedly in the running. But there was nobody whose fortunes a bolt would prosper more. Shrewd observers, mindful of his skill as a tactician, gave him better than a bare chance.

The two Republican candidates were Dwight — a certain rich man — and Drew — a certain other rich man — two of a kind as nearly as might be, both captains of industry and more used to overbearing opposition than yielding to it, neither of them much schooled in the gentle art of backing down. Dwight and Drew fought mainly with money. Every vote counted, no device by which a vote might be gained was neglected, and bribery in some form became the order of the day. The air was thick with the reek of it.

Not a lisp of the damaging talk got into the newspapers, and Sven Opsahl, with the ways of the metropolitan press yet to learn, asked Donnelly why. The Sage put on an air of mock mystery. "Charity," he asserted solemnly, "isn't the only thing that covers a multitude of sins. They can't accuse me of buying votes, but if they could, they would. It makes a difference whose ox is gored. You've heard of the foul bird — that tells tales out of school."

Sven wasn't much enlightened at the moment, but he understood more clearly before the winter was over.

A typical story and one not particularly more damaging than dozens of others was that of a member who sold his vote to Drew for $10,000 and to Dwight for $15,000 and then, with the $25,000 in his pocket, feigned illness the night of the caucus and cast his ballot for neither. The member took no pains to deny the story; indeed, he complacently endured open joking about it, yet his political standing seemed in no wise to suffer. His party afterward honored him with still higher office, fortune was kind to him, and another day he just missed being United States Senator himself.

Bribery wasn't the only undue influence brought to bear. In Dwight's headquarters the bath tub was kept filled with bottles of champagne packed in ice, and the costly beverage flowed as freely as water.

Not only was wine pressed into service, but women as well. Agents in Drew's employ enticed an otherwise stubborn Dwight member out to see the sights of what they made him believe was the underworld, and trapped him into an affair so scandalous that they had only to threaten him with exposure in order to scare him into trembling compliance with their every wish. He, too, was taken

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suddenly sick just before the caucus, and, to give the pretense more reality, his wife was wired to come from their distant home and nurse him.

The Dwight people were not fooled, but what could they do? Nothing except to meet trickery with trickery. It was dog eat dog, and they ate their share.

For obvious reasons no attempt was made to tamper with the Alliance men or the Democrats. Unless there should be a bolt, their votes weren't worth buying; and however strong the probabilities might be, no man could know whether there would be a bolt until the caucus had met and registered its verdict. But if, the caucus having made its choice between Drew and Dwight, the defeated candidate should refuse to abide by the decision, the market price of Alliance men and Democrats was likely to take a sudden rise — a vote was a vote after that.

Sven Opsahl wasn't blind. If the cat should jump as it seemed more and more on the point of jumping, the member from Gumbo County was going to be in a position to sell his vote for enough to make him independently comfortable. If the dark horse should be as wealthy as Dwight or Drew and as indisposed to haggle about terms — $25,000 — $50,000 — even $50,000 wasn't out of reason.

How about it? Should the opportunity offer, would Sven embrace it?

Not in so many words. A sin in morals and a felony in law — he didn't want to be guilty of anything like that. On the other hand the cynical indifference to considerations of right and wrong so much the fashion everywhere about him couldn't help having its effect. These men with whom he mingled day by day — they would call him a fool for having any qualms. They would count him lucky to get the chance and foolish not to take advantage of it.

He didn't want to be a fool and he told Donnelly so, saying nothing about any qualms of conscience — they were intimate enough for that. What would Donnelly do if he were in Sven's place?

The Sage's answer was quick and unequivocal. "If you don't want to be a fool," he said, "never take a bribe. You'll gain nothing by it if you do."

But another day Donnelly rather spoiled the effect. They were speaking, as often, of Jim Hill. "Does anybody know how Hill stands?" Sven speculated. "I mean has he any preference between Drew and Dwight?"

Donnelly shrugged his plump shoulders. "Tweedledum and tweededee," he said. Then he thought a moment: "Mr. Hill would as lief see me elected Senator as anybody."

Sven wasn't prepared for such an avowal. "In spite of the black pigs and hornless bulls?" he protested.

The Sage's blue Irish eyes twinkled and he made a gesture, or a series of gestures, in pantomimic imitation of a blacksmith blowing his bellows. "Of course," he stipulated, "you and I are not talking for publication right now."

If it wasn't a confession of insincerity, Sven didn't know what to make of it, and it startled him.

Donnelly went on, more soberly: "Hill doesn't take much interest in what the legislature is about these days. He has other fish to fry and fish with far more of the essential fat of life in them. But he and I understand each other and he wouldn't be sorry to see me elected to the United States Senate."

Sven reflected how easy it would be to cook Donnelly's goose with the Alliance men just by repeating those words.

The Sage was in a mood to say things that day. He fell into a philosophical vein. Nothing, he maintained, was more firmly established, as a fact of experience, than that crime projected upon a sufficiently large scale ceased to be criminal. "Napoleon," he pointed out, "stole crowns and kingdoms right and left and is acclaimed the foremost man of all the world. Why shouldn't Jim Hill, in his way no less a genius, have the benefit of a similar dispensation? We say of some saphead who happens to be born in the purple that he can do no wrong — why deny the exemption to the real kings, the real able men? Why fetter them with the trivial restrictions that are only useful for the control of trivial people?"

That wasn't Alliance sentiment. It wasn't even democracy. But worse than that, it wasn't the doctrine which Donnelly preached in public.

Their intimacy, whatever might be the reason, never went so far as to admit Sven to Donnelly's political plots, and as

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the night of the Republican caucus drew near the Sage had less and less time for anything else.

It was a good deal easier to distrust Donnelly when you weren't under the direct influence of his personal charm. If Sven was being passed by, he refused to be hurt by the slight. Furthermore, he would never cease to be grateful for the turn of events which had brought him in contact with so original and stimulating a mind. But when he considered how far Donnelly's outlook, by his own admissions, fell short of being the Alliance outlook, it didn't seem right that Alliance votes should be instrumental in sending him to Washington. So long as he could not by any chance be elected, a vote for him was merely thrown away — at worst it did no harm. But if the Sage's plots and plans should so far prevail that a single vote might be enough either to elect him or defeat him — in such a contingency, and it might easily arise, Sven Opsahl, though in a manner pledged, began to ask himself very seriously how far his pledge was binding.

He thought often of Hodgson — why wasn't Hodgson the Alliance candidate? Why not bring Hodgson out even yet? But when he consulted with other Alliance members he met with no encouragement. They had only praise for Hodgson as a man and a citizen and a pillar of strength upholding the cause, but they didn't see how he could be elected Senator. He wasn't the right sort to play the fox and take the bacon from the bear and the lion. Donnelly on the other hand they regarded as exactly the man for the part, and if he went to the Senate the Alliance would have the credit of having started a brilliant man on his way.

That settled it. Of course Sven couldn't expect to accomplish much acting alone; the stampede would have to be to some extent cooked up and agreed upon in advance. But none the less his misgivings persisted. If it should come to the pass that his vote would elect or defeat, he was at length pretty well persuaded that Donnelly would stay at home.

The night of the Republican caucus found both factions professing the utmost confidence. Disinterested onlookers didn't know what to expect.

The caucus met in the chamber of the House of Representatives and nobody not a member of the legislature and a Republican was permitted to enter — even clerks were dispensed with and the galleries were locked. The newspaper men were forbidden with the rest of the world, there were no stovepipe holes to listen at, and the various avenues of approach were especially guarded against their arts. The best these gentry could do was to concentrate at the headquarters where the managers found a way, by means of special wires, to keep in touch with what was going on up at the capitol.

The candidates were not personally in at the death, neither of them having been in St. Paul for a day or two, but they were no doubt likewise at the end of special wires. So that the secrecy, though such a parade was made of maintaining it, was show more than substance. Nothing that took place in the caucus was likely to remain long unknown.

The first roll call disclosed six absent votes out of the 161. Some of these might have been detained by necessity, some of them certainly were not; but either way they had to be counted out. The houses, officially in session, could compel the attendance of members, by force if need be, but the caucus had to be content with such as chose to come.

The voting was by ballot, each member writing his choice on a slip of paper and depositing it in the teller's hat. On the first test nine ballots turned up blank — nine members, in other words, were minded to dodge. The remaining 146 were evenly divided between the two candidates.

The second test developed four blanks, while a fifth had the name of Billy Patterson written on it. "Who struck him?" somebody piped up when the result was announced, and the crowd waiting outside couldn't imagine what the roar of laughter was about. Five out left an even number of valid ballots and once more the vote was a tie — 75 for Drew and 75 for Dwight.

There was more or less wrangling over the order of procedure; wrangling meant delay and the voting went on slowly. It was past midnight when the chairman of the caucus directed members to prepare their ballots for the third test. The lobbies of the house were thronged, so were the

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headquarters, and the tension was hard to bear.

Would everybody vote next time? If everybody voted, there being an odd number present, a choice would result unless a dark horse other than Billy Patterson should be trotted out, and that wasn't likely to happen so early in the game.

Wrangling and yet more wrangling. Delay until it seemed as if they never would get down to business. It lacked but a few minutes of two o'clock when a bareheaded man burst out of the chamber and in a voice husky with hard usage shouted:

"Drew has 78 votes and is nominated!"

There were cheers, but rather forced and faltering, for the tension was relieved only in part. Would the Dwight forces, beaten in the caucus, swallow their medicine and vote for Drew at the joint session of the two houses, or would they take the bits in their teeth and bolt?

The joint session was scheduled to be called to order at noon only a few hours away, and in the meanwhile the pot boiled with the utmost violence. Interest centered at the Dwight headquarters — the next move on the chess board was Dwight's and everybody watched breathlessly to see what it would be.

At the front, so to speak, were the newspaper men. They let nothing escape them, and when they saw Donnelly enter the door which led to the inmost sanctuary, they needed no man to tell them that a bolt was at least being considered. Donnelly was there to negotiate some sort of a trade. Would the Dwight strength be thrown to him, when the houses assembled?

Chaos reigned and anything might happen. It might turn out, if there should be a bolt, that nobody could muster a majority on joint ballot — a deadlock, in other words, with the legislature unable to function in any capacity, since it could not acquit itself of its first required duty.

The nights are long in January so far north as St. Paul, and day was just breaking when Donnelly emerged from the Dwight headquarters and was pounced upon by the newspaper men. "What's the good word?" somebody in the party sang out, with the easy familiarity that he was always the last of prominent men to resent.

"Sleep — I can't think of a better word right now!" Donnelly flashed back, cheerily. "Blest be the man who first invented sleep — so said Sancho Panza and so say I!" he quoted and waved his hand as he pushed past them and away.

Anybody could see that he was tired and jaded, and well he might be; but his characteristic suavity was never more evident. Though he waved them off and passed them by without telling anything of what they wanted so much to know, there was no hint of defeat in his bearing. On the contrary, they drew the inference that he was pleased with what he had accomplished, and they so reported in the early editions of their papers. Donnelly was to have the Dwight votes on the first ballot or the first two ballots and after that, if he failed of election, he was to swing his strength to some dark horse of Dwight's choosing — so specific were the newspaper men, though merely guessing.

High noon was the hour set; but there had to be about so much backing and filling, and it was nearer one o'clock when the Speaker of the House let fall his gavel. After that there was still more backing and filling and another half-hour had elapsed before the sergeant at arms flung wide the great doors and sonorously announced the Lieutenant Governor and the honorable Senate.

The galleries open to the public were long since packed to their utmost capacity, and the aisles below were so thronged with persons who, though not members, yet had the privilege of the floor, that the ushers had great difficulty clearing a way for the Lieutenant Governor and the honorable Senate to pass to the benches set out for them up in front. The ordinarily dull and deserted halls of legislation had seldom if ever seen such a crush.

The vote was *viva voce*, though not by acclamation. Each member recorded his choice by answering, as he heard his name called, with the name of his candidate.

The roll was made up in alphabetical order. At the top of the list were the Andersons — three of them in a row — Anderson, D., Anderson, J. W., and Anderson, M. The first two had never been considered anything but Drew men and they so voted.

Anderson, M., however, was a Dwight man and when his name was called, a

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hush fell upon the concourse. Breaths were held. Sven Opsahl didn't know even yet how he was going to vote and inasmuch as the response now forthcoming might help him to make up his mind, nobody listened more intently.

Anderson took his time. He was a little man who enjoyed the novel sensation of being so conspicuous; he was in no hurry. "Anderson, M.!" the clerk repeated, and the houses were as still as if every breath were being held.

Only a moment longer, though. "Drew!"

The fight was over. Though Anderson's vote didn't necessarily mean that the rest of the Dwight men were going to do likewise, nobody doubted that they would. Nobody doubted that the fight was over and that Drew was elected.

Sven Opsahl heaved a sigh of relief. He didn't care a snap of his fingers about Drew, yet the certainty of Drew's election let the member from Gumbo out of a quandary. "Opsahl!" shouted the clerk, presently. "Ignatius Donnelly!" Sven shouted right back, for now he had no reason to hesitate.

Donnelly had left St. Paul very quietly before the joint ballot was taken and he didn't come back during the session of the legislature. Subsequently he turned his hand to journalistic work, publishing a periodical ostensibly for farmers, and though it leaned in its sentiments toward the left wing, there were whispers that Jim Hill took care of any deficit there might be between the paper's income and expenses.

The *Gumbo Voice* exchanged with Donnelly's journal and Sven greatly enjoyed reading it. Always it had something stimulating to say.

XIII

There is something in staying close to men and women and looking on them and in the contact and odor of them, that pleases the soul well,
All things please the soul, but these please the soul well.

It was a gay winter in St. Paul and the first of the gayeties was the Governor's reception to members of the legislature.

A miscellaneous and magnificent affair. The Governor that year was a wealthy banker with a royal fashion of doing things. Hearsay credited him — whether justly or unjustly — with having bought his political honors outright and with holding the belief that they came cheaper when so gained; but this last did not sound like him. It wasn't like him to ask which way a thing came cheapest, so long as it was something he fancied.

Certainly no Governor of Minnesota had ever given such a reception. Persons in a position to speak with authority estimated that $20,000 wouldn't any more than pay the bills — twice as much as His Excellency's salary during the whole period of his incumbency. Very likely the host of the evening expected to gain some political capital by dazzling the senses of the company gathered from every corner of the state, but more than that he was a jolly good fellow who enjoyed treating his guests well.

The reception being in some sense a public function, it was held, properly enough, in the spacious chamber of the House of Representatives. The floor was cleared for dancing and the beauty and chivalry, not only of St. Paul and Minneapolis, but of towns as far away as Duluth and Fargo and Winona came and danced. In fact, the beauty and chivalry as distinguished from the nominal guests of the evening rather dominated the festivities, members of the legislature remaining for the most part in the background. A few of them made bold to go up and shake hands with the Governor and his lady, and still fewer danced a step or two; but the majority scarcely ventured beyond the outskirts of the brilliant assembly.

The invitation being general, there was a general turnout. The affair afforded the unelect an opportunity to go and touch elbows with the elect and it wasn't neglected. The parade of finery, though not always in the best of taste, was at all events something to stun the eye.

Under a strong sense of duty Sven Opsahl went up and shook hands. He discovered that his name meant little or nothing in that presence, for though he was asked for it and spoke it as plainly as he could, the Governor got it altogether wrong.

He got his first sight of a real claw-hammer coat that night and — what affected him much more profoundly — his

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first sight of a woman in the full evening dress of the period. The naked shoulders shocked him, and even frightened him; also they fascinated him. He had a panicky feeling that if he couldn't look upon those shoulders more calmly it behooved him, for the sake of his own peace of mind, to turn his face away. Still he looked.

Before long, upon the promptings of an impulse he would be ashamed to avow, he mounted to the gallery. He reasoned, though he would have blushed to say so, that much as the women's gowns revealed to him where he stood, they would reveal still more if he were to look down upon them from the level of the gallery overhead. Unseemly, not to say scandalous. Nevertheless he went up.

In the gallery he encountered Murtagh. The place wasn't nearly as crowded as the floor below and Murtagh sat apart, gazing moodily down at the dancers, as if they bored him. Apparently no tumultuous thoughts threatened his composure.

Sven Opsahl wasn't so fascinated after that. Murtagh's bored air was somehow a reproach — it accused Sven of being very green and rustic, thus affording another reason why he should feel ashamed. Then, too, the novelty of the bare shoulders wore off pretty fast — there were so many of them and they were so much alike. He beheld the dancing throng in a new light and while he couldn't be as indifferent as Murtagh evidently was, he could at least frown down his unseemly thoughts.

Naturally enough, after a bit, he and Murtagh began talking.

Sven began it, not very brightly or originally, with some remark in condemnation of the prodigious outlay. Waste, he called it. He was reminded by it of the way the French kings, as he had read about them, were used to throw money to the birds.

Murtagh's reply was unexpected. "What birds?" he asked, after thinking a moment.

That was to take the figure of speech more literally than Sven had intended. "Well, harlots mostly — every king kept his harlots and dressed them in velvet."

"Well, I expect somebody had to make the velvet."

"Yes, the weavers of Lyons — it kept them busy supplying the court with velvet."

"A good thing for the weavers, I say — what would have become of them only for the court — and the harlots?"

Sven was silenced — he had never considered the business aspect of the matter.

"If our good and more or less glorious Governor is spending $20,000 here tonight, somebody gets it," Murtagh pointed out. "Where's the waste, when you come to that?"

Sven couldn't say anything; but though the argument ended, he didn't go away, and directly they found something else to talk about.

"You're a member of the legislature?" Murtagh inquired.

Sven answered that he was the representative from Gumbo County.

"My home is in Minneapolis," Murtagh made known. "I helped elect the pinhead that represents my district. I was instrumental in throwing the labor vote to him and he promised to find me a job. But I believe he means to give me the double cross. I always knew he was a pinhead but I thought I could trust him. I know better now. He's a crook as well as a pinhead. I've about made up my mind to tell him what I think of him and go back to the factory."

Sven listened with a new interest. "What kind of a factory?" he asked.

"I'm a cigar maker by trade," Murtagh informed him.

"You belong to a labor union?"

"Sure I belong to a labor union. A wage worker is a fool these days not to belong. I'm a delegate from my union to the Trades Council. Last year I was President of the Trades Council."

Sven's eyes kindled. Here was something worth while — so much so that he forgot the frivolous dancers. "Why can't the laboring men with their union and the farmers with their Alliance — why can't they join hands and have everything they want?" he exclaimed.

But Murtagh didn't take fire. "Who knows what they want?" he objected.

"They look at things pretty much alike," Sven replied.

Murtagh shook his head. "You're wrong there, brother. They're as far apart as the poles in the way they look at things.

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The farmer's a capitalist, even though his only capital is a span of crow-bait horses. A laboring man hasn't any capital — nothing but his bare hands."

"A farmer labors."

"So does John D. Rockefeller. But he ain't a laboring man. No more is a farmer."

Sven wasn't ready to yield the point — it was too much like giving up a fond dream — but sooner than he could think of a rejoinder Murtagh proposed that they go down and get a bite to eat. "His Excellency is feeding the multitude tonight and I want to sample the loaves and fishes. I expect they'll beat anything in my experience."

They made their way down to the cloakrooms — it was there the spread had been laid. Nowhere was the great affair more magnificent and nowhere so miscellaneous. Here Sven saw no claw-hammer coats and no lovely bare shoulders — only an uncouth mob of very ordinary mortals milling about the mountains of rich food like so many famished cattle. Hundreds ate, other hundreds scrambled and shouldered to get to eat, and manners went by the board.

No seats were set out — they would only have been in the way, for everybody was too busy to sit down. A number of colored waiters, very obliging and very deft, did what they could to serve the repast in something like good form, but good form was a thing forgotten if not unknown. Guests reached past the waiters and grabbed what they wanted, devouring it on the spot without savor of ceremony. Incidentally there was a good deal of pushing and jostling and a large part of the food fell to the floor, where it was trampled under foot and tracked out through the corridors as far as the stairway leading down to the street level.

Sven Opsahl and Murtagh left the reception early. The night was bright, frosty, and bracing and the outside air was like a balm to the spirit. Sven was lifted up by the touch of it — air like that was his element.

They didn't part at once but walked a distance together, and presently they came to a big, square, plain building where, by the light of the street lamp, they could make out the name of the Great Northern cut into the lintel rock over the door. Sven took the building to be the general offices of the railroad company and he halted for a moment to survey it.

At once Donnelly's tremendous figure of the ocean monster rose in his memory. "In there," he remarked, "is where our overlord does his overlording."

Murtagh laughed. "Jim Hill — the foxy boy!"

Sven could agree with the sentiment — foxy indeed.

"You got to get up early in the morning if you land ahead of Jim," Murtagh asserted. "Do you mind the Burlington strike here awhile back? It was a black eye for the railroads, but trust Hill to snatch victory from defeat. It was the engineers striking and how does he get even with them? He gets busy and builds engines twice as powerful that haul twice as many cars and so he gets twice as much out of every engineer's labor without having to pay him any more wages. That little old Canuck wears his hair long but his hair ain't any longer than his head at that."

They shook hands where Sven turned off to go to his lodgings. Murtagh was even more cordial. "I'm glad I ran across you. If you're ever over in Minneapolis look me up — if I'm not somewhere around the Labor Temple, somebody there can tell you where to find me."

Sven promised to do so. "Talk with your people — get them to join with us farmers — I'm sure there are lots of things we both want done that we'll never get done unless we work together."

Murtagh promised, though he still had his doubts.

Sven was over in Minneapolis not long after that. He wanted to see the big mills where so much of the farmer's wheat was ground up into flour; but somehow he didn't find the mills so interesting as the place where he got dinner. Davidson's — a vast caravansary down in the Bridge Square neighborhood — and the dinner cost him exactly ten cents. Moreover, it was neither bad nor badly served. He sat at a table that was fairly clean and a girl brought him meat and bread and potatoes and coffee — as much as he cared to eat. Thousands ate with him. As he came away, the sidewalks for a block in both directions were thickly sown with the wooden toothpicks which patrons of the resort had used and tossed away.

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Davidson's interested him as a sign of the times. Ten-cent dinners for the hungry hustlers in the cities, fifty-cent wheat for the discontented hustlers out on the farms — no doubt they were cause and effect, but which was which? Sven would have liked to talk with Murtagh about that — the apologist for luxury and high living. But Murtagh was nowhere to be found. At the Labor Temple they thought he had gone to Chicago to hunt him a job, and anyway if he wasn't in Chicago they didn't know where he was.

Years afterward, when the farmers and the laboring men got together and sent Magnus Johnson and his big voice to the United States Senate from Minnesota, Sven Opsahl, no longer actively interested in politics, recalled his chance meeting with Murtagh and thought of the little acorns from which spring mighty oaks.

They never met but the once.

The most picturesque of the winter's gayeties was the Ice King's Carnival. It was in every way a noteworthy affair, without its like anywhere in the world. It did much to make St. Paul famous until, a few years later, certain commercial interests got to thinking the publicity might depress the price of real estate — that it had a tendency to give the climate a black eye and cause people to shun Minnesota as a place to live. In another generation Louis Hill, son of Jim, promoted a revival, featuring a sensational race of Alaskan sledge dogs; but the glories of the old carnival were not recovered.

It was never more glorious than the winter Sven Opsahl sat in the legislature for Gumbo County. A real palace was reared, or more properly a castle, out of blocks of ice with salt to mortar them together; and it is doubtful if the sun ever shone upon a sight more brilliant and beautiful than the lofty towers and bastions and escarpments, built as if of crystal, yet so substantially that the structure stood for several months. The hot Minnesota spring soon made an end of its brilliance and beauty, but the last of the ruins didn't vanish till well after the Fourth of July.

In connection with the carnival a multitude of clubs were formed not only in St. Paul but in many other towns near and far — toboggan clubs, ski clubs, snowshoe clubs, skating clubs, hockey clubs. Each in its own uniform of fur or flannel gaudily colored, they participated in the various sports which, after a week given up to frolic, culminated the last night in the storming of the ice palace.

No Mardi Gras ever saw fun more fast and furious. That last night the mercury fell to twenty degrees below zero and countless noses were nipped; but the carnival spirit suffered no slump.

The parade, though only preliminary to the storming, deserved in its own right to go into history and take its place among famous pageants. St. Paul and Minneapolis, twin cities but never harmonious, were particularly at cross purposes just then, with Minneapolis passing St. Paul in population for the first time and the census at hand that was to come near causing bloodshed. But the traditional hatred gave way for that night's events and in the very forefront, acting as escort for the king in his chariot, marched the Minneapolis Flambeau Club, every man holding aloft a flaming torch. After these came other clubs hardly less showy, in bewildering array till the line stretched out miles in length.

At a certain point the host divided and designated clubs, marching more directly, took possession of the ice palace to defend it and were waiting there when the others came up. A huge bomb hurled into the air and bursting with a deafening bang into a million showering sparks served as the signal for the battle to begin — a dazzling battle of fireworks, mostly Roman candles and rockets, though now and then a set piece of appropriate design flashed out. For the space of an hour or so it seemed as if the very heavens were ablaze. The dark of the moon had been chosen for the display and a multitude accustomed to pyrotechnics only in the pale darkness of summer gave frenzied testimony to their delight in effects heightened by the purple background of a wintry sky.

Sven Opsahl saw the whole show — more of it, indeed, than he relished. Among the marching units there was a snowshoe club made up of students from the state university, boys and girls in mackinaw coats of fantastic pattern, with long tasseled caps pulled down over their ears, and in the midst of the jolly throng his searching eyes discovered Weese

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Overturf. She was very jaunty and fetching with her cap tilted awry and the tassel falling down over her shoulder in front, while a snowshoe tucked under her arm, or something made to look like a snowshoe, imparted a primitive not to say aboriginal touch.

She marched — if anything so frisky and buoyant could be called marching — side by side with a tall and comely youth and she laughed up at him and he laughed down at her and Sven Opsahl, looking on, laughed not at all. He was convinced that he had never seen so proud and happy a light in Weese's face.

Afterward, at the storming of the palace, he caught another glimpse of her. She was discharging Roman candles against the crystal battlements, the tall and comely youth was still at her side, and her face couldn't have been more radiant.

The hilarious mood of the hour failed to capture Sven. He was jealous and jaundiced by his jealousy. He was not so dishonest as to pretend that if he hadn't seen Weese having such a good time the prodigality and the levity wouldn't have seemed so bad.

Back home his apprentice and a tramp printer were getting out the *Voice* during Sven's absence and a copy of it reached him more or less regularly each week. In the next copy, coming to hand somewhat belatedly, he read that Pick Overturf had been created Duke of Gumbo by the king of the carnival and ordered to attend upon his majesty during the festivities. That bit of levity struck Sven as being very funny. He thought of Pick dressed up like the clowns in the parade and though he hadn't laughed at them, he laughed now.

He found cheap and convenient lodgings with a German family, the Orths. He was rather glad to learn that John Orth, the man of the household, worked in the Great Northern shops — glad because he had a curiosity to know how the big boss of the company was regarded by the laborers in his employ. He soon found out, so far as that particular laborer was concerned. John Orth read the newspapers, and, though reticent by habit, he could speak without prompting when aroused. "Chim Hill, vat for you fight him already?" he protested, before Sven had a chance to say anything.

"You'd mighty soon find out if you was a farmer out in the Red River valley," Sven assured him.

"So! You bin farmer?"

Sven admitted that he wasn't. "I print a newspaper."

"So!" Orth shrugged his shoulders meaningly. "Maybe if papers don't fight Chim Hill so hard the farmers don't feel so bad?"

Sven wasn't looking for a controversy just then and he fell silent. Further, his curiosity was satisfied — his landlord at least had made it perfectly plain where he stood.

Another day, a mild and balmy Sabbath, Orth proposed that they go for a tramp, perhaps out into the country if they didn't tire sooner, and since nothing could be more to Sven's fancy they set forth at once. John Orth being host of the occasion, it was left to him to determine what direction they should take, and he guided their footsteps up into the Summit Avenue district, where the grand houses were. Among the very grandest was the Governor's. The Governor and his father lived as near neighbors; their houses were palaces fit for kings. "There must be money in banking," Sven commented.

"Yah — plenty money," Orth agreed.

Not far beyond they halted across the way from a singular structure, larger than any they had seen and very massive, but devoid to the point of severity of anything like adornment. "Is that somebody's house?" Sven asked, doubtfully.

"Vat he look like?" John Orth chuckled, as if he might have some sort of a joke up his sleeve.

"Well, if I was to guess," Sven replied, "I'd say a hospital or something."

John Orth beamed. "Chim Hill — he lif in him."

Sven was pretty much floored. "Jim Hill!" he repeated.

"Yah — hees house — he build him."

"If I was Jim Hill and building a house, I wouldn't build it like that."

"So?" A mocking grin overspread the German's broad face. "Vell, Chim Hill he look ahead once to ven he die. Ven he die he gif house to city of Son Powl to be for a hospital vere poor feller can go and be sick sheap. That vy he build him so."

They walked on and John Orth had nothing to say for awhile. But presently,

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and now the mocking grin had given way to a look of solicitude that was almost anxiety, he broke out:

"I don't know if it is much fun to be Chim Hill!"

With that he recounted an incident. A kinsman of his, Wolf Hogref, was a caretaker about Hill's country estate near White Bear Lake, some ten miles out from St. Paul. There the big boss spent his week-ends and usually he brought guests out with him. Once it was a party of men, and womenfolks being away, and Hogref, busy about the gardens, heard them singing.

"Vat you tink he sing?" Orth demanded, eagerly.

Sven couldn't hazard a guess.

"I tell you." John Orth's honest eyes were misty as he repeated, in his shaky English, the words of the familiar old hymn:

"Safely through another week,
God has brought us on our way."

By Hogref's testimony, as Orth repeated it, Mr. Hill had sung louder than the others and with much feeling. "I tink he glad, like he haf a hard time," John asserted solemnly.

Another Sunday the Orth family, coming home from church, brought with them a Hungarian youth whom they addressed as Kish. Kish was an apprentice to the Great Northern boiler makers. "He haf some ting he like to show you once," John Orth explained, glowing proudly.

What Kish had to show was a letter. It seemed that among the boys in his shop there had been a rivalry to see which of them should save, in the course of a year, the largest percentage of his wages; and Kish having won, the letter was an acknowledgement and a commendation.

My dear Mr. Kish:

It pleases me very much to learn that we have so thrifty a young man in our shops. You have a right to be proud of the showing you have made.

It has a meaning and an importance beyond the fund you have laid up, though you are sure to find that useful. For unless a boy can save something from his wages, however small they may be, he hasn't the seeds of success in him.

With best wishes,

James J. Hill

It put Sven in mind of Weese Overturf's letter about the books years ago, and the thought of Weese was depressing.

XIV

The pig pushes his brother from the trough? Why, that is a commonplace of our life. There is a whole school of so-called philosophers and political economists busied in elevating the pig's shove into a social and political necessity.

Seats in the legislature were assigned for the most part by lot. The four or five members past sixty years old were permitted, as a mark of respect to their age, to select their seats before the drawing took place, but the rest had to trust to luck.

Slips of paper, each bearing a number, were shaken up in a hat; from it members drew at random and in the order of the numbers that fell to them made their choice. That is to say, the member with the lowest number chose first, after him the member with the number next higher and so forth till everybody had a seat. Sven Opsahl drew No. 83 — so far down the list that his choice was little better than the proverbial Hobson's.

In the seat assigned the member from Gumbo he had Matlock for his near neighbor. Matlock was No. 3 in the drawing, with only half a dozen ahead of him, nevertheless he picked a seat far back and as inconspicuous as any in the house. But if his seeming modesty was the trait which struck Sven first, he soon discovered others.

Before the drawing was over, indeed, he learned that Matlock represented a district in St. Paul so delimited that it could boast of having among its inhabitants more very rich men than any other in Minnesota if not in the whole United States. Sven was assured that a large majority of the voters there wore silk stockings as a regular thing, and silk had not yet ceased to be the badge of affluence. The "Silk Stockings," as he heard them called, dominated the polls, and whomsoever they sent to the legislature had to belong to the order. Sven regarded his neighbor with new interest.

Matlock's choice of a seat seemed no less extraordinary in the light of these disclosures. Did it mean that he wished to hide his candle under a bushel? Or did it mean that he had no candle to hide and was conscious of his limitations? Of course a man could be very rich and wear silk

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stockings every day and still not have much brains.

Sven wondered, inquired further and was more than ever astonished. Though so little famous in any ordinary sense that the member from Gumbo had never heard of him, Matlock was an eminent lawyer and so highly esteemed in his specialty that clients came to consult him from as far away as the Atlantic seaboard and cheerfully paid him five hundred dollars a day to appear in court for them.

Sven couldn't understand it. If Matlock earned five hundred dollars a day appearing in court, what was he doing here in the legislature where the pay was only five dollars a day, with no allowance for mileage since he lived in St. Paul?

To make the mystery still more mysterious, he was seldom if ever absent. He sat in his seat, listening attentively to any debate there might be, though taking no part in it, answering the roll calls religiously — in short, evincing beyond almost any other member a conscientious regard for the duties of his office.

Whether because he failed to push his inquiries far enough or because he didn't ask in the right quarter, Sven never found out the answer until he stumbled upon it inadvertently. A printed list of new bills introduced into the house each day was laid on every member's desk next morning and Sven, glancing it over cursorily, came upon a title that let the cat right out of the bag:

"House File No. 137. By Matlock. A bill for an act to vacate the forfeiture of the Bemidji & Grand Marais land grant."

He wondered no more after that. Pikestaff couldn't be plainer. The interests which wanted the forfeiture vacated had sent the lawyer to the legislature as they might send him into court — to see the thing through.

TO BE CONTINUED

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The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relative to topics discussed by contributors, or to any view expressed in these FORUM *columns*

Politics Versus Reason

"Catholic Reason or Resentment?" asks Stanley Frost.

Editor of THE FORUM:

The fundamental difference between Mr. Williams and Prof. Munro and myself is in the point of view. They assume that reason alone will determine whether or not a Catholic party will appear, and devote themselves to proving that it would not be reasonable. But as a political force it is axiomatic that one vigorous emotion is worth a dozen reasons, and that a religious grievance is the most dangerous of all political emotions. The whole basis of the idea of a Catholic party is the fear that if Smith is beaten resentment of the mass of Catholics will override reason and intelligent leadership. As I said before, there will be no such party if the leaders can prevent it.

Incidentally, such resentment would offset the differences between America and the countries which now have Catholic parties. Both writers lay stress on the fact that American Catholics have no such grievances against the government as in these countries. True; but in America our political quarrels are not so much with the government as with other parties, and if the Catholics feel a sufficient grievance against the rest of their own party, their only possible protest would be to bolt.

Mr. Williams, besides "abusing the plaintiff's attorney," makes four main points. One is that the idea is fantastic, and originated with myself. In fact it first appeared last summer, when press dispatches carried a report that Mayor Curley of Boston had threatened a bolt of Catholics. Since then it has been almost constantly present in discussions, though the press has been chary of touching it, as it has the whole Catholic question. But the quotation from Mr. Sullivan in my article shows that it has become too important to be ignored.

As to Mr. Williams' denial that Catholics would drag their religion into politics, the answer is in the facts. The Smith campaign in the South and West has hung on a promise, an appeal, and a threat. The promise is that Smith could get some hundreds of thousands of Catholic votes which are normally Republican; the appeal that only by voting for Smith could a man prove that he was free from anti-Catholic bigotry; the threat that the Catholics would bolt if the promise and appeal failed. It will be seen that each "drags in the Catholic religion," and it appears that not all Catholic politicians are so delicate-minded as Mr. Williams. But, indeed, nothing else was to be expected; the issue has been raised, and certainly Catholic as well as Protestant politicians use it as best they can.

Mr. Williams denies that the Catholic Church can control its voters politically, and declares that it objects to Catholic parties except in extreme cases. This, of course, is merely to restate the Catholic side of the question at the bottom of the whole present quarrel: whether a Catholic is politically allowed complete freedom, and the church abstains from politics. It is a question I did not raise; my only reference to it was to say that the Cath-

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olic Church might greatly aid a clerical party *if it could and would*. Except on this point, the question is not germaine to this discussion, since the attitude of the church might make little difference. A party movement of this kind would not require clerical pressure or even support; the masses of Catholics now vote almost as a unit, whether it be because of religion, wetness, racial grouping, or a feeling that they are "half-enfranchised." They could easily be held in a new party. And if the church, as Mr. Williams says, has no political control over its members, it could not prevent the movement.

Mr. Williams, finally, speaks at length of the difficulty of organizing Catholics for any purpose outside the church. Of course, if the K. K. K. is right and the Catholic Church does use religious influence for political purposes, this is merely begging the question. But, apart from this, such predominantly Catholic groups as Tammany and the Democratic machine in Cook County, Illinois, seem to be fairly well organized. Mr. Williams might have come nearer the truth if he had consulted a Catholic politician instead of the "Bishop or priest" he recommends.

Let me add that Mr. Williams himself fully confirms the basis on which my discussion rests — the extreme bitterness of the Catholics.

With most of Prof. Munro's paper I agree heartily, so far as it goes. Certainly logic is against the formation of a Catholic party; but I add that resentment may overcome logic. He denies that Catholics are only half-enfranchised; my contention is that many believe they are. For the rest, our differences are largely in interpretation.

As to Smith's chance of election, we agree that no Democrat will have much chance, and that there is little likelihood of a Southern bolt, though a good deal of "knifing" may be expected. Prof. Munro believes this would leave Smith still a faint chance. But to me certain considerations he ignores seem important, and each is an added handicap to Smith. One is that if Smith is nominated, it will probably be only after as ruinous a fight as in 1924. Another is that three Southern states — Florida, Arkansas, and Oklahoma — have been listed by the Republicans as ripe for picking whenever they care to make such an intensive effort as they did in Tennessee in 1924. Surely they will make that effort if it becomes necessary. Third is that, though the South probably will not bolt, it quite certainly will *not* do its best for Smith — a fact which would handicap the whole campaign. These probabilities seem to make Smith's defeat doubly certain.

It is true, as Prof. Munro says, that the defeat of Smith will give the Catholics small reasonable grievance. But what does it matter, politically, whether their grievance is just or not? So long as they hold it, they will act as if it were justified.

Prof. Munro says that a Catholic party dominated by the Irish would appeal to other racial groups no more strongly than the present organizations. Perhaps; but perhaps also the raising of the Catholic flag would bring in — for there is power in a name — a few hundred thousand Catholics who are now Republicans. This would be sure if — to return to the charges against the church — it *could and would* order them to come in.

Finally, Prof. Munro considers this the least likely outcome of the present situation. I consider it the most likely, if disruption occurs at all. For, as he says, if Smith is nominated, the South will probably swallow its medicine, however bitter; tradition, regularity, and the need of a solid front against possible negro strength will prevent overt action. But if Smith is beaten, the restraining influences which might make the Catholics submit, in spite of resentment, would be far less powerful.

STANLEY FROST

Washington, D. C.

Stalking the Stork

In which a Methodist minister and a leading American artist advocate "Choosing One's Children."

Editor of THE FORUM:

A member of my church recently said to me, "I agree with Haldeman-Julius on this birth control business." He referred to a lot of publicity this enterprising five-cent book publisher received when his adopted daughter entered into what was said to be a companionate marriage in Girard, our county seat. This church member of mine likes to say something radical in the hope

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of arousing an argument; but he failed with me, for I replied, "I don't agree with Haldeman-Julius, but I believed in birth control long before I ever heard of him."

Now that may seem a bit radical for a preacher, but it may be that like the mother who wrote the stimulating article, "Choosing One's Children," it is because I am a young one. Some preachers seem to be trying to impress people with the idea that they are of a little higher order of creature than human. But I find that there are people attracted by the humanity of Jesus as well as by His divinity. The Bible tells us that He was tempted in all points as we are, yet without sin. Likewise, ministers of the Gospel are tempted like other people and must choose from three alternatives: (1) celibacy, (2) birth control, or (3) large families and mediocre effectiveness. There are exceptions to the third choice, but they *are* exceptions.

I have little patience with those who insist that there is some special favor to be found with God if they have large families. I doubt whether God is impressed with quantity rather than quality. I wonder whether there is not more truth than humor in the saying that when a little one comes to the home that "God has smiled on the home" and when there are many, "He laughed out loud."

Notwithstanding the Eighteenth Amendment, it is evident that we cannot legislate morals. Forbidden fruit is usually more attractive, and the very fact that birth control information is contraband arouses considerable curiosity which may be satisfied in whispers behind the prescriptions partition of many drug stores. There would be little to be said about companionate marriage if dependable information could honorably be given to those who, for reasons of their own, do not wish to bring children into the world and yet should not be denied the companionship of marriage.

The alarming increase in divorce in this country may be traced partly to the problem of "choosing one's children." The wife, who not only bears the agony of bringing the child into the world but must assume the major responsibility of rearing it, too soon comes to the place which the young mother mentions in her article where she "fears her husband's very caresses as a possible prelude to something she has come to abhor." Naturally enough, the husband misunderstands and you soon have a case of incompatibility — or, what is worse, men seeking the company of other women, which few wives will tolerate.

This is not intended to be a proposal that birth control is to be heralded as a panacea for all problems of marriage. What is needed is some opportunity for careful, honest, scientific study of the whole matter.

G. Russell Fosmire, D.D.

Frontenac, Kans.

Editor of The Forum:

I subscribe absolutely to "Choosing One's Children," and furthermore, if I had my way I would make it illegal to have more than three children, for overpopulation is a sin and bestial.

Robert Vonnoh

New York City

Minds of Great Men

"Just for fun, I'm sending you my private answer to your public question," writes a contributor in answer to the Editor's "Who will be our next President?" M.D. will hereby realize what editors do with private answers to public questions.

Who next shall stand before the Multitude
And be proclaimed President of these United States?
He that hath not anointed himself with Oil,
Nor "bonded" himself to Campaign Funds;
Whose Dampness quencheth the Thirst
But drencheth not the Dry;
Whose Foreign Policy stretcheth from Borah to Briand,
And whose Naval Programme pleaseth Plunkett and Pacificist;
Whose Religion becometh not a Public Issue,
But whose Ingenuity provideth Farm Relief and Tax Reduction;
Whose Panacea cureth all National Ills,
Real or imagined, of the Great American Public.
To him shall be Praise, Power, and Presidency,
For four years — but not Three Terms!

M.D.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Best Short Stories

A critic reviews a critic.

Editor of THE FORUM:

I yield to no one in my respect for Edward J. O'Brien's judgment as a picker of short stories, but he seems to me to be very much like the rest of us when he begins to generalize about the age of the short story, its form, and the qualities which make it great. That is, he supplies the material for argument, and leaves unsettled questions to which I do not believe there is any definite answer.

As for his list of short stories, it seems to me unusually good because it is not conventional. It is true there are three or four stories in his selection that any one would have to include, but there are others — as, for example, Melville's "Benito Cereno" — we all need to be reminded of.

For my own part, nobody can exclude John Galsworthy from such a selection without starting a row, but there is no doubt at all that Mr. O'Brien's yarns are of high quality. The superlative irks me somewhat, just as the title of his anthologies with its emphasis on the word "best" irks me.

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

New York City

From the Hill Country

Tangential slants at the realism of THE FORUM'S *Prize Biographical Novel.*

Editor of THE FORUM:

I am reading and enjoying "Hill Country." The trial scene and Bill Erwin, "the tall pine," brought back memories of long ago.

I happened to be at the courthouse in Duluth during a murder trial and word went round that Bill Erwin, who had the reputation of never losing a case, was about to address the jury. Several of us went upstairs to the court room to hear him. I don't recall what Bill said, but I shall never forget the peroration of Ed Sherwood, the prosecuting attorney. "Gentlemen of the jury," he concluded, "the day has come when the assassin of the Northwest, with murder in his heart, stays his hand to ask, 'Is Bill Erwin alive and well?'"

We laughed and clapped; the sheriff roared for silence in court. Ed glanced at the grave Bill, who shifted in his seat and faintly smiled his appreciation of the compliment. The jury disagreed and later the accused got off.

Give us another yarn about that country.

GEORGE E. GIBSON

Princeton, N. J.

Southern Progress

The "Chattanooga News" and the "Atlanta Journal and Times" preserve a few of the "First Fruits of Dayton."

Editor of THE FORUM:

"Granted that the South is making progress, is apparently going to have progress forced upon it, whether it will or no, what is the essential nature of that progress? Whose ideal of progress is the South to follow? The ideal of Mr. Mencken, if he has one? Of Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard? Of Mr. Walter Lippmann? Of the late Judge Gary? Of the Merchants and Manufacturers Association?" Thus asks Mr. Donald Davidson.

To my mind the new South will pursue a path of progress all its own. Certainly this is unlikely to be in conformity with the ideal of Mr. Mencken, and it is just as unlikely to be that of the late Judge Gary or Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard. It is more probable that the South's progress will be an individual and individualistic progress. Fortunately, the South has not yet been completely forced into conformity with the mass mind. Much of the Southern conservatism has really been Southern individualism. And the improvement in the South's mental attitude is liberal rather than radical — a result of the old individualism of the South being effective in the making of the New South.

Years ago most Southerners believed firmly in three things: hell, calomel and the Democratic party. To-day faith in this particular triology has been somewhat shaken, but the South is still a land of true believers. Skepticism of everything has not yet swept our land. And I doubt if the South as a whole will take much

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more kindly to the philosophies of Menckengitis, the chief function of which is to poke fun at and be scornful of the beautiful, the good, and the true. The South prefers the cynicism of Juvenal and Swift, which makes sport of vice and shows the stupidity of sin.

I may say that I do not think the South will follow Dr. Evans as an "ideal of progress," or Admiral Heflin, any more than it will Mr. Villard. For I believe that the South is an essentially sensible section, which is going to make progress ethically as well as economically, socially as well as industrially, and is going to keep in the middle of the road.

GEORGE FORT MILTON
Editor, "Chattanooga Times"
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Editor of THE FORUM:

The South will follow leadership, North or South, East or West, which personifies its ideals, but it will not follow a supercilious leadership which scoffs at those ideals. The South's ideals are not new; they are very old. They are grounded on generations of adherence to, and proven worth of, fundamentals — in government, in worship, and in social relations.

Southern progress has come, and will continue to come, largely from within the South itself, because apparently only those who are a part of its "provincialism" understand it and its interpretation of life's problems. The South's leaders will, as a matter of course, advance such items of progress as education, religious tolerance, and political liberalism; but the South does not interpret education as something which produces a Leopold or a Loeb or a Hickman; it does not interpret religious tolerance as the encouragement of free-thinking and the scrapping of the Decalogue, and it does not interpret political liberalism as the right to nullify organic law to satisfy personal whim.

If the South must pursue its course and attain its destiny provincially, it is willing. But it is unwilling to follow leadership which would take it into paths of standardized education, of repudiation of hallowed religious traditions, and of the right of majorities to rule.

C. M. STANLEY
"Atlanta Journal and Times"
Atlanta, Ga.

Blacklistings

One explanation of the D. A. R.'s recent attack of "Red Fever."

Editor of THE FORUM:

The psychological reason for the feverish activity of D. A. R. for a larger Navy and for blacklisting names of eminent men who are opposed to it is not far to seek. The female of the species is more timid than the male, and as the demand for the largest possible Navy comes from the sex that jumps on a chair when it sees a mouse on the floor, the biological reason becomes clear. Among birds in the mating season the concealing coloration is more protective in the female brooding her eggs than in the male whose life is now of little importance to the perpetuation of the species. But among the human race the physical inferiority of the female (her inability to bear arms) is partly neutralized by the ballot that all women have in modern democracies. This weapon is now being used for self-protection against mustard gas, which the grim militarists predict will first be used in "the next war" against women and children! Under the cloak of patriotism they conceal their fright and show that what Dr. Johnson called "the last resort of scoundrels" may also be the first resort of the panic-stricken. Schopenhauer said that "patriotism is the passion of fools and the most foolish of passions."

HENRY W. ABBOT
New York City

Pax Fordiscum

Herein matter and spirit are again controversial subjects.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Mr. Ford is right about the believers in peace and the advocates of war. He has not brought out the fact, however, that it is as hard to find an open advocate of war as it is to find a drunk who will admit that alcohol ever harmed anybody. When the believers in peace find a way to enforce their will, it will be as hard to start a war as it would be to match Mr. Tunney in boxing gloves against Mr. Ford with a machine gun.

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There must be some difference between matter and spirit or we should not find the remains of the cave man in the rocks of Europe and his spirit in the modern savages who crowded Mr. Ford off the road and down the bank. Matter appears to be composed of electrons, while spirit seems more like a wave motion that passes from one group of electrons to another without any transfer of matter. By reading the Gospel of John, I attune my brain to his and his spirit influences mine, although the matter that was John probably lies still where they buried him.

Political boundaries and opinions make enough difference to keep Mr. Ford from becoming President of the United States. They kept him from getting the boys out of the trenches by Christmas, although the boys would have voted for it 100%. And they appear to have killed his very useful *Dearborn Independent*. On the other hand, the economic conditions that Mr. Ford has brought about with his automobiles, his wage scales, his hospital, and his methods have been responsible for more progress, probably, than any President, King, political boundary, or political opinion in the last fifty years.

ARMSTRONG PERRY

Westport, Conn.

The Tragic Comic Strips

A FORUM *circular letter confessed that certain of the comic strips had attained to the heights of art — One of "The Seven Lively Arts," as Gilbert Seldes has said.*

Editor of THE FORUM:

You cannot imagine the mingled dismay, horror, and disgust with which I read your jaunty communication of March 23. You cannot imagine it because, judged by the testimony of your letter, you are a species apart. One can comprehend how the very young, dependent upon us elders for the formative influences of their lives, or the very shallow, or the very ignorant might find some pleasure or worth in the so-called "comic strips." But you afford the amazing, the mirth-provoking, the asinine spectacle of a journal devoted — one had thought — to the better and higher things, the eternal verities in popular garb — a journal of this sort which traduces itself by suggesting most broadly that these inane (and because inane, vicious) creations of less-than-mediocre minds are ART!!

If you can forego your enthusiastic hysteria for one moment and pin your volatile thoughts to a really serious consideration, gentlemen, you must perceive that these "funnies" are the direct enemy of all that we wish to inculcate into our children — and ourselves. They are abominably drawn — therefore technically deficient. They present either utter inanities or actual moral obliquity; hence they are vicious. They pretend to be amusing and are only maudlin or unmoral; hence they are unethical.

They are, one admits sadly, an evidence of the low standard of present-day America. But what are you and your confreres in the august world of letters, acolytes of one of the foremost formative influences upon earth — good journalism in the name of truth, beauty, and righteousness — what are you doing to lead our eyes to the mountain top? Have you — *have you not* — taken leave of your senses?

VIOLA P. JOHNSON

Sigourney, Ia.

Poundings, Continued

The "lady from Omaha" (after her appearance in the April Rostrum) wrote us: "The unconquerable ego suddenly realized with some dismay that I, who have read and remembered much of Mr. Pound, am now perhaps to be read and forgotten by him." Herewith appears proof to the contrary, for such consolation as it may contain.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Since the question is open, perhaps the fair lady from Omaha will explain to us why aptitude for an art should breed tolerance of public imbecility; or why the more sensitive nostril should make one more tolerant of the odor of sewer gas.

In the case of the mental nostril the aroma (since the lady objects to a more Elizabethan terminology) — the aroma rising from America appears to consist of the *Saturday Evening Post*, the Harding Administration and its epigoni, the appalling idiocy of Article 211 of the penal code and the corollary that American electees

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were responsible for it, the œdematous bureaucracy, the loss of civil rights, Volstead and Co., the damnable interference with free travel, the joy and contentment of a nation capable of our passport regulations, and every other minor *symptom* of the major diseases.

Why should a perception of the relation between apparently trifling things and their more general bearing breed "tolerance" for either? If the lady *likes* to inhabit the same world as Cal. Coolidge, one can only animadvert on the differences of personal taste. And if, in place of hurried expression, one is supposed to turn aside from "literary" composition into painstaking and "refined" expression of one's preference, I can only say that I strongly dislike inhabiting a world that tolerates Cal. and nearly everything he has ever stood for or *tolerated*, that contains Lorimer, Volstead, the present bureaucracy and all, any, and every one of their tendencies, and everything they have ever dreamed of or thought of.

In my earlier note I mentioned a few particularly violent odors. The saccharine of our "leading magazines" is nearly as offensive. Disgust is a very valuable emotion. One should not underestimate the faculty for disgust. Improvements in human conditions are mainly due to disgust. America lacks it, oh, abysmally lacks it! American tolerance is vastly overdone. England also lacks disgust, but lacks likewise the energy that could utilize it to good purpose. The fog is worse in England, but the distillation of pestilent bacilli more active in our *Vaterland*.

The melancholy or religious or possibly Shellean attitude is that of sighing for a paradise and of desiring to shrink from the earth. It may suit some "temperaments." Personally I experience strong desire to annihilate certain states of mind *and* their protagonists. Even "so distinguished a critic as" Mr. Eliot mistakes my expression of hate for humor. There are a lot of things that I have apparently been suspected of being funny about when I merely expressed a desire to eliminate. The British bacilli are asphyxiant and soporific; the American are more irritant.

Whatever one's aptitude for the arts, one cannot always take time off to explain that a stink is an odor, or "an, as one might, if one were permitted so to trespass on the domain of the chemist, so to divagate from strict literary utterance as to intimate, etc., etc., and with wrappings, an odor of a particular nature."

In America all the intolerance might seem to have been up till now the monopoly of the strongest battalions.

Of course as "literary artist" one should elaborate: last evening two ladies of moderate means, sixty dollars on passport expenses to get from Washington to Rapallo with details attempted extortion or more than legal fee by a French consul, etc. This morning: letter from member of the unemployed, with details.

All these are of course assistances to one's tolerance of the state of American mind which *underlies* the status of the objective manifestation of America — even at a distance, where one might be supposed to be less flooded with stimuli, less submerged with daily and minute evidence as to the state of the nation.

EZRA POUND

Rapallo, Italy

Pro and Con

The FORUM *office is in mourning. In a cool, green bowl, the* FORUM *Goldfish — Pro, Con, and Versus (their Anti) — have flippantly disported themselves. Lately Versus has seemed thin and haggard and she grew worse as time went on. The constant care of both nephews practically tore her in two and she died. Released from her care, the heartless Pro and Con waggle their tails derisively at all, and proceed to gorge themselves on the controversial food presented. All radio letters nourish them. Over the Propaganda debate Pro waxed fat and shiny, but Con is beginning to get his shape back*

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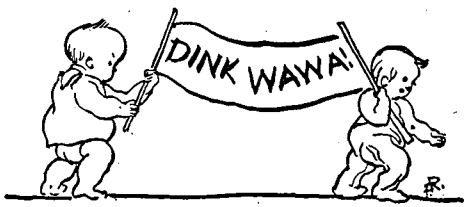
now that the Sinclair-Train debate is over. Every night the FORUM *is on the air, and if letters be proof, the ether is not an anæsthetic to* FORUM *broadcasting. Nine o'clock is the best time to tune in. WABC is the station.*



Our two great political parties may be able to skid around the prohibition question this winter, but for young mothers and fathers, whether Republicans or Democrats, there will be no such luck. The latter, particularly, when the nights become cold to freezing, will have to meet it squarely. There is not the slightest doubt where babies stand in the controversy.

Babies have come out consistently for what they consider their rights. In no uncertain tones they lift their voices and demand the privilege of having a drink when they want it. Congressmen may be deaf to these voices, but most Congressmen do not sleep in the next room to these voters of the future or have forgotten when they used to do so. In the meanwhile the Opposition must shift for itself. No one knows better than the Drys among young parents that for years they have lacked determination and resolution. If they ever are to make any headway, they must brace up and do it soon. To date, a split in the ranks, treachery within the party, has been the great cause of failure. Fathers, to do them justice, have been staunch and firm. Then at the critical moment mothers have gone over to the enemy. The question usually comes to a vote in what unmarried gentlemen poets have called "the stilly night" or in the very early morning. Almost invariably the weather is extremely chill and any step outside of bed partakes of the nature of a polar expedition. The mother, more wakeful, opens the debate with a short, sharp jab to father's ribs.

"The children want a drink of water," she announces in a resigned tone.

"They shouldn't, they have had plenty," is the conventional and sleepy reply.

"I know they shouldn't, but they do," comes a partial agreement.

"Well, why don't you give it to them?" is the premise.

"Why don't you?" is the rebuttal.

"Because I don't believe they really want one," rings the retort with strong conviction.

Fierce and continued cries without: "Dink wawa! Dink wawa!"

"They are asking for a drink of water just as plain as can be. They're just as much your children as they are mine," the affirmative argues heatedly. "For goodness sakes, get up."

So the negative debater struggles out of bed, fails to find his slippers which his wife has placed on her side since they are warmer than hers, and shivers into the nursery to confront the prohibition question.

"You just had a drink of water a little while ago. You can't have any more," he declares stoutly toward the crib looming through the darkness. But whether articulate or not, baby's reply is to the effect that one more little drink won't do him any harm. It's a matter of personal liberty with him, baby implies. As far as drink goes, he can take it or leave it alone. But when any big chump of a paternalistic government comes along and tells him he can't have a drink, he is jolly well going to have one. The father ends by fetching the drink. After several return trips to the bar, because of complaints that the drink was not cold enough, he manages to serve the order. It is right here and now that the father is impressed with the highly important fact that baby has not insisted on the drink because he has any taste or craving for the stuff. It is because drinking is largely a sociable rite among infants and young children. Under the stimulus of a triple-distilled beaker of H_2O at 3 A.M., they brighten, expand, and begin to converse with animation. If the father is not too cross and sleepy, he will become aware that it is a case of good fellows getting together. It is indeed fair (if cold) weather and a time for fellowship and perhaps a "good song ringing clear." At least, it is certainly so in baby's mind. Baby cannot bear to have daddy tear himself away. At every symptom of the

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old man's going, baby will suggest that he set 'em up again. More drinks than are absolutely wise are brought and downed.

"Tell me a story," the child will then urge in a comradely fashion.

"You've heard all my stories. They're all old," the father demurs, trying to move his frozen toes.

But baby will not take "no" for an answer, so father begins, prefacing hopefully, "If you've heard this one, stop me." But no matter how many times baby has heard it, he will not interrupt. And so the night wanes or the dawn breaks, until happily once more baby sleeps. A touch of glory, a modicum of credit would do much to pacify father as he creeps shaking into bed. But he gets no word of praise from mother who has been sound asleep lo! these many hours, and baby never mentions the affair again until the next night or so when he simply calls for an encore.

Other water carriers have been lauded in song and story, but not father. Mother never rouses for an instant, pats him on the back, and murmurs sleepily, "Good old Gunga Din!" Of course this lack of appreciation crystallizes the opposition of the father wing of the Drys, and it has so far hardened them that a prediction is justified that they will be heard from on the prohibition issue during this campaign. Compromisers have suggested various measures, among them the placing of an ample supply of water in a nippled bottle in the crib every night convenient to the hand of each and every child, so that it may tipple at will. But this plan has been rejected as impracticable. It takes no account of the sociability of drinking, already mentioned as so dear to the heart of babes. They have made it clear more than once that they don't believe in drinking alone. Sure to be strongly promoted in the coming campaign is the drive of the Dry forces for under-cover babies. It is believed that this reinforcement would operate to cut down considerably drinking and late parties among the youngest generation. With under-cover babies well organized, the bedclothes would stay on. Then the children would be less likely to wake up and demand drink. But such an organization has been found to be extremely difficult to arrange. To support it, the Drys have advanced the following kindly catechism to be taught in homes and kindergartens:

Q. What must you do when you feel cold at night?

A. I must not call father or even mother, who might call father.

Q. What, then, do you do?

A. I will then

1. Sit up in my little bed.
2. Grasp the top of the covers with my little hands.
3. Pull them clear up to my little neck.
4. Go straight back to sleep.

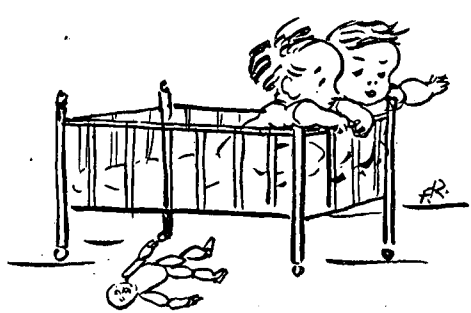
Failing this educational scheme — and so far it has failed miserably of acceptance — fathers among the Drys have suggested safety pins by which the covers could be pinned up and resist the utmost efforts by way of kicking them off. They have come forward with an invention of a sleeping bag in which a child can be securely laced. They have mentioned a nautical arrangement of blocks and tackles extending into the parents' room by which the father could re-cover the little ones, without rising, on the given order, "Stand by to hoist the main sheet." But none of these stratagems, worthy though they are, has met with approval in the proper quarter, and fathers, like other ex-champions, have been forced to content themselves with the old standard alibi, "Youth will be served."

"Time cures all," temporize some of the reactionaries among the Drys. "A few years and the children will be old enough to get up and go get themselves a drink."

"A few years, nothing!" comes back the clarion call of the progressives. "That's what the father of Jack and Jill said and look what happened to them. Think of the doctor bills! No, sir! A Nineteenth Amendment, now or never!"

FAIRFAX DOWNEY

New York City



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Tut, Tut, Mr. Train!

Editor of THE FORUM:

Re. "Convicting the Rich," says Mr. Train: "And after a quarter of a century in the courts I have absolute confidence in the honesty of the bench and have never known of the bribery of a talesman."

Are you asleep, Little One-Eye, are you asleep?

JOSEPH CAMINO

New York City

Hiss-less History

Minute details of a more or less illusory meeting of Mayor Thompson's committee on pure history.

The committee had before it for consideration the first sentence of the proposed new and fumigated American history for the Chicago schools. The sentence read as follows: "America was discovered in 1492 by Columbus, an Italian sailing under the Spanish flag." A special subcommittee reported that careful historical research showed that citizens of Italian birth controlled 200,000 votes in Chicago and that the sentence under consideration had their unanimous support except the last four words, which seemed to belittle the achievement of their illustrious fellow-countryman and was, in any case, unnecessary. Upon assurance that the Spanish vote in Chicago was negligible, the committee voted to strike out the phrase objected to, leaving the sentence to read: "America was discovered in 1492 by Columbus, an Italian sailing." A statement was at once issued to newspapers that Irish-Americans of Chicago could be certain that pro-British propaganda would have no place in the Thompson history.

Upon reconvening the next day, the committee was waited on by delegations from fourteen Norwegian-American societies, six Swedish-American societies, and two Danish-American associations, who condemned Mayor Thompson for seeking to give the credit of discovering America to some South European when the honor belonged of right to Leif, son of Eric the Red, a Nordic who reached America in the year 1000.

After careful inquiry the committee established the fact that the Scandinavian vote, which sometimes went to the opposition party, amounted to fully 150,000. On the other hand, a petition signed by 35,000 members of the Frightened Followers of the Star-Spangled Banner charged the Mayor with being in the pay of the Third International, asserting that no One-Hundred-Percent American would allow the credit of discovering America to go to the son of a Red. The Amalgamated Order of First Americans was also represented in the person of the renowned Chief Kickapoo, but his claims that America was well-known to the Indians before any white man set foot in the New World received little consideration. A mammoth petition signed by the Loyal Sons and Daughters of Italy denounced the Scandinavian position as thoroughly un-American, and disloyal to those principles of liberty for which Washington and Lincoln had always stood.

At the close of the third day the historical experts of the committee submitted a revised statement, which was unanimously adopted as most adequately meeting the claims of all interested parties. The sentence now read: "America was discovered by a man sailing." Immediately afterward the newspaper men were called in and the chairman announced that once more the attempts of King George to poison the minds of young America had been nipped in the bud. He declared that at its next session the committee would proceed with a further development of the narrative.

[Since this stenographic account brings the proceedings down to the morning before the recent election, I cannot report as to later actions of the committee, except to state that it had still before it memorials from the Federated Phalanx of Fighting Feminists, who threatened the Mayor with the loss of their support if the word "man" were retained in the opening sentence of the book, since Columbus' bobbed hair showed that he was really a woman; and from the National Association for the Promotion of Steam and Motor Transport, who accused the Mayor of being bribed by rival transportation interests and demanded the instant removal of the word "sailing."]

A. M. SCHLESINGER

Cambridge, Mass.

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TOASTS

NOW Professor of Spanish Studies at Oxford, SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA served from 1922 to 1927 as Chief of the Disarmament Division of the League of Nations. He assisted in the negotiations between Lord Robert Cecil and M. de Jouvenel out of which grew the important Resolution XIV declaring that moral disarmament must precede material disarmament. The sub-committee of which he was secretary formulated the famous Geneva Protocol. Last January he toured the United States delivering a series of brilliant lectures on international problems. On his arrival at Oxford in February he wrote the Editor: "My table is a regular battlefield of conflicting claims." Apparently he has now resolved the conflict, and THE FORUM emerges proudly with the first paper of a series on international affairs. Madariaga is a wit, a poet, and a critic of literature as well as of international relations. He considers Will Rogers our best diplomat — a judgment to be taken in any sense one pleases.

WILLIAM MCDOUGALL

BERTRAND RUSSELL

DRAWN into the pages of THE FORUM by the pursuit of F. P. Ramsey's Tortoise last February, BERTRAND RUSSELL — acknowledged leader of British liberal thought — now strides to the front to maintain the moral value of companionate marriage. Although he is known to the rank and file chiefly through his radical and pacifist teachings, he is primarily a mathematician, his *magnum opus* being *Principia Mathematica*. In others of his published works he balances philosophy with sociology; but some say that the genius of the man may best be found in his unpublished works — the lives of the children he teaches at Beacon Hill.

THE case against companionate marriage is presented by an old friend of FORUM readers, WILLIAM MCDOUGALL. After having spent several winters combating the vicious weather at Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he held the chair of psychology at Harvard, he now finds at Duke University in North Carolina the tranquil surroundings suited to a man of science and philosophy. He is Scotch by blood, English by birth, American by adoption, cosmopolitan by education. He and his English opponent bring their minds to rest on the same point — discipline. On the practical means of attaining their ideal they differ, and their readers will divide with them. Both are experimenters. But while Professor McDougall plays Providence to mice, he is more conservative about the institutions of men.

SINCE *River Witch* appeared in last November's FORUM, ROARK BRADFORD has written a volume of Old Testament sermons — *Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun* — which is just off the Harper press. THE FORUM recently had its first glimpse of this Southern author when he came from New Orleans to New York to receive the O. Henry Prize Award for the best short

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story of 1927. Mr. Bradford has left the *Times-Picayune* and is now at work on a new book, concerning which he is most secretive. WINOLD REISS, the illustrator of the present story, lately exhibited his Indian studies at Wanamaker's.

THE distinguished biographer of Shelley and Disraeli is too well known to FORUM readers to need further introduction. Since *Disraeli* appeared serially in this magazine, it has been listed for weeks among the best sellers in book form. ANDRÉ MAUROIS' sketch of Poincaré in this issue is remarkable for its colorful drawing of an enigmatical figure. M. Maurois' chief delight, however, is to interpret English letters to the English with French wit and clarity, and it is now understood that he is at work on another major biography in his chosen field.

UNTIL very recently an observer of literary movements would have placed THOMAS STEARNS ELIOT and Irving Babbitt at opposite poles of thought and tendency: for in 1922 Eliot published *The Waste Land*, a poem which the *Encyclopædia Britannica* calls "a pioneer in style and an innovator in metrics" that "occasioned a fierce controversy," and two years later Babbitt's *Democracy and Leadership* summed up his condemnation of the innovators. Hence the peculiar value of Mr. Eliot's present article on Mr. Babbitt's philosophy of humanism. The brilliant young editor of *The Monthly Criterion* was born in St. Louis, educated at Harvard, the Sorbonne, and Oxford, and now lives and writes in London, where he recently became a British subject. I. A. Richards, English critic, says that Eliot occupies to-day the position that Shaw held in the world of letters twenty years ago.

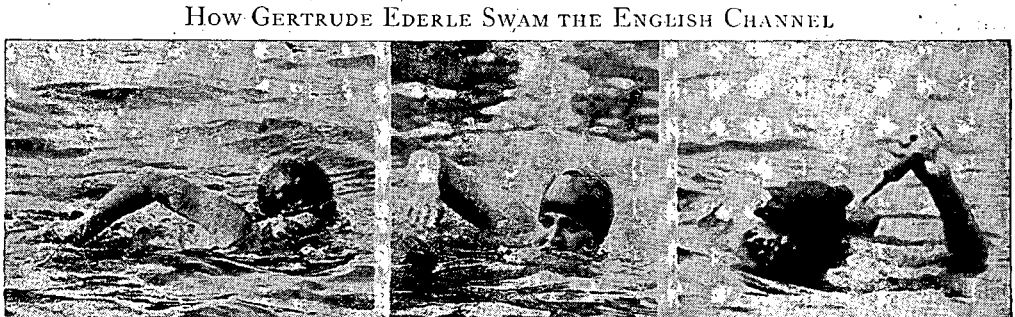
A CLEAR case of dual personality is STEPHEN LEACOCK — by profession an economist at McGill University, by preference a humorist widely known as "the Canadian Mark Twain." He confesses that for many years it was impossible to get his books printed. "The compositors fell back from their task suffocated with laughter, gasping for air."

A MEMBER of the French bar in active practice in Paris, with a wide reputation in international business law, PIERRE LEPAULLE is also thoroughly familiar with American court procedure. He holds the degree of L.L.D. from the University of Paris, and of S.M.D. from Harvard Law School. In 1923 he came to America as a delegate of the Society of Comparative Legislation to the convention of the American Bar Association. He has lectured on international law at many universities in this country, and in 1927 he conducted a round-table at the Williamstown Institute of Politics.

PIERRE LEPAULLE

SAILORS are said to be no swimmers, but you can never tell about the daughter of a sailor: AILEEN RIGGIN, daughter of Lieutenant-Commander Alexander Riggin of the U. S. Navy, took to the sea under her own power at the age of six and emerged a champion many times. She was only fourteen when the Editor of THE FORUM saw her take the Olympic Diving Championship at Antwerp in 1920. Charming, modest, and lovely, she set

HOW GERTRUDE EDERLE SWAM THE ENGLISH CHANNEL



Underwood & Underwood

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this office all a-flutter the afternoon she came to call. She writes: "For the future I have no plans except to go over to the Olympic Games in Holland this summer — as a spectator only. Perhaps after I return I'll resume teaching in or near New York."

THERE were riots in Paris when the *Ballet Mécanique* of GEORGE ANTHEIL was performed. Its American première a year ago raised howls of laughter, which might be compared with the mirth aroused by the contemplation of oneself in a distorted mirror, for it expresses, according to the composer, America, Africa, and steel. Although his work has been done in Europe, and although he is close in spirit to Picasso and Stravinski, he says: "Because I was born on American soil and matured upon it all my youth, it can never go out of my heart."

MARION COATS

READERS are already acquainted with H. MUNRO FOX. His FORUM papers on scientific subjects are about to be published with others of his essays in a volume edited by C. K. Ogden, our last year's Science Editor.

DARK mysteries are common occurrences in the best regulated magazines. Ours is JERRY CRUNCHER. One rumor has it that he is a blackamoor who delivered his manuscript at midnight in a black bag hidden under a ton of coal. Another says that it was never delivered at all, that there is no Jerry, and that his Epitaphs were engendered by spontaneous combustion from the opposing ideas presented in these pages. But the Toastmaster believes Jerry C. is not only alive but working at his old profession. If he appears over-eager to bury some of our literary lions alive, no doubt he is moved by a desire to restrain us from too liasty "flopping" in this day when literary reputations are made and lost overnight.

THE opening of Sarah Lawrence College at Bronxville, New York, next October may prove a high milestone in educational progress, for it will provide a perfectly equipped laboratory to test the most debated experiment among schoolmen to-day — that of the junior college. MARION COATS, the president, comes of a family long interested in education, and of pioneer stock on both sides. Her grandmother was one of the first women admitted to Oberlin College. She herself was graduated from Vassar, studying afterward at Yale and Radcliffe. During some fifteen years of administrative work in secondary schools and junior colleges she was impressed by the fact that valuable human material was often stunted or twisted awry by the usual college course. She has now worked out for girls showing a certain distinct promise a new programme which will be given at Sarah Lawrence College.

REMOTE countrysides have filled CLARE LEIGHTON'S sketchbook with serene and sun-lit memories, and some of them she has shared with FORUM readers — "Toulon" in April, 1927, "British Yeomanry" in September, 1926, and now "Jugoslavia," with a prose commentary making her woodcuts even more delightful. Of these last she writes: "Mr. Campbell Dodgson, the head of the print room at the British Museum, says the best I have yet done is 'Sibenik Workmen'." (See page 95.) Her prints have been bought by the British Museum, the Victoria and Albert Museum, the Boston Museum, the Metropolitan in New York, and by many collectors.

TO be a New Englander is to inherit a disposition to weigh all things in a moral balance; to be a great-granddaughter of Lyman Beecher, as is CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN, is to make this tendency the dominant trait of one's

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character. With her there is no gap between precept and practice, for her finely disciplined ardor is still rewarded by real thrills. All her life she has lectured and written on ethics and sociology, and she now has another book on ethics nearing completion—"in particular, Ethics as a rational science which can be taught to children as clearly as physics or zoölogy," she says. "Beyond this absorbing study nothing stands out clearly. . . . Being temporarily deprived of one arm by neuritis only made me type the Ethics with one hand — in quadruplicate at that." Can one doubt that Mrs. Gilman knows her thrills?

CHARLOTTE P. GILMAN

SINCE his paper on "The School of Wisdom" was published in the February FORUM, COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING has toured the United States lecturing and meeting many of his admirers. He sailed for England in April, eight chapters of his *America* already complete, to get a perspective on this country through the civilization he considers in greatest contrast to it. "America," he says, "worships democracy; England, hierarchy. England demands privacy; America, publicity." Already he has engagements to return in 1930, and it is said that there is a prospect of establishing a School of Wisdom in New York.

CHIEF of American Air Forces during the World War, GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL was court-marshaled in 1925 for criticizing the War and Navy Departments and resigned from the service the following year. Specifically, General Mitchell believes "the era of air transportation is upon us. To keep the lead in aëronautics we must have a Department of Aviation in the Federal Government with a cabinet member at its head." When not engaged in farming, riding to hounds, or big-game hunting, he makes speeches and writes articles, especially on aviation. During the World War he was the first American officer to be under fire and to fly across the lines. To enumerate his medals and honors would require at least a full page.

WILLIAM MITCHELL

THOUGH she now lives and writes in the heart of Manhattan, EDNA YOST says: "I am a native of Pennsylvania and still believe Johnstown may be the one city in the United States as stimulating as New York." She has never been psychoanalyzed; and though she is "appalled at the number of Harvard men who write for THE FORUM," she doesn't think it a case for psychoanalysis. She is more interested in people than in anything else in the world.

THE War had its casualties, some left to fertilize the poppies in Flanders fields, others who came back wrecks in body or mind — not all men by any means. LOUISE LEONARD had her own tragedy. Her First Short Story, while not a true story, is, in the Editor's opinion, an allegory of her experience. Happily a part of her survived — enough to make her the energetic Managing Editor of a million-circulation magazine. The cameo concentration, the thread of gayety in this story show what she could do if she were shut in a golden cage.

PAUL ELDRIDGE is a Philadelphia poet. NORMAN HAPGOOD, student of government and economics, was formerly editor of *Collier's*. JOHN P. BRUTON, winner of THE FORUM'S Presidential Contest, is a civil engineer in Memphis, Tennessee.

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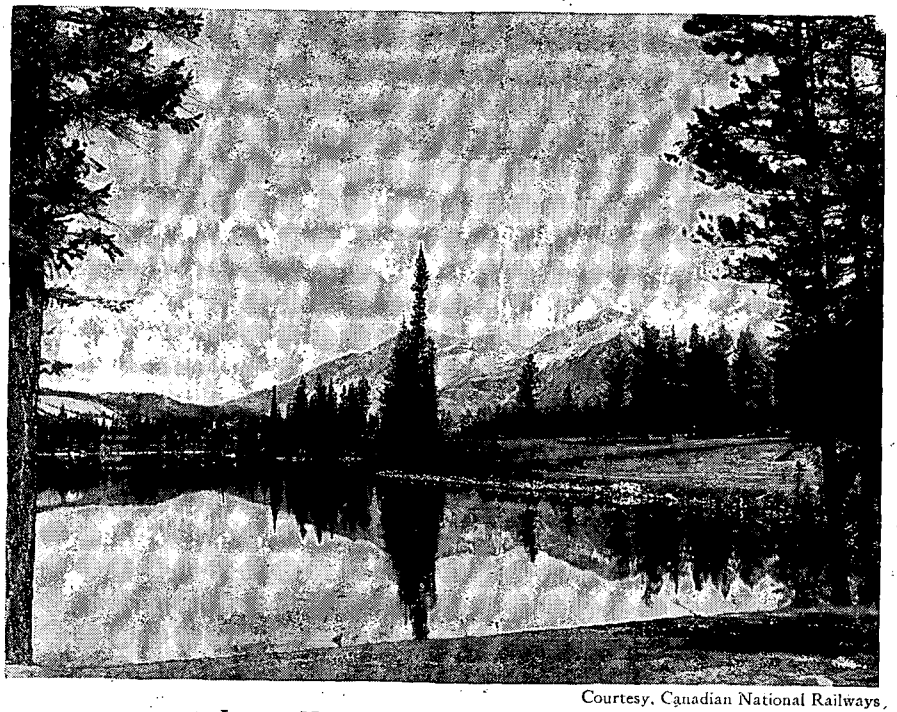

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Canada

LEWIS STEPHENSON

WITH the approach of the annual vacation season the old saying about distance lending enchantment is well illustrated in our tendency to overlook the beauties and attractions of our own continent in favor of places more remote and less accessible. Thus we journey far and wide, across the seas and through foreign lands, to marvel at scenery not a bit more beautiful than that which may be found almost at our very door; to visit cities no more picturesque or interesting than those located only a few hours from home; to enjoy an environment no more refreshing or more colorful than is to be found right here in North America — in Canada.

From quaint old Cape Breton Island and the lovely Maritime Provinces through the forested uplands of Quebec and Ontario, across the fertile prairies of Manitoba and Saskatchewan to the mighty Canadian Rockies and the Pacific Coast, Canada offers a variety of attractions which, for scenery, surroundings, and climate, are unsurpassed anywhere in the world. Whether your ideal vacation finds expression in the more strenuous of summer activities or in care-free luxury beside the sea, deep in the wilderness or amid mountain peaks, there are scores of places in Canada exactly suited to your requirements.

The traveler entering Canada from the eastern sections of the United States will find Montreal a most convenient place from which to start the itinerary. The chief city of the Dominion in point of population and commercial importance, Montreal is the third largest French-speaking city in the world, and one cannot but be impressed with its distinctly foreign atmosphere. The long lines of queer and venerable horse-drawn cabs which stand at the railway stations and hotels, the

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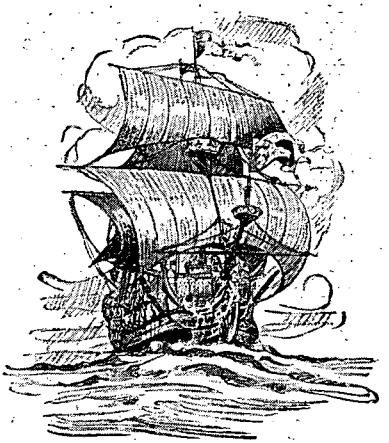

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musical patter of the French language which is heard on every side, the ancient gray-walled monasteries and cathedral domes and spires all remind you of the French régime in Canada.

Being one of the oldest cities in North America, Montreal is filled with historic landmarks of early days. Far up on the tree-clad slope of Mount Royal, at whose base the city is located, stands a huge illuminated cross which marks the spot where in 1642 Maisonneuve and his little band of religious enthusiasts first planted a cross dedicating the new colony to the Roman Church. At night this great beacon throws its beams for miles down the St. Lawrence in friendly welcome to incoming ships. The Place d'Armes, once the centre of activity in Montreal but now entirely surrounded by modern office buildings, stands as a romantic reminder of old French Canada. Facing this historic square is the great Nôtre Dame Church — the largest church in all Canada, massive and reminiscent of the great mediæval churches of Europe. Close by is Jaques Cartier Square, the old Habitant market place, while just a few blocks away is the Château de Ramezay, built in 1705 and for many years the home of the early governors. Among the city's most impressive sights is the celebrated St. Joseph's Oratory, where Brother André — the aged Miracle Man — has performed many marvelous cures among the faithful pilgrims, who, every year, come by thousands to visit this shrine.

And yet with all its old atmosphere Montreal is one of the most progressive cities in America. In contrast with its many reminders of the old régime its modern hotels, business buildings, banks, schools, stores, and apartment houses rank with those of the foremost cities of the world. Although situated over a thousand miles from the sea, Montreal is the second largest seaport in America, and the largest inland port in the world.

If your stay in Canada is to be limited to a week or so, you cannot do better after leaving Montreal than to head north-eastward toward Quebec and the Maritime Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island. The trip to the ancient city of Quebec may be made either by motor, by boat down the St Lawrence River, or by train through a lovely countryside.

Quebec is unlike any other city in the world. Picturesque beyond description, it transports you almost completely out of the twentieth century back into the feudal age. Its great citadel, its once mighty ramparts bristling with ancient cannon, its crooked, cobbled streets, the steep-roofed dwellings which cluster in the lower town, its old customs, and its many beautiful examples of early French architecture take you back to some exquisite city of the France of three centuries ago. To-day Quebec is one of the most famous tourist resorts in the world and it has been said that eventually every traveler finds himself on Dufferin Terrace, the great promenade just beneath the guns of the citadel which overlooks the city. From the towering peaks and pinnacles of the magnificent Château Frontenac at one end to the grim, gray walls of the old fort at the other, this quarter-mile boardwalk is a kaleidoscope of life and color. From the Terrace you see the broad waters of the St. Lawrence as it sweeps on its way to the sea. In the distance looms the Isle of Orléans, while farther back, silhouetted against the sky, is a line of blue mountains, which is a continuation of the Laurentians. Directly below are the city's wharfs with their mass of tangled shipping.

To see Quebec in all its beauty and quaintness, it is advisable to engage one of those wise cabbies who know every street and lane in the city and who will drive you leisurely about in his *calèche* — a little two-wheeled vehicle found nowhere in America except in Quebec and its near-by villages. If time permits an extra day in Quebec, it may be spent most enjoyably in visiting the world-famed Shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, the modern Mecca of faithful Roman Catholics. It is only about twenty miles from Quebec and can be made by electric car or automobile over excellent roads. It is estimated that over a quarter of a million tourists visit the Shrine of Ste. Anne every year.

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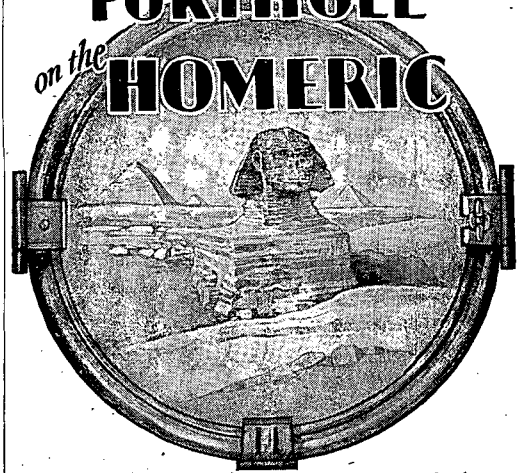

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the south shore one finds a great number of villages and quaint hamlets all brimming with folklore and historic interest. Levis, Kamouraska, Rivière Du Loup, Bic, Rimouski, and Metis — the Normandy of America. At the extreme eastern part of the province is Gaspe Peninsula, with its brilliant crimson sea walls overlooking the Gulf waters and the Atlantic. Framed by battered limestone cliffs and giant rock formations, Gaspe is a favorite stopping place for artists, fishermen, and lovers of wild scenery.

From Gaspe it is but a short journey to the sea-swept shores of the Maritime Provinces — a section famous for its summer resorts. Here in thousands of deep, still lakes, in swirling rivers and tumbling brooks, and in the sea, fishing takes on new thrills. Here in the great silent forest, where only a few hardy prospectors and adventurous hunters have penetrated, moose and deer roam about as freely as they did a century ago. But it is not only in the sports of fishing and hunting that the Maritime Provinces excel. There are many excellent golf courses. Boating, tennis, bathing, and hiking may all be enjoyed under ideal conditions of location and climate. The average summer temperature in this section ranges around sixty-three degrees. While in the Maritime Provinces one should stop long enough to visit Cape Breton Island, one of the oldest settlements in America, where the Gaelic tongue is still heard, where rugged Scotch Covenanters still follow the old customs, and where the spinning wheel still turns in tidy cottages — a land of pleasant hospitality and alluring beauty.

We might spend no end of time traveling over eastern Canada, but a picture of Canada is incomplete without the great Northwest — the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Coast. Therefore, let us make the far-flung journey of four thousand miles across the nine provinces which make up the Dominion.

After we pass Edmonton, the capital of Alberta, still headed toward the setting sun, we get our first vision of the Canadian Rockies. Mammoth mountains, their snow-capped peaks rising for thousands of feet toward the sky, giant glaciers reflecting a thousand hues under the glory of the Western sun, deep-rent canyons, bottomless gorges, rushing mountain tor-

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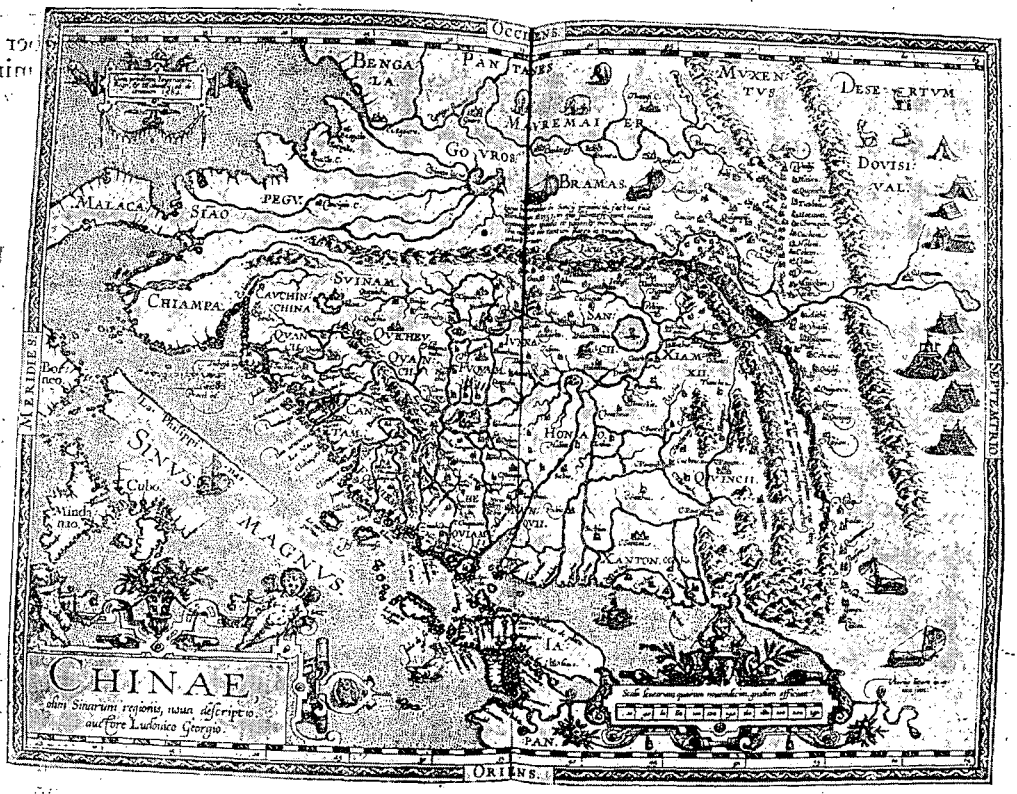

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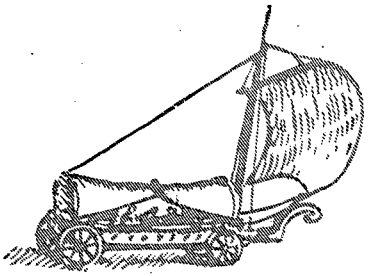

A more wholesome mental outlook, even if it did favor the spread of much misinformation.

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rents, great forests, emerald lakes — these and countless other natural marvels make this a veritable wonderland of scenic beauty. The climax is reached as we come upon Mount Robson rising to a sheer height of 12,972 feet and dwarfing in contrast the giants which surround it.

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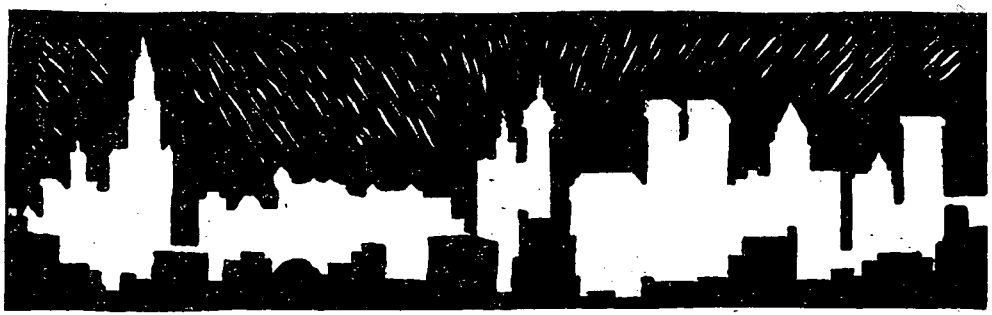

Downtown

DONALD REA HANSON
Financial Editor Boston Evening Transcript

Brokers' Loans

WALL STREET ordinarily regards a pessimist as out of place, and probably a dyspeptic, to use the succinct phraseology of one of its leading bankers recently. Yet there have been certain tendencies in recent months that are regarded with misgivings, if nothing more serious, by conservative and far-sighted business men and economists who are certainly not dyspeptics. Chief of these tendencies is the speculative mania raging in the stock markets, not only in New York, but in London, Paris, and other foreign centres, together with the rapidly mounting total of bank loans against securities as collateral, more briefly known as brokers' loans.

Probably everyone enjoys seeing a good old-fashioned bull market on the stock exchange, dyspeptics included; but not everyone can contemplate without concern a speculative carnival which carries the prices of stocks to levels far above current investment values. Experience has shown, from the time John Law floated his Mississippi bubble down to the last big boom in Florida land, that sooner or later economic forces have a way of asserting themselves, and in the long run values — usually present, going values — alone make prices. The severity of such post-boom price adjustments usually varies directly in proportion with the rapidity of the advance which preceded it; and in the course of catastrophic declines in the stock market it often happens that many innocent bystanders are injured. Even though the adjustments may not embarrass banks, they often do exert a harmful influence on trade. And when trade slows down, unemployment problems arise, the line forms in front of the soup kitchens, discontent rises to the surface in labor circles, and frequently the political and social results are most unfortunate. That is why so much criticism of the huge expansion in brokers' loans has emanated lately from ordinarily conservative circles. The ability of brokers to borrow readily from the banks, and the willingness of the banks to supply all the credit needed have been the prime movers in the great ascension in the stock market since 1924.

Ordinarily a bank loan secured by good stock exchange collateral, of a readily marketable nature, is one of the safest investments a bank can make. An advance of $1,000,000 by a bank to a member of the New York Stock Exchange usually is made in one of two ways — on a demand loan or a time loan. In either event it is customary for the broker to deposit securities with the banker with a present market value of from $1,250,000 to $1,500,000, depending upon the nature of the securities, upon their marketability, and upon a reasonable intrinsic value — which, lately, has often meant a material discount from the current market value. There have been many instances this year when the banks were valuing stocks in their collateral envelopes at $150 a share when the current market value was from $180 to $200 a share, and then only lending up to 75 per cent of this discounted

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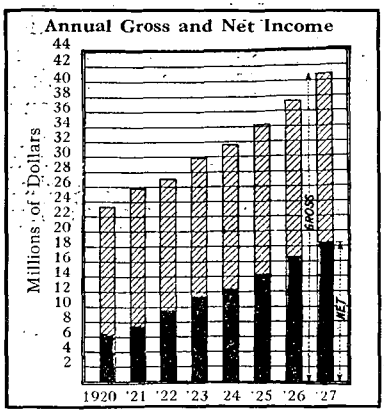

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value. There have been many instances also, where the banks have utterly refused to lend on certain stocks which have been boomed, through pool operations and manipulation, to prices far above a reasonably sound value. The banks always reserve the privilege of demanding substitution of collateral, and demands for substitution have not been rare this year. A demand loan runs for one day unless it is renewed, but ordinarily renewal is understood and the loan is carried along until either the broker or the bank desire to liquidate it, which they have the privilege of doing any day. A time loan is the same thing with respect to collateral, but its maturity is fixed at some time, usually sixty or ninety days in the future, when it must be taken up or renewed. If at any time the collateral supporting a broker's loan depreciates in value to a point where the safety of the principal sum is in danger, the bank has the privilege of liquidating the collateral on its own initiative.

Obviously such loans meet the first requisite of a banker's idea of a loan — namely, that it must be liquid. Normally banks, whether in the great financial centres, or out in the country districts, are in business first to serve their local customers, their depositors, and local business men. But it is difficult for a banker to keep every dollar above current requirements for till money actively engaged in loans. A small unloaned surplus is the usual thing for most banks, and when business is dull the unloaned surplus of funds is likely to be heavy. The call-money market in New York offers a convenient avenue for employment of idle or excess funds; and since money can be transferred to or withdrawn from that market by telegraph, there is a constant flow of money into and out of the call-money market from all over the country. With one exception, every central bank in countries of any importance, discounts bills secured by stock exchange collateral. That exception is the United States. The Federal Reserve banks are prohibited by law from rediscounting for member banks any bills secured by stocks or bonds as collateral, unless these be bonds or notes of the United States Government. The theory governing this restriction, when the Federal Reserve Act was written, was that the credit of the Federal Reserve system should never be made available for speculation, but must be maintained solely for the agricultural, industrial, and commercial interests of the country. Only once has the security of collateral loans ever been called into question. That was when the Stock Exchange was closed for five months on the outbreak of the World War, in 1914. A *de facto moratorium* ensued, but as soon as confidence returned and the exchange opened again, these loans became as liquid as ever.

Increase in Brokers' Loans

Until early in 1926 the exact amount of money that was being borrowed by brokers on stock exchange collateral was unknown. Guesses had been indulged in, but they were so far wide of the mark, and apparently were creating unnecessary alarm because of their error, that it was finally decided independently by the New York Stock Exchange and the Federal Reserve Board to make public the complete figures. Accordingly about three days after the end of each month the Stock Exchange issues the exact total of borrowings by all its members, as of the close of the preceding month; and the Federal Reserve Board makes public on Thursday afternoon of each week the total amounts advanced by banks of New York City on collateral loans at the close of business of the day before. The two do not total the same because different sources are used as a basis for the reports; but the expansion and contraction of the total of each set of figures furnishes an accurate idea of the tendency of loans as a whole.

This expansion has been enormous in recent months. Standing at close to $5,000,000,000 at this writing, these loans have swollen by more than $1,500,000,000 in the past year, and they are over $2,000,000,000 more than they were early in 1926. During the War, when stock exchange credit was rationed in order that nothing should stand in the way of the great war demand for capital and bank credit, Wall Street managed very well with less than $500,000,000 of brokers' loans. In the big bull market of 1919 brokers' loans expanded to $1,518,000,000 early in November, declining from this peak at exactly the same time the stock market collapsed, and ultimately reducing to $680,000,000 in September 1921, when the stock mar-

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ket made its post-war lows in point of prices. At about the time President Coolidge was elected in 1924 loans had expanded again to $1,900,000,000; and since then the rise has been constant, except for a temporary shrinkage of about $700,000,000 early in 1926, when the stock market was sharply depressed.

The stiffening in call-money rates on the stock exchange is having some tendency to strengthen the general level of interest rates, and to this extent the speculation in Wall Street is a factor in the general increase in the cost of credit. This phase of the situation has already been carefully examined by the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, but no legislation has been deemed advisable, although it was the sense of the committee that the Federal Reserve banks should bring pressure to bear on banks who were lending an unduly large proportion of their funds in the stock market at 5 or 6 per cent and at the same time attempting to borrow on their commercial bills from the Federal Reserve banks at 4½ per cent.

The Federal Reserve

But it is now feared that the Federal Reserve banks have lost control of the situation, if, indeed, they ever possessed control. Certainly they possessed the power to regulate the flow of money into the stock market last year when stabilization was believed necessary; but it now appears that these very efforts added fuel to the speculative conflagration in Wall Street. When the great gold export movement got under way last summer and continued through the autumn, winter, and into this spring, the Federal Reserve banks adopted a policy of purchasing government bonds as an offset to the gold exported. The loss of gold cut away part of the base on which the credit foundation had rested and would have tended to advance interest rates in general. But the gold could be spared and these purchases of government bonds served to put fresh money into the capital market. Interest rates accordingly were not stiffened by the exports of the metal. With the expansion in business activity early this year, and upon the banks' making a more liberal use of their privilege of rediscounting bills, the Federal Reserve banks began to liquidate their government securities. But these sales, while they withdrew money from Wall Street and helped stiffen money rates, were totally ineffective in preventing further expansion in brokers' loans. High rates for call money — that is, from 5 to 6 per cent — attracted funds from every city, town, and hamlet in the country as local banks poured their money into New York. The rediscount rate of Federal Reserve banks, which was raised from 3½ to 4 per cent in February, was advanced to 4½ per cent later in the spring, and instead of checking the rise in stocks, it was completely ignored — at least for the time being. The public had taken the bit in its teeth and was running away in a speculative craze. Traders who were out for profits of 10, 20, and even 50 per cent or more on their money — not in a year, but in a month, week, or even a day — were not dismayed by an advance in call money to 6 per cent a year. So long as there were buyers and still more buyers, they could operate confidently and there was nothing to unsettle that confidence in sight. By the time this issue of The Forum is in the mails, it will be known whether the Federal Reserve has completely lost, for the time being, its power to check the inflation in Wall Street by means of the rediscount rate or sales of securities; but at the present moment at least, it appears to have lost the firm grip it once had.

In round figures it can be estimated that the total value of listed stocks is about $60,000,000,000, while loans of brokers are under $5,000,000,000. But these contentions assume that all stocks are pledged, or can be pledged against collateral loans. That is not so. The great bulk of American industrial common stocks is owned outright by investors and is not pledged for loans in Wall Street. Over 75 per cent of United States Steel Common is owned by investors, and only 25 per cent is used for trading in Wall Street. One of the large firms in Wall Street — which is probably typical — claimed recently that its borrowings represented only 40 per cent of the value of stocks carried for its customers. If we assume, merely for illustration, that this is true of all New York Stock Exchange members, the total of street certificates is around $12,500,000,000 against some $5,000,000,000 of loans. Ample enough security for the banks

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which are lending, to be sure, but this $12,500,000,000 of stocks represents Wall Street's playthings and not the total stocks listed of $60,000,000,000; and it is the dealings in this $12,500,000,000 of stocks that sets the market price on the entire $60,000,000,000.

How striking a part the ease in money rates has played in the sensational advance in the stock market in recent months is best shown by contrasting earnings of a few representative corporations with their market values. Earnings and the trend of earnings are ordinarily the soundest measure of values that Wall Street employs in its mystic art of establishing market prices. In the first quarter of 1928 three corporations — General Motors, United States Steel, and General Electric — earned $118,600,000, as against $106,970,000 in the corresponding period of a year ago. One of these corporations — the United States Steel Corporation — actually earned less than a year ago, while General Electric's increase was very slight. Meanwhile, on March 31 of this year, the aggregate market value of General Motors shares was $3,250,000,000, against $1,566,000,000 a year ago that date. General Electric shares were worth $1,148,000,000 against $623,000,000 twelve months previously, and United States Steel's shares were valued at $1,047,000,000 against $860,000,000 an even year before. Together, the three corporations were selling in the open market, March 31, on the basis of their common stocks alone, for $5,445,000,000, against $3,049,000,000 a year earlier, an increase of $2,396,000,000 or 78.6 per cent.

In other words, while net earnings for the quarter had increased a scant $12,000,000 the market appraisal had risen $2,396,000,000. Obviously the gain in earning power could not satisfactorily account for the expansion in market value. The plain facts were that reasonably cheap and abundant credit, together with a craze for common stocks at any price, were the leading factors in the market's rise. Unless it be conceded that the world has entered upon a new standard of capital values — a common contention in previous booms, notably in the stock market, in 1906 and 1919, and in Florida land, in 1925 — one need not suffer from dyspepsia to find cause for pessimism in the outlook.

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